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AT THE CLUB

# ATHONIA

OR,

## The Original Four Hundred

BY

H. GEORGE SCHUETTE

Author of the "American Girl," "American Beauty,"  
"Our Nation Grand," etc.

THE LAKESIDE CO.

MANITOWOC, WIS.

1911

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**ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL,**  
**LONDON, ENGLAND**

**TROW DIRECTORY**  
**PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY**  
**NEW YORK**



Reclard 2-12-3/A, L, A;

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Now write this into a book !  
And millions will be pleased to look  
Its pages o'er—  
Know things not known before.

—Zenothemis



## PREFACE

It may be claimed that this book has several missions besides emphasizing the useful factor that Commerce is in hastening the brotherhood of mankind among nations.

Marvelous inventions have not yet been shown to have a tendency toward improving the human race physically. The only means perhaps of attaining the most important and desirable end is suggested to the reader in this narrative. That a standard toward perfect manhood and womanhood would lower the ravages of the so-called white plague as well as all other ills that human flesh is heir to, is self-evident.


The original "Four Hundred" of which this story treats, were not an aristocracy of wealth merely, but were the *ne plus ultra* of society, because of the high standing of their ancestors and their personal, natural and acquired superiority, manifested in their shapely forms, strength, health, courage, learning and beauty.

That centuries before Columbus discovered America, both Europeans and Asiatics, more frequently the latter, had landed in America, the following pages attempt to prove beyond conjecture.

What laws a community, consisting of young men and women graduates from the highest institutions of learning, if set in a fertile but distant and heretofore unknown land, would form in establishing an "Athonia," are here set forth for the consideration of the reader.



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## INTRODUCTION

When the golden-roads are swaying,  
And the purple asters wave,  
'Tis as though we hear them saying:  
Summer soon will seek its grave,  
And brown autumn soon will spread  
Leaves and acorns brown and red  
O'er the sod with chilly blast—  
Soon fair summertime is past;

and the summer resorts will soon be deserted by the pilgrimage that always sets in at this season for the city homes. The city club-rooms during the summer days are quite deserted; but at the close of the outing season club life again asserts itself.

It was an evening in the latter part of September when a number of the younger members of one of the most fashionable and aristocratic clubs of the great metropolis of our country met in social converse, at which several of the number recounted their midsummer pleasures and experiences.

### ENGLISH-AMERICAN BALL

Walt Ingford said: "I never enjoyed myself more in my life than I did at an English-American ball, as it may be called, at one of our most prominent seaside summer resorts. A number of us decided to give a ball in honor of several ladies and gentlemen, of London, with whom we had formed an agreeable acquaintance.

"The finest hotel hall was secured and expert decorators hired, who spared no pains in decorating the handsome hall with palms, ferns and flowers in profusion. British and American flags were conspicuous among the festoons in various parts of the hall, among which were two artistically-fashioned floral designs, one 'England' and the other 'America,' as we call our United States, as it is the only nation that has the word America in its name.

"One of these designs was placed in the east and the other in the west end of the hall. The tastefully printed 'Order of Dances' was embellished with the British and American coats-of-arms.

"The dance opened with a grand march, led by Mr. D—— of England and Miss M—— of Philadelphia. There were six young English ladies and five gentlemen. My partner was a Miss R—— of London, said to be a distant relative of the royal family. Dancing continued

until towards morning. A number of New York's elite came to attend the ball as spectators.

"After the supper, which was followed later on by dancing again, several speeches or remarks were made both by guests and hosts.

"Mr. H——, of England, said, after speaking of the kind reception, honor and so forth, that in no country in the world can an Englishman travel and feel so much at home as in the great, prosperous country of the United States of America. 'And in regard to its young men,' he said, 'they are royal fellows indeed.

" 'As to the typical American girl, well, I ought to stop and not say a word; for I remember that I have read that exceptional beauty and worth stand not in need of praise. We cannot blame, nor can our young American friends here blame our nobility of England and princes and barons of other European countries for being fascinated by the debonair ways of your American girls. Many of the most influential women in London life today, as well as in other European capitals, in all ranks, from commoners to duchesses, were born and educated under the Stars and Stripes. And I believe it is well for the American girl to form alliances with the influential families of the old world to which I have alluded. To me she appears, when thus united, as an angel of peace. In whichever land across the big pond she condescends to make her home, she will at all times use her charming, noble, loving influence for peace between her adopted land across the sea and her great, powerful, free land of her birth.'

"Mr. H—— continued: 'Our American friends: If I should take the time necessary to express myself in regard to the high, noble and influential position the American girl-woman holds in the United States in comparison with those of other lands, I would have to remain at least a day longer than I intended.'

"Then, pointing to the Stars and Stripes, he concluded: 'Your beautiful flag has the envious distinction of being moved by the frigid blasts of the North Pole, planted there by the daring spirit of American adventure. Your flag is truly the symbol of earth's most intrepid courage and bravery.' (*Applause.*)

"Mr. S——, of Boston, said:

" 'Friends from across the Briny Pond: This Anglo-Saxon-American ball will be recalled with great pleasure long years after the strains of the waltz and quadrille have ceased to vibrate the air and put us to graceful motion.

" 'The "Order of Dances," displaying the coats-of-arms of our respective countries, will be preserved as mementoes of this highly pleasurable occasion.

" 'It is true, as our friend H—— said, English lords and also princes and the nobility of other lands have captured some of our American

girls: But we can say the best are none too good for our girls. The friendship of nations will not be hurt thereby.

"The stateliness and beauty also of the girls of Great Britain is known the world over. May we hope, in peace and war, that the English-speaking nations will, as they always have done, stand for the highest ideals of mankind. I propose three cheers for all English-speaking nations!"

"After the cheering subsided, Mr. M——, of England, said:

"'American Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen: Our friend H—— has already thanked you for this very enjoyable feast and ball, which you have so sumptuously arranged in our honor. I only wish to add that we hope to see each and all of you over in London at some not too far distant time, on which occasion, we can assure you that our attention will bear out the truth of the sentiment that we have heard while here, namely: that we are trans-atlantic cousins!'

"Mr. M——, continuing, said that his friend R—— had learned some new American songs while here, which he would ask him to sing. It would relieve him from making an oration, which he might expect to be called upon to contribute.

"Upon general request, Mr. R—— consented to sing the songs referred to. He sang two different songs in regard to the American girl, Miss L——, of Boston, accompanying him on the piano.

"The chorus of the first song ran:

'Her eyes may be black, her eyes may be blue,  
She is ever winsome, lovely and true;  
She's a jewel indeed, an exquisite pearl—  
Our most bewitching American Girl.'

"The chorus of the second song, 'American Beauty, was:

'American beauty, blonde or brunette,  
Is fairest by far—our own nation's pet;  
The beauty of beauties, our flower and our pearl,  
Our fair land of freedom's American Girl!'

"Mr. R—— was a vocalist of no mean order, and he was loudly applauded. Miss B——, of London, accompanied at the piano; and our English guests sang a new English song, which had a fine air, and was rendered very agreeably. The words were:

#### A WALKING 'LONG THE SHORE

'I love to walk along the shore  
When the winds and waters roar;  
Where the seagull dips his ivory lips—  
I love to walk the shore.

*The Original Four Hundred*

**'I love to walk along the strand  
With my sweetheart, hand in hand,  
And blend our song, as the waves roll on,  
A-strolling 'long the strand.**

**'I love to walk along the sea  
With the fairest on earth to me;  
And watch the sail spread fore the gale  
A-walking 'long the sea.'**

**"Mr. C——, of New York, said:**

**"'It's no wonder you can sing a seashore song so beautifully; for your Great Britain at present and also during our life time, need dread not anything that floats upon the high seas.'"**

**"The orchestra's dance program included the familiar two-step, 'Hands Across the Sea,' which was immensely enjoyed by all.**

**"Miss A——, of Chicago, proposed that the orchestra play the tune 'America,' which is the same as 'God Save Our King,' and that half those present sing the words of 'America' and the other half sing the words of 'God Save Our King.'**

**"The whole chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, was tremendously effective, the words blending in song in a very unique, agreeable manner.**

**"The new national song, 'Our Nation Grand,' was sung by all present; also a march of the same song was played by the orchestra.**

**"Dancing continued until the wee hours of the morning, when 'Home, Sweet Home,' by the orchestra announced that the highly enjoyable English-American ball was being relegated into history."**

**After Ingford had finished narrating his English-American ball, Wilmar Hildon said:**

**"By the way, our friend Wilton Delhurst, is expected to arrive any day from his prolonged trip in the Orient.**

**"The forming of Starlight Clubs by young ladies and gentlemen, which is quite the proper caper in our eastern states, had its inception in the brain of our friend Delhurst. The purpose of these clubs, as we well know, is to become better acquainted with the heavens. These clubs meet every two months alternately at the home of one of the members; where, from a spacious lawn, or roof garden, the members are introduced to the mysteries of the moon, planets, comets, milky way, stars and constellations by some one who is higher up in astronomy than any of the other members of the club. An hour's star gazing is usually followed by a luncheon, music and dancing also at times.**

**"Wilton is an enthusiastic preterist. While in college I remember he said, in our studies of ancient history, that they ought to build a fence around the Pyramids so as to protect them from vandalism. The more ancient the history, the greater his interest."**

Jule Ide remarked: "To the student of ancient classics and ancient history, as well as to the theologian and devout Christian, a journey to the Orient, in order to behold, by self-travel and sojourn, the historical sights and cities of remote ages, to which cling their interesting history of famous political and religious wars, their heroes and their mythology, is ever among the uppermost of longings."

Rutherford replied: "I don't see how anyone can care much for ancient history. What is past is past."

Vandervelt replied: "They tell us the future must be guided by the experiences of the past."

Hamilton said: "There is no one takes a greater delight in ancient history than does our friend Delhurst. He is a genuine preterist indeed. His readable articles and correspondence from Egypt and Greece, in one of our most prominent magazines, show what a treat his oriental voyage must be to him. In his articles on the Pyramids, he does not repeat the old Napoleonic saying: 'Soldiers! Forty centuries are looking down upon you!' He describes old ancient cities and sites in a fresh, original, up-to-date style. His thorough mastery of Greek will stand him in good stead during his sojourn in Greece."

At this juncture, to the surprise of the coterie, Wilton Delhurst himself walked up, and, 'mid greetings, took a central chair as requested.

After complimentary remarks had been passed to and fro, one of the party said:

"Delhurst, we have been recounting some of our outing pleasures, which dwindle out of sight in comparison with a trip to the Orient such as you have been enjoying."

Mansfield asked: "Delhurst, I suppose you will lecture again this coming winter before the Historical Society?"

Delhurst said he expected to do so.

"Did you not," continued Mansfield, "at one time move that all writers of books in the whole civilized world, bearing the name History, should be required to take an oath that they would only record the truth, and nothing but the truth, because many histories were misleading as to actual facts?"

Delhurst replied: "Yes, I made a move in that direction once upon a time. But I soon stopped moving, from the fact that the task I had in mind was too herculean."

Inman asked: "Wilton, what was the most pleasing sight to your eyes, in your oriental trip?"

Delhurst replied: "Now I know you expect me to say something in regard to Egyptian, Circassian or Grecian beauties. No, that would not be a true answer. One of the most pleasing sights that greeted my eyes was our star-spangled banner as it waved from the mast of some man-of-war or merchant ship on the sea, or in some bay or foreign port."

"Wilton," asked one of the coterie, "did you not bring an Egyptian mummy along to add to your collection of ancient relics?"

Delhurst replied: "My collection only represents the Stone and Copper Age of America. But I did bring something extraordinary along, namely: I have noted down a tradition narrated to me by a typical enthusiastic Grecian of Athens. The tradition points out that America was first discovered by the Greeks. If such a traditional narrative interests you, as it is quite lengthy, I will read it to you before it is published."

All present said they would be pleased to hear him read it.

Delhurst said: "I intended to invite you, anyhow, in a few days; but if it is convenient, I would be pleased to have you call at my home tomorrow afternoon, at five o'clock, so we can take an early supper and will then have the necessary time to read and listen to the story, for it is of some length."

All eagerly accepted the invitation, knowing that his lectures and narratives were always instructive and entertaining.

The next day at the appointed time they called on their friend, Wilton Delhurst, whose palatial home was situated in the greatest metropolis of our nation, about a mile from the grand tomb of one of America's greatest soldiers, which is situated on a riverside.

Upon entering his library, he said: "I will first introduce you to my four seasons."

Whereupon he moved aside a large door, and led us into a spacious room representing Spring. The walls from floor up to near the center of the ceiling were painted artistically with budding plants, shrubs and trees of various

#### DOWN OF GRANT'S TOMB VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE

kinds. The walls were completely covered with spring-time scenery. Brooks, just uncovered from the winter's ice, ran foaming onward, the beholder almost believing he could hear their babbling sound. One could not enter this large room for the first time without exclaiming, "This is Spring." All the tables and chairs were of a pleasing, rustic design.

Upon Delhurst's moving aside the next opening, a sweet scent of foliage and flowers seemed to permeate the air. This room represented Summer. The walls here, also, from the floor to near the center of the ceiling, were painted with fine representations of flowers, shrubs and trees of various kinds. On stepping into this room one could not help involuntarily saying "Summer!"

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DELHUNST'S LIBRARY, WITH THE MURAL PAINTINGS OF THE THREE KINDS OF CRAFTS WITH WHICH AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED.  
(See page 17.)



The next room represented Fall. The bright red golden-yellow leaves of the forest trees indicated that the night frosts had passed along the forest, kissed the leaves and made them blush.

Upon leading them into the fourth room they all felt as if they had forgotten their overcoats and furs. The walls, from floor to center of ceiling, were covered with Arctic scenery, glistening with snowy, icy mountains and grottoes. The furniture was the color of glistening snow. The trees sparkled with snow and icicles. Winter could not be more beautifully or realistically portrayed than was this room.

One of the number said: "This is a white room indeed!"

The four large rooms representing the seasons joined at a corner. With the four large corner sliding doors open, one could see at a glance Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

To fully describe the rooms representing the seasons would be beyond my powers. So realistic were they that one might easily imagine it would not be necessary for the owner to journey north in summer or south in winter for climatic comfort. It is only necessary to say that the rooms were painted and decorated by artists of more than common skill.

After having feasted their eyes on the wonderful beauty of the rooms, Mr. Delhurst said: "Let us now return to the library, where I will read to you the newly discovered event that came to pass less than a century after Homer's time. To a real student of ancient history this is not so wonderfully long ago as it may seem to humanity in general."

On the wall of his library room, above the fireplace, were elegant mural paintings representing three different kinds of ships, as we may call them, namely, a Pacific island catamaran of four logs with one sail, several oars, also a small canoe on same. The next ship was a hollow Viking ship with one sail and many oars. The third group represented Columbus's caravels, the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina.

Mr. Delhurst, on referring to the mural paintings, said:

"Of the crafts represented on this wall, three represent the three different kinds of crafts with which the continent of the Americas was discovered.

"But, please bear in mind, since I returned from the Orient I have already given an order to a skillful artist to paint a ship after my drawing representing the great ship 'Aeolus,' in which Four Hundred of Athens discovered America. That will be next to and following the catamaran of the Pacific islands. But in regard to the Aeolus, we will hear more when I read to you that traditional story. My Greek friend at Athens claimed, from the story which he narrated to me, that the Greeks had landed in America over eighteen hundred years before the Vikings and over two thousand years before Columbus. But in

my opinion people from Asia and the Pacific islands, if not from Europe, have landed singly and in small numbers again and again at great intervals of time thousands of years before any of those European crafts mentioned.

"Let us look at this map of the world hanging here against the wall; now let us give particular attention to the contour of North and South America. We see it forms a long, wide barrier extending from the North Pole, we may say, south, to beyond fifty degrees south latitude. North and South America form a barrier against which objects floating on the ocean westward from Europe, would in time have to land.

"Also objects in the Pacific Ocean, floating eastward, would in time have to drift against the long American barrier. Objects in the Pacific Ocean, driven by storms of unusually long duration eastward, would land against the Americas like snows driven by the storm against a long fence. Looking at the map, as well, and even more so, the Pacific Islanders in storms were wafted against their will to more distant islands; they also would, during the interval of many thousands of years, be cast on the larger island of North and South America. Indeed, it would seem wonderful if, during thousands of years of time, both Pacific Islanders and Europeans were not cast upon the shores of America.

"But let us rather look to the Pacific Ocean. We know that during the greater part of the year the surface of the Pacific is just as its name signifies. Let us look at the top of the map and begin with Behring Strait. It would be considered wonderful if people living on the west side of this narrow strait in Asia would not, during thousands of years of time, have passed over to America in boats during some very favorable summers, or on foot, when the strait was frozen over, as has happened within the memory of civilized man.

"But let us go some distance further south to the Aleutian Islands and observe those as stepping stones for small boats aided by the Japan Ocean current on towards the American continent.

"Further south the great ocean space between the Aleutian Islands and New Zealand, as the map shows, is dotted with islands of various sizes, most of which are well wooded, fertile and fit for the abode of man. It is known that in prehistoric times the native islanders sailed and rowed from one island to another in canoes, and on their more storm-worthy catamarans, constructed of logs, of which the first craft is a true picture. These raft boats are much more seaworthy than one on first thought might suppose. When our up-to-date ships founder, they throw such catamaran-like rafts into the sea to save life. It is well known that wars between the islanders at times forced some of the islanders to row or sail to some other more remote island in order to save their lives from the attacking parties. It is not difficult to realize

that the Pacific islanders became daring sea rovers. The spirit of adventure is an inherent trait of the human race. I only mean that they would take risks in sailing or rowing from one island to another distant island. On their long voyages they would naturally take a quantity of food along.

"A large number of rowboats and catamarans must often have been sailing from island to island in times of long duration of pleasant weather.

"But it is well known at the same time that, without warning, strong sweeping storms come up against which such crafts as canoes and catamarans cannot contend. Under such conditions which, during thousands of years of time must have often occurred, it would be wonderful if some islanders had not been driven by the storms against the long barrier formed by North and South America, making them unwilling discoverers of America by the sheer force of the reigning elements. It is my opinion, as it is, no doubt, of many others, that the Asiatic, Japanese and Pacific Island people set foot upon the American continent thousands of years perhaps before America became known to the Europeans. The American Indian race seems much more closely allied to Pacific and Japan Islanders than to Europeans. It may be a race of its own; but that does not interfere with the opinion that the Pacific Islanders were at long intervals of time driven on the coast of America.

"Such forced landings could not make the existence of America known at large. They were quite private affairs. All their wits and strength were required for their immediate personal protection and wants. It is not difficult to believe that by far the majority of such who at great intervals of time were driven over the sea to the far coast of America were men. But women too in their tribal sails must, at still greater intervals of time, also have landed.

"If the American Indian race is strictly indigenous, then such castaway islanders would in many cases have fused with the Indians and their distinguishing features become lost in the overwhelming shuffle or majority, so to speak.

"All such landings occurred at a time when the horizon of the human race was very limited. They knew they were forced over the waters far away from home and could not get back. That was all.

"Also the Viking landings in America was of no practical benefit to the world; unless somehow Columbus had received inklings of their adventure. The Pacific Islanders and, later, the Vikings, upon their landings on the Western Continent, lived in an age when writing and the printing press were still unknown, and the greater part of humanity still lived in the Stone and Bronze Ages."

Delhurst continued: "Even if I or my Grecian friend Zenothemis should convince you, by the tradition which I am to read to you, that

Greeks landed in America about nine hundred years B. C., still the real, practical discoverer of America, we must all admit, was Christopher Columbus.

"And let me add, not one iota of his fame shall my story take away on this, or any future day.

"Now, my friends," said Delhurst, "let us go into the Autumn room and take supper."

## SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE NARRATIVE:

**ZENOTHEMIS:** The typical, enthusiastic Athenian, narrator of the story of "Athonia" to Wilton Delhurst, an American newspaper correspondent.

**ITHOBAL:** A Phoenician sea captain and merchant, who inspired the Athenians with greater commercialism.

**PHILOSTENES:** Holder of farewell address at ship's departure.

**ARTEUS:** Captain; **HILICARUS,** mate of the ship "Aeolus."

**SCRIBORITES:** Day scribe; **MILITOS,** reserve scribe; **ANAXOGEROUS,** night scribe.

**ORTHOCLÉS and GRAPHITUS:** The ship's artists.

### *Ship's Military:*

**MARSTENES,** first commander; **BALORDIUS,** second,—and **ROSANIA,** in command of maidens.

### *Committee of Rules and Order:*

**DIAGORAX, SOPHON, MEANDER and PINDARUS.**

### *Master of Games:*

**GRACIO.**

### *Ship's Magician, Seer and Diviner:*

**POLYBUS.**

### *Committee of Commerce:*

**EMPOROSODES, KERDOSOCLES, and EMPORIACLES.**

### *Landing Committee:*

**STRABO, GREETUS, TERRAFIRMA, FATTALUS and THEOGNIS** as interpreter of gesture and other languages.

### *Some of the Maiden's Names:*

**AGATHIA, CORRINA, IRISONIA, ORIENTES, LIDIO, CASSANDRA, QUEENORIA, ISYLATA, UNDINE, LEONE, CLOIA, BEOTHEO, ARMITHENE, NATHOLIA, CLELESTIA, SOPRANES, CYNTHIA.**



# Athonia; or, The Original Four Hundred

## CHAPTER I

### *INTRODUCTION TO THE STORY*

After they had taken supper in the beautiful Autumn room, they returned to the adjoining library where, upon the offering of cigars, Mr. Delhurst announced: "Now, boys, from these volumes I now take this typewritten manuscript containing my recently discovered Grecian story which you asked me to read to you. Please be comfortably seated. As I have already warned you, it may require over two hours' time to give a comprehensive epitome of this story. I intend only to give an epitome, and not the full story, but will conform myself to your wishes in regard to this."

"Wilton," said Mr. Rutherford, "please do not rehearse the skeleton of the story only, for I believe we all would like to hear you read that Grecian legend from start to finish."

"Yes," was the simultaneous request, "please let us hear it in full, from beginning to end."

"Let me exhort you," said Delhurst, "before I divulge—if that phrase is allowable—this newly discovered event of ancient times to you, before it sails upon the wings of publicity, to constitute yourselves as comfortably and unrestrainedly as possible, as we cannot expect to sit as quietly as if we were listening to some lecturer. Therefore, walk and move about at your pleasure; it will not be disturbing to me in the least."

"Never mind, Wilton," said Mr. Mansfield, eyeing the curling smoke of his cigar, "we'll look for our comfort all right. We've been here before. We're only too anxious to have you read that great event of the misty past to us, regardless of the time required. It is still very early in the evening; the sun is hardly set."

"I must first," said Delhurst, "relate how I happened to discover or come into possession of this Greek legend which I am about to read to you."

"Now to begin—before the beginning—. During my ten days' sojourn in Athens I stayed at one of the principal hotels at the Square of the Constitution. Mr. Hamilton and Mansfield undoubtedly remember in what part of Athens that is, having visited Athens two years ago."

"Yes," said Mr. Hamilton, "it's one of the finest hostelrys and is situated in close proximity to the royal palace. During my stay in Athens I stopped at a hotel situated on Rue d'Hermes."

"Now to proceed," continued Delhurst, "during my sojourn in Athens, I met, and formed the acquaintance of Sir Armothoge, of London, England, at a principal cafe. Mr. Armothoge was awaiting an enthusiastic American archeologist. The American gentleman arrived at the appointed time, and, to my pleasure, I found it was Mr. R——, to whom I had previously had the honor of an introduction upon one of my several visits to the American Archeological School. A young gentleman, a close relation to the king of Greece, happened to be in the cafe at the time and engaged Mr. R—— in conversation in regard to some new archeological discoveries, said to have been unearthed in the vicinity of 'Temple de Jupiter Olympien.'

"The royal relative seemed quite deeply interested in the newly-claimed discoveries and asked Mr. R—— to accompany him in his auto for the purpose of securing further information in regard to the truthfulness of the reported discoveries.

"Sir Armothoge and myself, as naturally as water running down hill, immediately turned our topic of conversation on the past greatness of Athenian and Grecian History in general. Sir Armothoge was a fluent Greek scholar, and during his two weeks' sojourn had formed the acquaintanceship of a number of prominent Athenians. I told Sir Armothoge that I would like to form the acquaintance of a genuine unadulterated, typical Grecian, some scholarly gentleman, who could accompany me in my drives and walks, and with whom I could converse in the Greek language in regard to ancient Greek art, Greek architecture and ancient Greek history.

"Sir Armothoge said that he had the honor of an introduction to a genuine, typical Athenian gentleman, one who seemed highly delighted when the history of ancient Greece was on the tapis; a gentleman who was an enthusiast in all that pertained to the ancient glory of Hellas. He said that the name of his Hellenic acquaintance was Zenothemis, a gentleman who claimed to be a lineal descendant of one of the victors in the ancient Olympian games, whose triumph had been lauded in song and story from generation to generation, and whose descendants held prominent positions of honor and trust in Attica for generations.

"I assured Sir Armothoge that I would be exceedingly pleased to be honored by an introduction to his Athenian friend. Sir Armothoge, who had fully arranged for his departure for London, said that there was perhaps still a chance for an introduction if I would accompany him that evening to the Athenian Club at the Place de la Banque, to which he was granted the right of admittance through the good offices of the resident British Minister. 'I believe,' said Sir Armothoge, 'that



Mr. Zenothemis is a quite regular attendant at the club, and we shall undoubtedly be able to meet him there at about 7 o'clock.'

"It is not necessary for me to state that I immediately accepted his good offices. In the evening, upon arriving at the club, we found quite a number of members present, besides a number of prominent French, English and German visitors. In less time than it would take me to relate, I was, through the guidance of Sir Armothoge, standing before Zenothemis, who was sitting towards a corner somewhat away from the others present, reading an article in a magazine referring to the revival of the Olympian games.

"The short formalities of an introduction over, I was, with polished Grecian politeness, asked to be seated and make myself entirely at home. Mr. Armothoge introduced me as being an American newspaper correspondent who was a close student of the history of ancient Greece, an American who took a scholarly delight in the study of archeology, anthropology and all things pertaining to the realms of the uncertain, misty, remote past.

"Shortly after the introduction, Sir Armothoge informed Mr. Zenothemis of his intended departure on next morning's early train, remarking that it was incumbent upon him to devote the few remaining hours to the bidding adieu to several of his other Athenian acquaintances, whose company also had greatly added to the agreeableness and instructiveness of his sojourn while in Athens. Upon bidding farewell, he presented his card containing his London address with the invitation to call upon him whenever we should happen to visit the metropolis of the world.

"After bidding Armothoge farewell, Mr. Zenothemis said that he was highly pleased to form the acquaintance of a genuine American citizen. He had frequently had the pleasure of an introduction to noted English, German and French gentlemen, but not to an American. 'I am certainly assured,' said Mr. Zenothemis, 'of your deep interest in the history of Greece by the fluency with which you master the classic Greek language.'

"Mr. Zenothemis was not only well versed in classic Greek but also in Latin, but not in the English language. Our conversation was, therefore, wholly in classic Greek. We both entered upon the subject of ancient history of Hellas with earnest enthusiasm and delight."

"I can imagine," interrupted Mr. Joyce, "that you then did not regret the many hours you devoted to Greek and Latin lore by the midnight lamp."

Delhurst replied: "Certainly not; without that acquirement I would not have discovered the ancient narrative.

"Our subjects of conversation mainly touched upon the great men of ancient Hellas, including its poets, dramatists, warriors, historians,

philosophers and orators such as Homer, Lycurgus, Pindar, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Leonidas, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Solon, Socrates, Pericles, Plato, Euclid, and Pythagoras. Our remarks were profusely interspersed with quotations culled from noted Grecian orations and dissertations, including Plato's Republic, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, Pindar's lyric poem and philosophical sayings of Aristotle.

"I asked Mr. Zenothemis which one of the great minds of ancient Greece he held as the most profound and also the most useful to the world. He replied that it was quite difficult to answer which particular one seemed to loom above all the others, as in all the various fields of usefulness there were several stars of the first magnitude. 'The particular one among the galaxy of stars that I have in my mind's eye, just at this moment, is, I should say, Plato. I have always held Plato in high reverence. The essence of Plato's philosophy is, that wisdom and righteousness are closely related, as also are folly and crime. A philosophy based upon such tenets cannot but have been of inestimable value towards furthering the progress and true salvation of the human family. But I do not wish to say that out of the galaxy of stars, the same particular star shines out the brightest at all times. That star which my mind's eye happens to pay particular attention to and gazes on the longest, so to speak, seems the brightest for the time.

"'As to undisputed usefulness, I cannot refrain from mentioning the great mathematicians—Thales, Pythagoras and Euclid. It must be admitted that the results of their researches and discoveries for science do not conflict as often as the various opposing theories of renowned philosophers. Indeed, it is claimed by some that the advancement of the human race is due more to universally accepted and irrefutable facts in mathematics than to all the abstract theories of philosophy that the world has ever known.'

"We both agreed that, among ancient historians, Thucydides was beyond doubt the most painstaking and reliable. Mr. Zenothemis remarked that he had lately read an article in a French magazine bearing the title, 'The present status of Greek history and Greek classics in the civilized countries of the world,' in which it was claimed that Germany, England and France were the only countries in which these studies were zealously fostered. In all the other countries, including the United States of America, the writer claimed the interest formerly shown towards Greek history and the study of the Greek language was perceptibly on the wane.

"I ventured to assert that that article must have been penned by one who was but poorly informed in regard to the interest taken by Americans in the studies of ancient Greece and its literature. The real facts, I assured him, were just to the contrary, there being hardly any institution of learning in the United States today, aspiring to the

name of college or university, which did not include classic Greek in its curriculum. Mr. Zenothemis thought that was very gratifying news to every true Grecian and was far beyond what one should have expected in a new country like the United States, where, as the press of Europe make us believe, the people are so deeply engrossed in the pursuit of the almighty dollar, thus allowing no time or attention towards the growth of culture and æsthetics.

"I further informed my Greek friend that thousands of pupils who received their education in the public high schools, were quite familiar with the most prominent events of ancient Greece and also with its literature, such as the story of the Golden Fleece, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, also that one of the many brave warriors of his native Greece had been lauded in felicitous verse, which is declaimed by enthusiastic youths in almost every schoolhouse throughout our free land.

"Mr. Zenothemis asked me whether many of the youths in America could give the names of the so-called seven wise men of Greece. I thought undoubtedly thousands had read the names in their studies, but to having them memorized could hardly be expected. I, myself, could recall only six; the seventh, which I could not recall to memory upon the spur of the moment, being Cleobulus of Rhodes, being the wise man whom I was not wise enough to remember.

"Mr. Zenothemis said, while referring to the interest Americans take in Greek history, 'May I ask you a question?' (Mr. Zenothemis was the picture of deep earnestness, while asking this question.)

"I answered, 'Why certainly, I would be pleased to answer to the extent of my information, any and all questions in regard to America.' 'Allow me,' said my friend Zenothemis, 'to ask: do the youths of America, or the parents of the youths of America, know to which nation the first discoverers of America belong?'

" 'I should say,' I replied, 'they belong to Spain. Columbus, although an Italian, was in the service of Spain, and the crews of the ships are supposed to have been Spaniards. The claim that Leif, a native of Denmark or Iceland, landed in America about five hundred years before Columbus is steadily gaining ground. If you would ask any American,' I said, 'who discovered America, the answer will invariably be Columbus.'

" 'Now,' said my Greek friend, 'I suppose you will be surprised when I claim that America was discovered by Greece, that is, by natives of Greece, or, to be more specific, by Athenians. Yes, and what is more, the event came to pass thousands of years prior to the time of the discovery of America by Columbus.'

" 'Surprised,' said I, 'I should say I am more than surprised; I am amazed, if I understand you aright!'

" 'Yes, Mr. Delhurst,' said my friend, 'the facts are just as I claim,

and you understand me perfectly aright. If, before leaving Athens, you can devote two days for the purpose, I should be highly pleased to narrate an ancient Grecian legend, treating of the event, which would beyond all doubt convince you of the fact that America was discovered by Greeks, or to particularize, by Athenians. But this evening I would not like to go into the narrative, as the time at this late hour is far too limited for giving even an outline of the legend."

"I answered Mr. Zenothemis that I would be highly elated if I could secure that legend and would be greatly honored if I could enjoy his company during the greater part of the remaining three days of my sojourn in Athens.

"My Greek friend said that it would be a pleasure to him if he could in any way for the remaining three days, in some degree, add to the instructiveness and agreeableness of my sojourn in Athens. He said that I could not have an idea of how the Greeks admired our great American republic, since its victorious war of '98; he said, 'Your nation looms up to the eyes of the world in all its high-minded majesty; nobler and grander than ever before. It is certainly not unknown to you,' he said, 'that we Greeks have from generation to generation entertained hope against hope that our grand idea of a united progressive Greek republic should some day become a reality. Although a true Greek never wholly loses this hope, still, surrounded as we are by mighty powers, our grand idea can not come to pass unless some unforeseen European complications turn the course of events favorably towards the consummation devoutly wished for.' 'When I see your beautiful star spangled banner,' continued my friend, 'down in the harbor at the Piræus, waving majestically on the mast-head of your warships or merchant marine, a mingled feeling of envy and admiration fills my breast for the free citizens whose noble emblem it is. During the war of '98,' he said, 'I read the daily war reports with intense interest, all along on land and sea, so wonderful were your victories, that the most superficial readers could not but form the belief that your side must be favored by the unseen power of the God of War.

" 'In that instance, right and might seemed to walk hand in hand for a noble purpose. Since that war, which was proclaimed for the welfare of the inhabitants of a neighboring island, your beautiful flag waves out like a symbol of hope to the oppressed of all lands. Only a few days ago, upon beholding it proudly waving from the mast-head of an American ship, lying in the harbor of Piræus, I unconsciously bestrode the winged Pegasus and was inspired to pen this poem.'

"Whereupon Mr. Zenothemis opened his pocket diary, pointing out the pages that contained the poem. It consisted of nineteen stanzas,

treating of the grand American republic. I translated three of the stanzas from Greek into English, as follows:

The world oppressed, its hope doth rest  
In that Star Spangled Banner;  
It speaks of light, it speaks of right  
To hamlet and to manor.

Never before, on foreign shore  
That flag was understood  
As 'tis today,—showing the way  
Towards loving brotherhood.

The mission grand, of its free land  
Is as a model nation  
For human good, towards brotherhood  
To fill its destined station.

"The remaining stanzas contained strong language against the nation which our country warred against in '98. I informed Mr. Zenothemis that I would be pleased to translate the verse into English and show my friends at home, who no doubt would be pleased to read how much interest the Greek people take in the welfare of America.

"'What America is today,' Mr. Zenothemis said, 'is what the Greeks have hoped for centuries Hellas should be—a model nation for others to copy—the nation of nations. But the Fates have plainly decreed otherwise.'

"I said that a noted scholar claimed that Americans were a great deal like the Greeks, but far more practical. 'Whatever,' said my friend, 'the present status of Greece may be, it is always agreeable to know that its past greatness is held in high esteem by the learned of your model nation, far o'er the seas.'

"I replied, that as our nation progresses in material and moral greatness, the greater will be the interest taken in the study of ancient Greek literature and art. I informed him that for many years, colleges and universities had felt it incumbent upon themselves to give, at least once a year, a public performance of some noted drama selected from those of the ancient classic Greek dramatists; that I have attended a performance of Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*; and that such performances are at all times witnessed by large appreciative audiences. 'It is certain,' I said, 'that the literature of ancient Greece will remain the delight of scholars and the food of philosophers and poets for ages to come.'

"He also seemed elated on my informing him of the large number of College Greek letter societies, such as Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Phi Delta Gamma, Delta Upsilon, Phi Kappa Psi, Sigma Chi, Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Kappa, Zeta Alpha and many others of equal note, and

that most all of the presidents of the United States of America were members of such Greek letter fraternities.

"At this stage of our conversation, the club room clock struck the late hour of eleven. During the evening, with a large number of persons present, its hourly notices of the flight of time remained unheard, but at that advanced hour, with only a few remaining members present, its tones seemed to assert themselves, earnestly reminding one of the necessary rest for carrying out the visits to places of historic interest that were planned for the morrow. I, of course, intended to wend my way back to the hotel, but Mr. Zenothemis unyieldingly insisted upon my accompanying him to stay at his bachelor home.

"It was a clear, typical Athenian night, and after a leisurely walk of a few squares, we arrived at the home of my friend. It was one of the neatest dwellings in its vicinity; of which Mr. Zenothemis retained for himself on the second floor, two bedrooms, wardrobe closets, bathroom, and one large elegantly furnished room. The greater part of the building was occupied by Mr. Zenothemis' brother-in-law and family. Mr. Zenothemis, according to his needs, was financially quite independent. He was at that stage in life when the hair at the temples of the average man begins to display streaks of gray. Like most independent bachelors, he seemed fastened down to set ideas as to how some things ought to be arranged, so as to merit the adjective *ideal*. Drifting towards the realm of bachelorhood myself, I felt amused to notice such peculiarities in another.

"My friend said that almost half of our lives were spent in our sleeping rooms, therefore they should be large and well arranged and situated. One of his rooms was what he called an ideal bedroom. This he consigned to me. He claimed its ceiling was the most beautiful of any bedroom or any other room in the world, which I later found was the truth, as its color was a deep far-off blue, ornamented with golden, glittering stars, some of which were larger than the earth; all of which were restlessly, incessantly moving onward. It was a richly furnished and commodious room. The particular reason, why, in his opinion, it was an ideal sleeping room, was from the fact of there being a sky-light in the ceiling above the bed. It consists of a large plate of glass of about ten by eighteen feet in size, lying flush with the roof. The object of this flat plate of glass sky-light was not for the transmission of light, as for that purpose two side windows were sufficient. About five years ago, Mr. Zenothemis had had that sky-light set in so that he could, in the stilly hours of the night, behold the wondrous beauty of the blue gold bejeweled heaven above. He said that one would be surprised at what a vast expanse of the heavens such a sky-light opened to the view.

"'You see,' he said, 'some nights I lie with my head to the north,

and on others, to the south; thus obtaining the fullest scope that the opening presents.'

"He claimed that he had within the last few years, without the slightest effort, formed the acquaintance of numerous stars, planets, and satellites; and could tell in which months the various constellations move in their Zodiacal paths across his sky-light vision. 'One never tires,' he said, 'of beholding with wonder and admiration, the multitudinous stars glittering in the blue vault above. But then perhaps we Greeks take a greater interest in the golden twinklers than is common to the peoples of other nations; for the reason that a large number of our most prominent gods and heroes have been immortalized by being metamorphosed in the blue vault above into planets, stars and constellations, such as Cassandra, Hercules, Eros, Andromeda, Castor and Pollux, Orion, Perseus, and others who are thus reminding us Greeks of the gods and heroes held sacred by our venerated ancestors.' Some of the starry names have later been changed into Latin, Roman, names, as Jupiter, Venus, etc.

"I remarked that our omniscient, omnipresent God, leaves no place for the many Gods of ancient Greek mythology; and that the nations in which Christianity prevails, lead the world in science, art, literature and human progress.

"Zenothemis replied: 'Certainly we are all Christians now; but we will always hold a deep reverence for the gods of our forefathers, and let me say:

The gods of Greece, the gods of Greece,  
Their whisperings will never cease,  
On mount, in vale, or riverside,  
In forest dense, or flowing tide;  
In ocean waves that lave the shore;  
In lightning cloud with thundrous roar,  
Whose ominous threat'ning sable sky  
With fiery flashes dims the eye;  
In trees, where each leaf is a tongue,  
Their rustling whispers are among;  
In pebbly brook and cataract clear  
Their power and voice is ever near.  
The golden orb of day they lead  
With chariot bright and fleeting steed,  
In wind and storm and tempest wild,  
In evening's breeze and zephyrs mild,  
In war's fierce battle, sea or plain,  
Their favor leads to victory's gain.  
And Love, O Love, sweet fair, true Love—  
They shower their blessings from above;  
Their spirit speaks in many a tongue  
Is never old, but ever young.  
The gods of Greece, the gods of Greece—  
Their sway and power shall never cease;  
And so it has been, and so 'twill be  
For ages, throughout Eternity.



"‘Yes,’ continued Mr. Zenothemis, ‘many of the gods and heroes of our ancestors have been immortalized in the blue vault above, by naming planets, constellations and stars in their honor.’

"‘Allow me,’ continued mine host, ‘to pull down the window curtains and turn out the light. There! Do not the stars from this darkened room seem to shine out with a greater brilliancy in the clear blue heavens above, than ordinarily?’

"‘I could but admit that the stars appeared unusually brilliant; indeed. I reminded mine host that the exceeding brilliancy of the stars was perhaps due to the noted clearness of the Athenian atmosphere.

"‘How plainly the apparent stationary North Star stands to view,’ said he. ‘Ursa Major is now descending towards the northwest; the pointers also lie inclined towards the northwest. The guardians of the Pole are above it, to the left. Capella is scintillating brilliantly, as also Castor and Pollux, lowering there in the northwest. The constellation of Hercules is almost directly overhead.’

"‘Now,’ said mine host, turning on the lamps again, ‘if you should not sleep well, you can survey the sky at your leisure; or if you do not care to have that large number of stars winking at you, you can easily shut off the heavenly scene with that spring roller curtain under the sky-light. Trying to count the stars, I believe, would be a sure cure for insomnia; but as there are not millions in it, according to your American phraseology, I will not spend a fortune in advertising the remedy. The stars move and shine as they moved and shone to the eyes of billions of mankind who lived thousands of years before us, including Newton, Galileo, Kepler, Herschel, Copernicus, Ptolemy, Thales, all of whom beheld the same brilliant heavenly scene with studious admiration. If the stars would only shine during one night in a large number of years, we would undoubtedly remain up that whole night and regard them with awe and wonder.’

"‘In this room,’ continued my friend, ‘in the silent hours of the night, lying upon one’s pillow, beholding the endless blue, strewn with its brilliant golden stars and constellations, with a comet thrown in for a change, one imagines the harmonious music of the spheres, as they speed through space in their perpetual returning cycles. Gazing into the stilly night, up into the furthestmost blue, wings one’s thoughts for the time far from this earthly abode, and strengthens one’s faith in the wisdom, power and love of Him who set the spheres revolving through space in their ever recurring orderly paths, and it suggests to one that:

In the silent chamber—there  
Is the sacred place of Prayer.

"‘I will now retire to my room,’ he said, ‘and I wish you a good night.’



"I immediately went to bed, and, facing the large flat sky-light, directly overhead, I could not but behold the distant ceiling above. It was not many minutes, however, before I was fast asleep in the arms of Morpheus until the rays of Phoebus had climbed quite high above the Eastern horizon.

"Upon entering the sitting room, mine host asked me whether I had viewed the movements of the animals in the heavenly Zoo, or had drawn the curtain under the sky-light? I replied that I had enjoyed a very restful sleep, excepting perhaps, the first twenty minutes in which it was made strikingly clear to me that there is no such thing as night; we are only turned away from light. 'That,' replied mine host, 'if we had the time, would be a theme to dilate upon. You have at least,' he said, laughingly, 'made one great astronomical discovery. So much to the credit of my ideal bed chamber.'

"He insisted that I should be his guest for the balance of my sojourn in Athens, which kind invitation I readily accepted.

"After partaking of a dainty, as well as a wholesome breakfast, our plan for the forenoon included a ride on horseback over the sacred way to the town of Eleusis. My friend was a well practiced equestrian. In our ride over the sacred way, to Eleusis and through the olive groves in the plain of the Kephisos, we halted at all places of interest. The glimpses of the Acropolis, seen through the gnarled stems of the olive trees, presented a charming view, such as preterists and students of ancient history delight to feast their eyes upon. The small town of Eleusis was, of course, of deep interest to me; as you remember from Greek history that here the celebrated Eleusian Mysteries were held, which Cato, who was one of the initiated, claimed that they taught *not only to live happily, but to die with a fair hope*.

"Our ride to Eleusis and return proved exceedingly interesting, arriving at Athens at noon. Zenothemis was not only congenial and delightful company, but his profound knowledge of all places of interest in and around Athens, its ancient ruins, noted institutions and history, coupled with his natural and acquired gift of imparting the same in a highly fascinating manner to others, made one think of him in regard to matters Greek as a veritable living encyclopædia.

"After dinner, I devoted the greater part of the afternoon in preparing my magazine correspondence; Zenothemis remarking that he would in the meantime, devote his time to glancing over the manuscript of the legend *Athonia*, which he had promised to impart to me by reading the same.

"After supper we passed the evening in Mr. Zenothemis' library room, where he recounted the circumstances under which he rescued *Athonia*, or as I shall call it, '*The Four Hundred*,' from utter oblivion, as follows:

" 'My revered grandfather was a noted historian of Athens. While

I was in my youth, he was quite far advanced in years. He was very fond of me, and our homes being in close proximity, I was his frequent visitor. While still a small boy, he would place me upon his knee and relate fables such as were suitable to one of my age. My grandfather was known by all his acquaintances as a very interesting raconteur, relating narratives and stories in such a plain slow fascinating manner as to hold the listeners' close attention from start to finish. He was not only a good story teller, but his repertoire consisted of stories that were good to listen to. Being a professor of history may to a great degree have accounted for his excellency as a raconteur. As I grew older, his narratives changed to such as distinctly portrayed a moral, all of which were told in his inimitable entertaining style.

"'Still later, he questioned me in reference to the studies I was pursuing, often picking out and rehearsing scraps of history with which they had some relation. He was very desirous that I should obtain a thorough knowledge of the history of Greece, saying upon a time, that it was not in the realms of the impossible, though improbable, that in the unwritten future, events might shape themselves propitious for the forming of a grand Greek republic, in the establishment of which, I should be found thoroughly equipped so as to be able to assume a conspicuous part in its formation. History, you see,' continued Mr. Zenothemis, 'was my lamented grandfather's great forte, and the more ancient, the more interest it aroused. I was about thirteen years of age when, one day he said to me, "Zeno, tomorrow, there being no school, I want you to come and write down a very ancient legend, which I will rehearse to you, and you are to write it down and preserve it. The name of this legend is *Athonia*, and it is only known to a limited number of historians, I believe. In fact, the period in which the events of which it treats came to pass, extends so far into the misty past that historians hesitate to record the same in histories of the present day. From the most thorough and exhaustive researches made at various times years ago by some of my professional colleagues and myself, it has been quite satisfactorily determined that many hundreds of years ago an original papyrus manuscript of the legend had been held in one of the archives of an Egyptian library."

"'Now,' said my friend, Zenothemis, 'tomorrow morning being the time you set apart for the purpose of writing down *Athonia* in shorthand, as I rehearse it to you, and as you suggested, proceed for that purpose to the Acropolis—to the steps on the east front of the ruins of the Parthenon, I would suggest that we start at a very early hour, so as to be on the Acropolis before sunrise.'

"The early part of the forenoon he advised me was more agreeable on account of the heat than later on toward noon. Another reason, he said, why he preferred to start at such an early hour, was from the

well-known saying that the morning hour is the golden hour—the mind being at its best after a night's restful slumber. Philosophers from time out of mind, he said, claim that their most profound thoughts and happiest inspirations occurred to them in the early morning hours.

"I readily assented to his early-rising suggestion. One condition, my Athenian friend imposed was not to interrupt him with more than three questions during his narration of the story. They could be of whatever import I desired; but I should know in advance that three questions must be the limit; as an endless number of questions would be liable to entangle the smooth-flowing trend of his narration, which he intended to rehearse mostly without referring to the manuscript.

"You will soon perceive" said Zenothemis, "in my narration of the story which treats of an event which is supposed to have taken place at a time when the earth was thought to be flat, that I have been somewhat arbitrary in the use of names such as Scriborites, Terrafirma and a few others."

"After you have the complete story" he said, "you may surmise why I used those names in place of the true Greek." I replied that my task will be to adhere to a close, literal translation of the story as narrated by him.

"The remainder of the evening was devoted to glancing over mine host's library, which contained rare specimens of ancient Greek art and a number of interesting volumes of ancient manuscripts, including one with cuneiform writing.

"Perceiving that mine host was anxious that I should relate some of my own traveling experiences and adventures and that he showed a deep interest in regard to America, I entertained him in those lines until the library room clock hinted that it was time to retire to our respective couches, so as to be able to be up bright and early next morning for our *Athonia* task.

## CHAPTER II

### *ATHENIAN COMMERCIALISM*

Early in the following morning, a beautiful May morning, after partaking of an early breakfast, we wended our way to the Acropolis, arriving at the Beule Gate, which leads up to the Acropolis. Ascending the various steps, we proceeded directly to the Belvedere on the North-east end of the Acropolis. I may remark here that I had been on the Acropolis on two previous visits, some days before, and devoted several hours each time in going through its museum and feasted my eyes on the beautiful scene that presents itself to the eye from the west end of the Temple of Nike, so poetically described by Byron. We arrived at the Belvedere about fifteen minutes before sunrise. From the Belvedere one obtains the best view of modern Athens and its noted monuments.

But to return by short cut to the legend which my friend unfolded to me. We arrived at the Belvedere shortly before sunrise and Mr. Zenothemis said: "Before we go to the ruins of the Parthenon, let us on this beautiful May morning, greet the fresh golden sun as he arises above the horizon."

I stood at the side of my friend; and as the sun's golden disc arose slowly above Mt. Hymettus in the east, gilding with its flood of light hilltops, spire and ruins old, my Athenian friend uncovered his head and, looking toward the sun, said in solemn earnestness: "Phoebus! Heart of the world, I thank you that I am still privileged to behold your golden beauty and enjoy your life-inspiring, life-giving rays. In my eyes, O Phoebus! Thou standest next to thy Maker!"

I also removed my hat so as to be in accord with my companion. Upon beholding the charming morning scene, the glowing light of dawn lending a golden tinge to the pillars and remains of the ruins on the Acropolis and those on the Attic Plain below, one instinctively reflects on the wide contrasts between the ever young bright brilliant rising sun and the perishable transitory works of mortal man. The Parthenon, this soul-inspiring ruin, occupies the culminating point of the Acropolis, towering above all the other structures in its vicinity.

After taking a view of the beautiful scene spread out before us, we repaired to the east front of the ruins of the Parthenon and ascended its three steps and seated ourselves between two of its massive columns on the stylobate or platform on which the columns stand. As we seated ourselves, Zenothemis, leaning against a corner pillar, and myself against

### THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

On the ruins of the Parthenon of which Zenothemis narrated and Delhurst noted down the story of "Athenia, or the Original Four Hundred." (See page 35.)

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the next pillar to it, facing each other, my friend upon untying his long rolled manuscript, said:

"Now, friend Delhurst, we are comfortably seated upon the place where you preferred to note down the ancient legend of *Athonia* in shorthand, as I rehearse it to you." "Yes," I replied, "it is here, on the Acropolis, sacred to your ancestors, on this spot which to this day gives evidence to the world of the wonderful, high achievements attained in Grecian art centuries ago, immortalizing, as it were, the names of Iktinos, Kallikrates, Phidias, Pericles and a host of other eminent Grecians' works that will be admired and serve as models for generations to come." I opened my large blank book, bought for the purpose of noting down the legend in shorthand, upon which Mr. Zenothemis, after reading over the beginning of his long manuscript roll, began to narrate, glancing at the scroll at short intervals, in slow, distinct, measured sentences, as follows:

#### ATHONIA, OR THE ORIGINAL 400

"A wealthy, influential merchant of Phoenicia, one who, like many of his Phoenician countrymen, owned ships that voyaged to foreign lands, in pursuit of trade, in which he also had accumulated great wealth, was on account of his free, outspoken, independent disposition, brought into disfavor with the king of Tyre, who ordered his ostracism from the country of Phoenicia for the term of twenty-four moons. The merchant came to Athens, sojourning here a part of the term of his banishment. Feeling deeply chagrined at what he claimed wrong, unjust and unearned treatment, he determined in view of the respect, friendship and courteous treatment shown to him by prominent citizens of Athens, to point out to the ambitious Athenians, the secret of obtaining wealth and power far more certain and powerful and lasting than through the means of uncertain, destructive warfare. The Phoenician merchant soon gained the esteem and friendship of the philosophers and prominent citizens of Athens, who courted his company on account of his varied experiences as a voyager and also because of his open-handed liberality. He greatly enjoyed the company of the theorists, bards and philosophers who dared to discuss subjects without end, conceivable and inconceivable, reaching unfathomable heights and depths, subjects as to which when asked for his opinion, he would simply class himself as a listener, answering that he had not given the matter time and thought; that perhaps both contestants might be right or both might be wrong. He would not venture an opinion as to questions which to him seemed visionary. But when it came to discussing matters that were in the realms of the possible and practicable, some subject not misty or visionary, but of the kind which pointed towards plain prosaic results, the opinion of the Phoenician often weighed heavily in the balance and

was listened to with marked deference and with the respect due to one who spoke from actual experience.

"It was soon discovered that the Phoenician strenuously kept aloof from discussing questions that did not promise tangible results, but was under all and every circumstance a practical, matter-of-fact merchant. He said that the theories and speculations indulged in by the bards and philosophers undoubtedly tend towards placing mankind on a higher level, but in his opinion they did not deal with the question of the shortest road towards accumulation—accumulation of wealth—accumulation of the world's goods. That, he said, is what we Phoenicians are after. Not like Egypt and Greece, can Phoenicia lay claim to the arts and sciences, but unquestionably it serves a useful purpose as carriers of merchandise from one country to another. The Phoenician merchant, Ithobal, expressed himself upon several occasions, to his Athenian friends, that it was his belief that if half of the number of bards and philosophers would apply their keen, brilliant intellects and enthusiasm with their accustomed zeal to the subject: What position does Commerce hold as a factor in the upbuilding of a nation? the importance of commerce would soon loom up to view.

"A number of Ithobal's friends insisted that no one was as thoroughly equipped to speak upon that particular subject excathedra as he, and kindly requested that he hold a public discourse upon this theme with the prominent Athenians. The arguments brought to bear upon him, why he was the proper person to speak upon that special subject, were so overwhelming that he reluctantly agreed to accede to their wishes. It was publicly announced by the crier that Mr. Ithobal, the wealthy Phoenician merchant, was, upon request, going to speak at the Agora upon the subject: *Commerce, its importance as a factor in the upbuilding and in the maintenance of a great nation.*

"A great nation! This is what all Athenians, in view of their intellectual supremacy, held Greece should be. A great nation! These were the words that caught the ear and caused so large an assemblage to greet Ithobal when he appeared before them in the Agora to deliver his address. Bard, poet, sage, warrior, philosopher, orator, all crowded around him in an interested, friendly and encouraging manner, many of whom had thrust their lances into realms of thought far beyond the reach of the practical.

"Ithobal, knowing full well that the audience contained a large number who were far superior to him in various important fields of thought, fields in which he had never had opportunity, inclination or time to dwell, cautiously decided to embody in his remarks nothing but what he knew from actual experience. To branch off during his address into theories or misty speculations, he felt, would be exceed-



ingly venturesome, as in those fields the superior illumined skill of many of those present would not fail to detect errors.

"After he had been escorted to the rostrum, two companies of young Athenian warriors, one being archers, the other lancers, armed with bows and arrows, shields and spears, respectively, marched into the Agora, taking a position on each side of the rostrum, along the outside of the audience, as a mark of honor and safety to the Phoenician.

"Ithobal was introduced to the audience by one of his distinguished Athenian friends, who said among other things: 'Although we all know that the commerce of Athens is steadily growing, as is also the number of its colonies, we are, however, aware of the fact that, in regard to commerce, there are still many things we can learn from the Phoenicians. I recall that one of our most distinguished chroniclers said upon a time, that the Phoenicians have had the misfortune of being described by their enemies, therefore history does not give them the credit they deserve.

"They were the first commercial navigators and have for moons secured great wealth, including silver and gold, from distant shores, the situations of which are still unknown to us.'

"Ithobal desired him to announce that he (Ithobal) was not a speaker, as he had never spoken in public, but that he had been prevailed upon in this instance to such a degree that it was almost equal to a command.

"After referring to the liberality shown to the Athenians, and the friendly interest manifested in the welfare of Athens, he concluded by saying:

"Fellow Athenians! We know that the Phoenicians besides distributing wares (merchandise) also have distributed the elements of culture to many distant lands. Weights and measures, and the all-important Alphabet also, have been brought to our shores by the daring Phoenicians. (Applause.) And now, upon this beautiful morning, our distinguished Phoenician friend, Ithobal, will, in response to a general request, speak from experience on 'The Importance of Commerce in Obtaining Wealth, Opulence and Power.' (Applause.)

"As Ithobal arose to speak, the spearmen struck their burnished shields with their lances and the archers tapped their arrows against their bows, this being their manner of greeting and recognizing a strange speaker's rights to the floor, as it were, with the assurance that order would prevail.

"Ithobal began by saying: 'Noble Athenians! with great pleasure I take the freedom of also addressing you in harmony with the dictates of my heart, namely—My Athenian Friends! (Applause.)

"Upon having been accorded the privilege of entering your city's

walls, it seemed, upon passing in through the Dipylum Gate, that a feeling of friendship pervaded the very air. The many courtesies shown to me by your fellow citizens, coupled with the spontaneous greeting extended to me upon the present occasion, make me feel justified in addressing you as my Athenian friends! (Applause.)

" 'Having a certain number of moons allotted to me during which I am to sojourn in foreign lands, I concluded to while away a number of those moons in your famous city and the remainder in Egypt. In Egypt I intend to add several camels to my caravan that trades in the lands east of Tyre, where the Tigris and Euphrates flow.

" 'I came to Athens for the purpose of seeing and listening to your orators, poets, sages and philosophers, of whose fame I have often heard in my journeys by land and sea.

" 'Now, Noble Athenians! I came to your city for the very opposite purpose to that which you have prescribed to me—not to speak, but to listen, observe and learn. And I dare say I have done that attentively, and will take along with me golden thoughts, valuable sayings and philosophical deductions.

" 'For me to appear before you as a Nestor, from whom I have so much to learn, would certainly be incongruous. But, my friends, my position is rather to inform, or, more correctly, to report to you, results I have observed from experience and not through some intricate, abstract, obstruse course of logic.

" 'Commerce, the subject upon which I have been requested to discourse, is a pursuit in which I (like a large number of my countrymen) have been engaged since my boyhood days. My native city of Tyre may have some advantageous routes of trade, namely, caravan routes leading to the interior of prosperous lands. But, on the other hand, the sea also presses with many arms into your native Greece, forming safe harbors, inviting commerce to share the benefits to be derived through trade with foreign lands. (Applause.)

" 'Your orators, poets and philosophers, who have of late given special thought to commerce, believe as do we Phoenicians, that your commerce, although growing, is not up to the standard which your otherwise pre-eminent position warrants; is not in harmony with the high standards of your philosophy and art.

" 'Therefore, I believe, have I been requested to assist in emphasizing the importance of commerce. So far, we Phoenicians feel that next to Neptune, our country is monarch of the seas.

" 'The beneficial results of commerce are reciprocal. It promotes the prosperity of the land from which and to which a ship sails. In some countries certain commodities are so abundant as to be superfluous and are absolutely valueless in such places, and yet may be of much value in other countries.

“‘Commerce is of such great importance to a nation, city, that it should, Noble Athenians! receive the aid and support of all citizens, including also those citizens who are not directly engaged in commerce.

“‘You are already experiencing the benefits of commerce, but not to such an extent as your position would lead one to expect.

“‘While down at Phalerum, your seaport, I observed that your ships are not near as large as our Phoenician ships, and I was told that on distant voyages they seldom sail out of the sight of the shore. Our ships sail out of sight of land for days and to far-off shores—lands of which your seamen never heard.

“‘It is claimed that some of our Phoenician ships have sailed even beyond the Pillars of Hercules, northward—and returned with part cargoes of tin. But so far as my knowledge extends, Phoenicians consider the Pillars of Hercules as the limit of western navigation.

“‘Commerce presents an opportunity of becoming acquainted with distant lands and their valuable resources—their mines, metals, grains, fruits and wares. The wealthy cities of Tyre, Sidon and Carthage speak better of the possibilities of commerce than anything I may say in reference to that subject. From time immemorial the merchant cities of Tyre and Sidon have by their ships of the desert and by their ships of the sea distributed the wares of Babylon and Egypt to the rest of the world. The Babylonians say that the Phoenicians have the roll of the sea in their legs. Caravans returning from Persia say that the Persian kings are profoundly convinced that all human beings are their natural slaves. I was told many moons ago, by one of the leaders of one of my caravans, that it seemed to him that the Persians were ambitious to subjugate other nations under its sway, reaching, perhaps, as far as your native city of Athens. As time moves on, the nations that have accumulated the most wealth will be able to secure larger armies on the field of battle and a greater number of ships on the sea, thus holding a position of supremacy and influence. Wealth is not only for the purpose of obtaining desirable wares, but is eminently useful in securing the safety of a nation against foreign foes. Such wealth can be secured to a great degree through commerce.

“‘Before I proceed further it may be well for me to explain that it may seem to some of you that I am not imbued with those traits which are held in so high esteem by you all, namely: Love, patriotism and admiration for one's own native land. But I dare say that none of my Phoenician fellow citizens can lay a higher claim to those honorable, praiseworthy and noble attributes than I do. The full reason why I urge upon you the benefits of commerce in such an open, unequivocal manner, and give you the secrets of my own land, is that I am fully and safely satisfied that the world is large enough for both countries;

and if it would be left to my wish, next to my beloved Phoenicia, comes your famous country and city, Greece—Athens.

“The influence exerted by your sages and philosophers in advocating and encouraging the building of larger ships with sails, such as the ships of Phoenicia, which speed over the liquid blue, by Aeolus’ all-pervading, soft, pressing arms, even against the direction of his course, would result in the upbuilding of larger Athenian ships. Yes, your felicitous poets, too, can greatly aid in creating interest in the noble, manly calling of seamanship by composing heroic verse on wind, waves, calms, storms, pirates, and the adventures incident to a seaman’s life on sea and in far off distant lands. Measures by the poets in praise of the gods, including Poseidon (Neptune), Aeolus, Zeus, and especially the gods of Greece who are in close touch with the watery elements. This will tend to elevate and ennoble the art of seamanship. Those that plow the land and those that plow the sea, be it remembered, are in close communion with the goddess Ceres and the gods Aeolus and Poseidon (Neptune). Without the favor and good will of the gods, enduring success in whatever undertaking cannot be achieved. As in war, you invoke the favor of the gods of war; so, too, the seafarer must invoke the power of the gods that hold sway over the elements with which his calling is surrounded. Never does a Phoenician ship start upon its voyage without burning incense upon the tripod in honor of the gods invoking their favor for a propitious voyage and a safe return. Many are the songs sung by our sailors in honor and praise of the gods.

“In speaking of songs, I can say, also, many are the songs sung by the sailors in honor and remembrance of their loving sweethearts. On calm, bright nights, on the far distant sea, the watch and also the helmsman, often sing in subdued voices songs of love and hope. At times it becomes necessary to command them to modulate their voices and not sing so loudly, which occurs at times when a mind is quite engrossed with the song and forgets that it may disturb those whose turn it is to sleep.

“Referring to songs, recalls to memory an uncommonly handsome young sailor who was one of my crew of six on a voyage to Carthage. His rosy cheeks, happy, sparkling dark eyes, finely formed figure and face with its very dark, reddish tinged whiskers, coupled with an open, congenial behavior, must have made him a favorite among the opposite sex upon first sight. But from what I gleaned from the songs he sang upon a still, clear night, while his position was at the helm, convinced me that there was only one maid in the world for him. It was a still, clear night, far out on the sea in the vicinity of Carthage, with only enough wind—what our sailors would call a steering breeze—and all the sound to be heard by one lying in the ship’s berth was the rippling and clucking noise made by the water playfully splashing against the

bow of the boat as it moved slowly on its course through the waters. Awakening from my partial slumber, I heard the young helmsman singing. I listened to his song, which he sang in a subdued voice so as not to disturb his shipmates in their sleep. He sang of love, and sang with such earnestness, tenderness and feeling that one could more than conjecture that he was not generalizing, but particularizing in no uncertain degree. The quality of his voice was not what one might call highly melodious, no; but it was a strong, typical sailor's voice, and it was the deep earnestness and strong heartiness that made his singing interesting and agreeable. A measure in one of his love songs I remember ran:

With her heavenly blue eyes, her wealth of blond hair,  
No other with her in this world can compare.  
Her heart is as true as the North Star above,  
O Cupid, O Cupid, protect my dear love  
Till the winds, the waves and the tides have once more  
Returned our fair ship to my safe Tyrean shore.

"Among his collection of songs he also sang several in praise of our Phoenician gods; and I was deeply stirred as he invoked the blessings of the gods for his father and mother and sister and brother.

"Yes, the sailors, as a class, may not lay high claims to sweet melodiousness in their songs, but the strength and forceful heartiness with which their songs of the gods of the Sea and Love are sung, make them very interesting and highly agreeable to listen to, and creates respect and admiration for their manly, whole-souled natures, which have been broadened by their coming in contact with the people of many climes. I have only incidentally referred to songs of the sea so as to call the attention of your Athenian poets to the useful part they can perform by embellishing the seafarer's life with poems and songs suited to those whose vocation claims a great share of their lifetime on Poseidon's (Neptune's) restless realm. Your poets can readily imagine that the seafarer who cannot abide long near those of his heart's love, finds, when far out on the sea, an agreeable solace in being able to give expression in song of his affection, remembrance and love. Yes, love-songs, you cannot compose too many of them. As a bard sayeth:

"Far more love and far less hate  
Makes the true ideal state;  
But the day is distant far  
When good will's the guiding star."

"Therefore, combativeness, strength and commerce must be fostered. The last of which, Commerce, I heard a profound sage proclaim, was by its peaceful commingling of nations, the principal star that is to

lead the human family forward and upward to eventually proclaim the brotherhood of man.

"In regard to song again, before I proceed further, I have observed through experience, that whenever joyousness and labor can go hand in hand it is also well to let the first have full sway. In the pulling and hauling of ropes, rowing, weighing of anchors or hoisting of sails, the work proceeds faster and easier when accompanied by a short, suitable measured song. One thing I have often noted, and which has at times caused me to smile, namely: when we had reached the farthermost point of our voyage, and left the harbor or weighed the anchor, bound on our homeward course, how soon even those who seemed to be strangers to song, would instinctively hum or sing their favorite ditties. It does one good to know that one's shipmates have homes which they love and value. Noticing the agreeable change that comes over the sailor on a long voyage, as soon as a ship turns its course towards home, I have often thought:

When the ship is homeward bound,  
Then the sailor's songs resound  
Oftener far, and happier, too,  
Than when bidding home adieu.

"Babylonians call my native city of Tyre 'a mart of nations.' I remarked before that Poseidon's (Neptune's) realm is large enough for more than one nation's ships to float upon. But I must dwell upon the advice that when your ships are built and ready to embark upon the wide, open sea voyages great caution must be observed not to sail to or near to any of the Phoenician colonies or ports, as a conflict disastrous to your commercial designs would certainly follow. "Steer clear out of sight of all Phoenician colonies and ships," is the motto with which every Athenian ship should acquaint itself and follow. The northern shores of the Mediterranean, I believe, offer uncontested shores for your ships.

"Before I depart for Egypt I will draw a sketch on papyrus as far as my knowledge extends, on the spur of the moment, of the Phoenician colonies which are to be avoided by your ships. Carthage especially should be kept out of vision, as their extreme jealousy extends into immediate action. My native Phoenicia has held the undisputed sway of Neptune's realms since time out of mind; and it is almost second nature for her to entertain that privilege as her very own. Steer wide out of the course of her ships. Although Neptune's realm is endless, it has even happened, with all his space, that Phoenician ships far out at sea, in dense fogs, have run into each other with disastrous results. As on land, so it is on the sea; one cannot steer clear of the courses determined by the Fates. Commerce offers an interesting opportunity

for the display of Athenian daring and adventure, which admirable qualities it is known are inherent in a high degree in the Grecian nature.

“‘I wish to emphasize that with Athenian art, Athenian science, Athenian philosophy, Athenian research, Athenian poetry, Athenian oratory, Athenian adventure, Athenian courage, daring and Athenian enthusiasm, coupled with preconceived, unflagging commerce, your native Hellas will rise in time as a nation of wealth, power and influence far beyond your most sanguine hopes and expectations.

“‘Every stranger that is permitted to enter your city cannot fail to be elevated and delighted upon beholding your magnificent works of art. In such higher, finer touches of mind, heart and hand, Athens stands supreme. In my busy life upon the sea I have never had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the useful side of art. I only held the dim idea that art only intended to portray the beautiful alone, and that it required long study in order to understand art in an appreciative manner. But some of the exquisite works of your sculptors express themselves in audible tones. At first glance, the expression of countenance, posture, attitude, strikingly portray the idea intended to be conveyed.

“‘The usefulness of art is becoming more and more apparent to me. I believe that it can exert a great influence in favor of commerce and serve as a powerful factor toward the realization of success. In art, what a world of fancy floats before me. In art, how pointed and exaltingly could some one from among your many sculptors symbolize commerce.

“‘I will only venture to describe an imaginary work of art which I would suggest to symbolize Commerce. Any of your many sculptors could and would improve upon my suggestion beyond comparison. I will attempt to describe, in my crude manner, my imaginary symbol of Commerce.

“‘Let us suppose a large monument of enduring marble situated upon an elevation within the walls of Athens. Imagine mounted upon a high pedestal, the figure of a daring Athenian youth, standing erect with his right arm extended, holding a caduceus in his hand, pointing to the sea; his head to be ornamented with erect seagull's wings; in his left hand a small mast and sail resting and extending over his left shoulder; on the base at his feet, a small bale signifying merchandise, anchor and rope. This, as you will readily perceive, is a rude, imaginary picture of what I would call the God of Commerce. Such a monument as your artists could design it, durable as it would be, would serve to remind and encourage generations of Athenians of the importance and value of commerce. The striking figure of the God of Commerce, pointing out to sea, although mute, would be equal to saying:



*The Original Four Hundred*

"Out! Far out, o'er the liquid blue,  
 There's wisdom, power and wealth for you,  
 On distant shores I point, remind  
 Valuable wares and gold, you will find."

"Such an imposing, durable symbol of commerce as your skillful artists would execute and erect, would not fail to enthuse generation after generation with a commercial spirit and also would not fail to exalt commerce even in the eyes of your artists and most profound Athenian statesmen, philosophers and poets.

"Athenian friends! A new couplet has just formed itself in my mind and I believe it contains and expresses and strongly emphasizes in a condensed form, all that can be said in favor of Commerce. It is:

A nation to be grand,  
 Must rule on sea and land. (Applause.)

"My Athenian friends! Allow me to say that it seems to me you have not fully responded to the language of the splashing sea in your sheltered shores and bays, although it has spoken to you, Athenians, as follows, for endless moons:

"Come! Come! Come! Come!  
 Sail out, o'er our waters blue;  
 To far-off, wonderful distant lands,  
 There's power and wealth for you."

Thus spoke the swaying, restless sea,  
 All along your shore,  
 But, oh, you did not understand  
 The language of its roar.

"However, as a Phoenician, I may underestimate your commerce, and I am moved to believe, in the interest manifested toward commerce by your philosophers and bards, that the Fates have decreed that Athenian commerce in the near future will flourish, and possibly Athens become a famous mart of nations. (Applause.)

"In conclusion, I only wish to hint to a trite saying known to every boy in Phoenicia, and it lies wholly in your power to profit by its precepts, namely: "The ship bringeth abundance from afar."

"At the conclusion of Ithobal's address, as a mark of respect, the archers raised their bows and struck them with their arrows, and the spearsmen in the same attitude, struck their bronze shields with their lances.

"A young Athenian maiden was then escorted into the presence of Ithobal and crowned Ithobal with a wreath of oak leaves. The prominent members of the audience expressed their appreciation with enthusiasm and thanks.



"It was known only to a few of the most intimate friends of the Phoenician that Ithobal was an assumed name, under which he traveled for the period of his ostracism. The Phoenician merchant gave as the reason for his ostracism that he had, in conversation with friends, strongly expressed his doubts as to whether the king of Tyre had a right to the claim that his royal house had descended from the Gods. The decree of ostracism did not impair his right and title to his Tyrean estate, nor deprive him, after the expiration of the time decreed, of his citizenship. All that was required, was his solemn promise to observe in the future obedience to and respect for his sovereign."

## CHAPTER III

### *THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT SHIP AEOLUS*

For many moons the principal topic which engrossed the attention of the philosophers and prominent citizens of Athens was in regard to the building of big ships. A large number of the prominent citizens offered to supply the necessary wood and materials and the young warriors were allowed to assist in the labor of construction, many of whom, having previously built smaller boats, offered their services. The prominent citizens agreed that the best policy was to build, not several ships, but one large ship, the dimensions of which should be so great that no other nation could ever attempt to equal it in size. Its dimensions should be such as to inspire terror, as well as wonder and admiration, in all before whose vision it should appear; in fact, so large as to justify its being classed as one of the wonders of the world. This, it was agreed, would preclude all efforts to baffle their commercial designs. Another prominent reason why it was decided to build such a colossal ship was that it should be a sample ship; therefore it should necessarily be of an unusual size so as to be able to accommodate the purpose for which it was intended, namely, to carry many samples of every sort and kind of goods and wares for the purpose of giving and exhibiting them in the various countries and ports at which the ship might land.

At the beginning of the building of the ship the assistance of the gods in the great undertaking was invoked. A long exhortation to the gods, by the builder, beginning:

“Gods, O come and crowd around me, each and every one,  
Lend your wisdom, pray, unto me, till my work is done.”

Simultaneously with the building of the great ship, hundreds of hand spindles were dexterously turned by willing Athenian maidens in spinning yarn from flax and Egyptian cotton to be woven into cloth for the ship's large and numerous sails. Other men and maidens busied themselves in dexterously twisting hemp into ropes, cords and twine for the rigging and hauling and hoisting gear.

The art of spinning and weaving was included in the curriculum of the highest, well-to-do maidens, who vied with each other in the deftness of manipulating the spindle and the loom. The day and

evening spinning and weaving gatherings were agreeably interspersed with feast-like repasts and enlivened with merry song; and at times ending with dancing. The work of the Athenian maidens was akin to a labor of love—spinning and weaving the cloth for the sails of the ship in which so many of their young men acquaintances were going to sail upon the deep, rolling liquid blue.

After a period of time in which nearly the four seasons had twice come and gone, the grand ship with its double deck, numerous departments, four masts furnished and rigged with many sails, lay proudly in the harbor of Phalerum, the seaport of Athens. It was substantially built of suitable wood, securely bolted and fastened with strong oaken bolts. Along its sides were two tiers of small square openings fitted with thick wooden doors, which in fair weather could be opened for the admittance of light and air. At the prow of the vessel was a large artistically carved figure representing Neptune holding a spiral seashell horn in his left hand, and a bronze trident in his right. On each side of the ship was an elegant painting representing a mermaid of natural size, holding herself with her hands to two oaken bolts protruding from the ship's side. The mermaid, with her wealth of rich flowing dark sea-green hair, fair complexion, smiling countenance and slender form, was classed as a true work of art. Her gracefully curved tail, extending down beyond the water's edge, greatly added to the realistic effect of the painting. The stern of the ship was also beautifully embellished with endless circular streaks running in all directions in which the almost invisible outlines of a hand, the fingers of which extended to the limit of the streaks, appeared, indicating, as it were, the all-pervading powerful hand of Aeolus, the God of the Winds. Under this painting in Phoenician letters, stood the word *Aeolus*, the ship's name, in honor of the God of the Winds. Excepting the carvings at the prow, and the painting at the sides and stern, the ship, as a whole, was of natural wood color—unpainted. It stood high up out of the water and resembled a monstrous floating castle.

One of its seamen called down to the spectators standing upon the wharves: "This ship can defy the gods!"

An ominous silence fell momentarily upon the crowd. Look met look, saying plainer than tongue could utter, "Is it possible that he should speak thus?" Yes, all heard it. He had spoken with a seaman's strong voice. Earnest, angry looks were cast up to where the sailor stood. A general uneasiness pervaded the crowd. All agreed that their ears agreed. Such an unhappy, thoughtless, irreverential remark forbode an evil omen. The restlessness of the crowd increased. It was, to a man, demanded that the sailor should be strongly reprimanded, chastised; should not, for the safety of the ship, be permitted to sail along on its journey.

After a hasty consultation of the most prominent personages present, it was agreed to ask an audience with the captain, which was immediately granted. The self-constituted committee informed the captain of the profane remarks made by one of the ship's crew to the crowd on the wharf below. He became visibly affected and instantly ordered his first officer to form the full ship's crew into line and march them before him at once. Without delay, the full row of seamen were standing in line along the sea side of the ship's deck. "Seamen!" said the captain, "I am told that one of my crew shouted down to the people on the wharf: 'This ship can defy the gods!' He that has allowed his tongue to form such a remark step forward seven paces."

All remained standing in line, motionless. A deep silence followed. "Now," ordered the captain, "I shall once more repeat my command, and if not instantly obeyed the guilty one shall be punished with death before Phoebus (the Sun) has moved five spaces toward its setting."

Before the captain had time to repeat his command a sailor stepped out of the ranks and fell prostrate at the feet of the captain. "Yes," continued the captain, "you should not fall at my feet, but before the feet of the gods. Profaner, arise! The first officer will immediately order your shipmates to tie a rope around under your arms, hoist you out over the waters, up to the yard's arm, immerse you thrice in the waters below and then swing you upon the wharf, after which you will never again be allowed inside the ship's walls. Thereafter be diligent in making your peace with the gods."

The spectators on the wharf had not long to wait before the guilty seaman was seen dangling at the end of a rope from the yard's arm high over the water, from which position he was thrice immersed in the sea and then swung upon the wharf among the spectators in a water-dripping plight. He made his exit from the crowd with all due speed. The crowd was greatly pleased that he was not to take part in the ship's voyage and that he had received his just deserts.

The command of the ship was entrusted to Arteus, a native of Athens. He was especially chosen for his thorough knowledge of seamanship, besides being known by the Athenian barterers as highly honorable and trustworthy. Arteus prided himself on being a descendant of a long line of daring seafarers, claiming that his immediate, as well as ante-immediate forefathers were adventurous sea rovers and pirates, adding that all shipmen on the high seas were pirates as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself for capturing anything of value on sea or shore excepting those seamen who sail in the merchant ships of Tyre, Sidon and Carthage. These also under favorable conditions accepted the part of the sea robbers, but on a higher plane, in that they were more particular in regard to the value and opportunity offered, and would not take life if it could possibly be avoided.

The other officers and the ship's crew were selected by an appointed committee with the advice of Captain Arteus, all of whom had to pass a rigid examination in regard to age, height, lineage, health, experience and character. Hillicarus, Loginus and Aristodes were appointed second, third and fourth shipmasters, respectively. After the ship's full complement of sailors had been carefully selected, a large quantity of various sorts and samples of Athenian merchandise were loaded into the ship for the purpose of barter and display, also some to be given as presents to individuals of influence on foreign shores when deemed good policy.

## CHAPTER IV

### *THE PERSONNEL COMPOSING THE GREAT SHIP'S VOYAGERS*

The Athenian committee found that they had builded even larger than they knew. The carrying capacity of the ship exceeded their calculations by far. With the inception of the building of the ship, it was the intention that a number of the most intelligent young men and trades people should accompany and take active interest in its commercial voyage. But even then it was found that a large unoccupied space remained. The committee decided to postpone the departure of the ship for a half moon, for the purpose of securing ample time in which to select a greater number of young Athenians as comis-voyages, so to speak, during which time also new additions of specimens were to be added to those already on board. After due deliberation, the committee, consisting of philosophers, poets and intelligent barterers, formulated a concise plan, stating the purpose for which the grand ship was to serve, including the regulations and rules of order to be observed and recognized during this voyage. The committee stated, in short, that: "The alpha and omega of the building of the proud ship *Aeolus* is to foster Athenian commerce and navigation."

The majority of the committee held the opinion that without the aid of the fair half of humanity, great undertakings of a peaceful nature are not so liable to be crowned with success and that it would be of no inconsiderable influence in creating a true spirit of Athenian commercialism if the gentler sex also were to take part in the adventure. Therefore, it was decreed that, in addition to the large number of choice young men, a like number of maidens, belonging to the same exclusive class of citizens, should also accompany them on the indefinite voyage. The committee consisting of some of the most luminous minds gave this grand enterprise their most earnest and profound thoughts.

Not only should the great ship *Aeolus* be a sample ship on account of its own unequalled grandeur and the specimen samples of wares it held, but also the crew and all of the ship's voyagers should in every respect represent the highest living ideals of typical Athenian manhood and womanhood, all of whom should be between 226 moons (18 years) and 348 moons (29 years) of age. The young men and the young maidens were carefully selected from the limited circle of Athens' highest, most exclusive and refined set. The points constituting eligibility were: Ancestry, House, Health, Stature, Courage, Strength, Beauty and

Grace; and all were required to be graduates of Athens' philosophical schools.

Never since Phœbus first drove his chariot over the blue vault above did human eyes feast on such an aggregation of manly men and beautiful, womanly women. A few days prior to the time set for the ship's departure, which time should only be known to the inner circle, so to speak, a banquet was held in the gymnasium in honor of the participants of the great adventure.

The feast was opened by Zenolios, priest of the Goddess Athene. Zenolios placed one golden, two silver, four bronze tripods, equi-distant apart on the long boards around which were seated the members of the expedition and all those Athenians belonging to the same social scale. After the tripods had been filled with sweet incense, Zenolios passed around and lit them with virgin fire, obtained by wood friction, invoking the favor of Pallas Athene, Goddess of Athens, and spoke as follows:

"Goddess Athene! Thou sprung from the brain of the all-wise ruler of the world, Zeus; we invoke thee and humbly implore, allow the sweet curling incense now arising, to ascend to your high Olympian abode and accept it as sweet savor from mortal man in the same spirit which kindled it, imbued with deep reverence and awe for thine wisdom and power. From thine Olympian heights, O Athene, thou withholdest or giveth wisdom to man in his undertakings. Thou, O Athene, who giveth wisdom to conquer obstacles, thou who lent thy aid to Heracles and to Theseus in their daring adventures. O Athene, thou, who also favored our Grecian forefathers in their battles against Troy and lent thy aid to the Argonauts on their expedition to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece; thou, O Athene, we humbly implore thee, imbue the commanders of the grand ship *Aeolus* with the necessary wisdom and power to successfully complete its adventurous expedition and guide the helmsmen from the hidden dangers of the deep, unfathomable liquid blue. Behold, O Athene, the ship *Aeolus*' precious cargo—'the flower of Athens.' We implore thee again and again, in our humbleness, vouchsafe unto the adventurers a propitious voyage and a safe return."

After the priest's invocation the assemblage seated themselves again to partake of the feast before them, whereupon several of the eminent philosophers, bards and orators of the assemblage dwelt upon subjects germane to the commercial adventure, the gist of which can be surmised from the various subjects touched upon, including "The Flower of Athens," "Ithobal, the Phœnician," "Wind, Waves, Storm and Lightning," "The Rainbow Flag," "A Calm," or "When Neptune Sleeps," "Cloud-compelling Jove," "In Search of the Golden Fleece," "Ulysses Homeward Bound," and subjects of like tenor.

Euripostes, who spoke on *Ithobal, a Man of the World*, said: "Fellow Athenians! It is certainly an honor to be called to speak upon the subject, 'A Great Man, a real Man of the World.' And I claim that although he, himself, never realized it, Ithobal, the Phoenician, in his line of thought which involves Commerce, is a great man in the fullest sense of the word. Endowed by the gods, with such insight and capabilities as are required by the daring and venturesome, his voyages upon the wide seas to many distant lands enabled him to gather the wisdom of the world. Truly our Phoenician friend Ithobal is a man of the world. He was, upon his journey, confronted not with speculations and visionary theories but with visible conditions. While the ship was sailing on its voyages, he had ample time to ponder on his observations and experiences among strange people on distant shores. The wide, endless expanse of seas over which he has swept his eyes have also aided and broadened his mind beyond the limited view of the landsman. His practical world knowledge is such that he readily sifts the chaff and retains the kernel.

"In conversation I notice he hesitates to indulge in uncertain flighty speculations. He prefers to stand on his feet, prefers to converse on matters that would bring tangible results, such as he advocated Commerce would do. Who is a great man? I would say a great man is one who has been favored by the gods; one whose mind has been broadened by coming in contact with peoples of many lands to such an extent as to be pre-eminently able to formulate great noble projects, coupled with the ability of carrying them out successfully. The valuable, noble results your voyage may achieve, will speak louder of his wisdom than any words can express at the present time. It is not necessary to rehearse the many golden thoughts he gave to us in his plain, straightforward, open address several moons ago for which he is entitled to the thanks of our whole Greek nation. \* \* \*

"I can truthfully say:

A man of wisdom of the world,  
To Greece, commercial power unfurled.     *(Applause.)*

"Therefore, in conclusion, may we all arise and give seven cheers for our absent Phoenician friend, Ithobal." *(Great applause.)*

Clastonius spoke on the subject, "Wind." "Now," he said, "fellow Athenians, wind is what I am to talk about. I may say that although your grand voyage cannot proceed without wind, it cannot be called a windy affair. You have named your ship *Aeolus* in honor of the powerful God of the Winds. A greater and more appropriate honor could certainly not be devised by the mind of man. Fellow Athenians! Corinna, one of your courageous voyagers, has written a poem in honor of *Aeolus* which will be read by your noble maiden



on the ship upon its departure. This relieves me of a great deal I might say in regard to the God of the Winds. Seers often predict coming events from the sighing and the roaring and the whispering of the winds. Winds at different times blow from different directions. The North wind brings to mind icy mountains and in its course instills courage, stamina and endurance.

"The East wind from the land of the rising sun has moisture in its course and creates a sullen and indifferent mood.

"The West wind from the sunset land is suggestive of youth, inspires hope and adventure.

"The South wind brings to view orange groves and palms and is suggestive of effeminate luxurious ease.

"Young adventurers! I will emphasize this: Never allow yourselves to find fault with the wind, and also do not find fault with the weather. It is plain that such as find fault with wind and weather have not asked themselves, 'From whence does the weather come? Who gives us the wind and weather?' Such indicate that they do not recognize the experience, love and wisdom of our gods, and verily do not bear in mind 'The fear of the gods is the beginning of wisdom.' We frail mortals of but a few moons' sojourn on this flat earth, who find fault with the elements controlled and moved by the wise, endlessly experienced gods—surely none excepting such who allow themselves to be touched by a dense spirit of ignorance, will dare it. The wise doings of the gods go beyond mortal's comprehension.

"The ship, having been named *Aeolus*, we hope the God of the Winds will not be unmindful of same, and I only wish to add: 'May the winds that waft your grand ship over the liquid blue, be such that you can look back upon a pleasant, successful voyage.' " (*Applause.*)

Theodorus spoke on the subject, "The Flower of Athens."

"Fellow Grecians! This farewell feast, held in honor of our noble Four Hundred of Athens, who are to sail on the great ship *Aeolus* out to far off unknown shores, can rightly be called a feast in honor of 'The Flower of Athens,' of which the daughters of Athens form the beautiful corolla. It is not wealth and fine raiment only which distinguishes our select Four Hundred voyagers; O no, but it's their inherited and acquired excellence, including beauty, stateliness and strength of body, combined with courage and power of mind. Verily is this feast in honor of the most beautiful, charming, handsome maidens and young men—most perfect of mortals. It only requires one glance to become aware of the fact that those in whose honor the feast is held are in strength of mind and body, and comeliness beyond the normal standard of mankind. Besides strength and beauty, there is some other more subtle superiority which is readily felt and seen, but is quite indefinable. How this high standard of humanity has been

attained will form part of my address. To include the same, it becomes necessary to begin at the beginning. After the flat, wide earth had for a period of time been completed, the sun and moon risen and set time and again, the All-Wise created the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea. But as yet, not man. Those creatures could feel, hear and see. But as yet there was no being who could behold the boundless beauties of the world with consciousness, reverence, contemplative admiration and thanks. Next as his crowning work, the All-Wise created man. Man, a being that stands erect, is endowed with a free will akin to his maker.

"In a warm climate, a large plastic hollow piece of clay holding water, ground stone and mite of iron dust was raised, fashioned by a powerful spiral whirlwind and by the wish of the creator—forth stood a man in his most perfect form—the noblest work of the All-Wise creator.

"The beauty all around and above him delighted his eyes. Luscious fruit beckoned him. Soon a feeling came over him as if there were something missing, although he knew not of company as yet. But he seemed to divine that the all-loving Creator had not intended him to roam alone on this beautiful world. And so it was. Soon the All-Wise, to man's eternal delight, created a mate for him, and He called them one—one pair. We may note that, woman being created later than man, woman was naturally an improvement on man, made of a finer clay and endowed with finer sensibilities. Obeying the agreeable law to 'multiply,' which the Creator had enclosed within them—mankind after ages wandered to different parts of the earth. Thus also came our forefathers to this, our beautiful Greece. An ancient philosophy teaches us that man's constituents consist of the elements of the earth. That clay (flesh), stone (bone), water tinged with iron (blood), and that of the circling whirlwind which fashioned man; that man is made of elements on and above the earth. We can see from man's thoughts and actions that he is in all respects like the weather of the earth: Serene and calm at times, more turbulent at other times, and when, usually at rare intervals, intense anger and rage hold sway, it indicates that the storm and lightning of man's nature is asserting itself. As the elements are ever and anon battling among themselves, so, too, within us who are made of the elements, is there often a strife for supremacy between the body and mind. At times it is well to let the body dictate; at other times it is better for the mind to control the body. Yes, our dispositions are changeable like the elements. Tears, rain, hope, rainbow, serene, calm, storm, internal rage, thunder, lightning.

"Once upon a time, the saying goes, a profound philosopher remarked to an intensely ignorant person that the first man was made from the elements. 'Of course,' came the reply, 'there was nothing else at hand out of which he could have been made.' Mankind, not-having

kept up the necessary efforts to maintain man's first original high standard of beauty and strength, after many ages it remained for Sparta to awaken to the fact that strong, perfect manhood and womanhood is a most pleasing sight for the gods to behold. It also dawned upon them that a nation of strong, valiant men would be a nation of powerful, courageous, invincible warriors.

"In time, Athens also adopted Sparta's strenuous health laws. Health officers were appointed, who examined all persons at birth and every seven years thereafter until death. Records are kept of each examination. To be sick is considered a crime. Sickness indicates that one has not taken the necessary care of himself. But there are exceptions, and such are not looked upon as a crime. Preventions, we look upon as the best cure. You, fellow Athenians, and three generations before you, have undergone the Spartans' strenuous health training and rules: First, mating of the perfectly healthy is only allowable. Secondly, all males and females are required, as you have been, to follow athletic exercises, including archery, lance throwing, running, swimming, etc. Lastly, but not least, our most profound philosophers store the minds with wisdom which in addition to strength and beauty of form, expresses itself in the nobleness of eyes and countenance. Also has it been taught for the last three generations to use the right and left hand and arm equally well. Our philosophers have found that nations who will allow their people to develop only the right or left arm at will, are left or right handed; that such peoples' body, head, brain, are more strongly developed on the side used the most than on the other side.

"Such people, it has been observed, look at things from a one-sided standpoint and they are more one-sided in their views and judgments.

"Our race, having been taught to use and to train the right and left hands equally, has developed the brain equally on each side, thus the well-balanced brain is more apt to look at both sides of an object or of an argument or question, and therefore better able to inform itself and to arrive at the truth of things. Also if one hand or arm is lost in battle, the other is not so helpless. A well balanced body, head and brain is better able to judge matters aright and to receive wisdom. Your high, incomparable standard of beauty, strength and wisdom has been achieved only after three generations of thoughtful, healthy matings and the following of strenuous Spartan laws of health. Truly can we see before us that the noble admonition, 'The land that bore you, O! do honor to her in your breedings!' has not fallen on insensible ears. Thus through the noble wisdom of three generation of your ancestors and through the favor of our Gods are you fit, by courage, strength, beauty and wisdom, to grace the great ship's commercial ex-

pedition by your participation, to the welfare and honor of our—your beloved Athens. (*Applause.*)

“On foreign shores they can not help but think:

“One can each noble face  
To highborn lineage trace.

“And we claim

“Loveliest of our human race  
Your lineage to our gods we trace.

“Noble adventurers! The determination, heroism and courage which your participation in the grand voyage displays, especially by our young maidens, is worthy of the highest praise. Upon your return, triumphal arches will be erected and garlands and flowers will ornament, decorate and perfume the line of march of: ‘The Flower of Athens.’

“I can promise that:

“A book of silken leaves  
Of finest texture weaves  
Your names in purest gold  
To future years shall hold.” (*Applause.*)

Hercules spoke on *Power*. “Brave adventurers! Noble Athenians! I have just been asked to speak on Power. I may begin by saying that all things in nature are moved by power. The stronger power controls the weaker. So also are the weaker people conquered at will by the stronger nations. I shall relate a story which I believe will define power better than anything I might be able to say. At least it is always easier to tell a story than to otherwise speak upon a subject interestingly.

“Once upon a time, a king walked alone through a forest alongside of a beautiful stream. The birds were singing gaily and all things in nature smiled. He thought to himself, ‘how beautiful are all things and why all this strife and battle in which I and other kings are so constantly engaged with its bloodshed and suffering all around? Why do the strong overpower and conquer the weak? Surely such things are not well in the sight of the gods. My first efforts,’ said he to himself, ‘shall be to call the attention of the king’s chiefs dwelling in the lands around to the cruel, unnatural condition of things.’ Seating himself on a convenient log, protected from the view of birds, squirrels and other animals, by overhanging bush close along the side of the stream, he viewed the quiet scene with agreeable composure. ‘A great noble idea has flashed through my brain,’ he said to himself. ‘I am inspired, if, as the

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To whom does the world belong?  
To the strong! To the strong!  
Strong in body, strong in mind,  
Strong in power of every kind;  
To such does the world belong:  
To the strong! To the strong!

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prophet told me, inspiration is the quintessence of deep, earnest enthusiasm, for a noble, holy cause. Verily, I am inspired.' While thus musing, he recalled a story he had heard in his youth, of death:

"Death was looking down from a high cloud one day,  
As armies were fighting in battle array.  
'Look, look, look, what is it here I see?  
Killing each other—they cannot wait for me.'

"The king further mused, 'Yes, why shall we kill each other, when the duration of life is short enough as it is?' While still in his reverie his attention was directed to a spider's lively movements in a web suspended from a hazel bush overhanging the water's edge. Its agitation was caused through its act in securing a fly which had been caught in its web. Before even the spider had devoured the fly, a frog leaped up and snatched the spider in its mouth. The frog swam with an evident feeling of satisfaction when a large fish darted towards it, caught and devoured the frog.

"'Those who have the power, devour,' mused the king. 'Well, each is getting his punishment in kind,' thought he. Sitting very quietly, he saw a fish otter coming along the river's bank. In an instant it dove under the water and brought the fish which had devoured the frog upon the land.

"Scarcely was the otter through with his fishy meal, the king observed a fox walking stealthily towards the otter, when with one jump, it fastened its teeth in the otter, carrying it away under a bush near by. While regaling himself with his meal a panther appeared under the large trees of the forest sniffing the air as it halted at times. This brought the king himself in fear, but remaining quiet, the panther walked in a crouching manner to the place where the fox was consuming his meal under the bush. The fox ran but was overtaken by the panther and carried near a fallen tree in close distance from the king. Presently he heard a great whining and roaring noise. Arising, he intended to flee, as he knew that a great struggle between powerful beasts was taking place, when all at once a panther and a lion rushed forth from the bushes in a death struggle for supremacy. Just as the king was hastening away, a number of his hunters, vassals, warriors came along, well armed with bows and arrows, long sharp lances, long knives and heavy bronze battle axes. The king led them so as to surround the place of the struggling animals. The hunters made a desperate onslaught, killed the lion near whose feet lay the lifeless panther.

"The king returned to his castle in a somewhat bewildered mood. 'This day's observations,' he said, 'in the forest,' while partaking his evening meal, surrounded by several of his most trusted knights, 'will add power and supremacy to my domain. While walking and sitting

quietly in the forest, listening to the singing of the birds and viewing the beautiful surrounding of the forest, and clear flowing stream, I felt as if I was called upon to suffer even martyrdom in the efforts to banish cruel strife and war in our own and adjoining kingdoms. But my quiet observations have this day taught me that in the natural plan and order of things: those that have the power, devour.' The knights stood up, touching their wine filled drinking horns, shouting in a chivalrous voice: 'Those who have the power, devour!'

" 'Certainly the most valliant king will always devour the less valliant and less powerful; and ever thus and ever thus will it remain,' remarked one of the knights.

" 'Peace,' remarked one of the others, 'can only be secured by bloody force and power.'

"The king commanded: 'Call down our mild, long haired bard and God-gifted singer from his gable room, our Euphonicus with his lyre.'

"Soon Euphonicus, with his lyre, appeared before the king.

" 'Mild, long haired, God-gifted singer,' spoke the king. 'You, of late, show strong leanings in favor of songs of kindness, brotherhood and songs of peace. Now!' said the king in a strong commanding tone, 'perish the thought of such songs! Never again let me hear you sing such songs. Henceforth attune your lyre, your hand, your heart, your ear, your mind and your voice, so that their combined strength and earnestness will not fail to inspire lofty ideas of war, victory and conquest in my chiefs and warriors. Henceforth, sing only of heroes, of victory and conquest. Sing only of the necessity of war and the noble courage of warriors. God-gifted minstrel!' he continued, 'invoke Ares (Mars), the God of War, to inspire you with a fearless warlike spirit, so that you can loudly, like the roll of distant thunder, stir the hearts and minds of all my chieftains, so that they will feel eager to emulate the deeds of which you so inspiringly sing. To again sing songs of love, kindness, brotherhood and peace will be stamped as a traitorous act against my cause. Remember that which is the burden of all our thoughts, of all our actions, of all our efforts, also shall be the burden of your lays. Remember, "those who have the power, devour."'

" 'Now, fearless Minstrel,' he said, 'sing such a one of your songs of long ago.'

"The tall, slim bard, with an earnest look, attuned his lyre, stroked his long flaxen locks to one side and then looking upwards, sang with a powerful, deep, earnest, melodious voice one of his most stirring of war songs entitled 'The Bravest of the Brave.'

"He seemed to permeate the air with a war spirit, even beyond the king's expectations. The king's eyes danced and the chiefs around him took on a more noble, haughty, determined, death-defying bearing. Even before the last strains had died away, there prevailed a general appear-



ance of eagerness and readiness for battle to achieve renown, to subdue, to conquer, surrounding kings, enemies.

"The king said: 'Heroic, God-gifted bard! I crown you with this hastily woven oaken wreath, thus indicating that your melodious lays have power to stir us to noble deeds.'

"The king and knights retired for the night, during the greater part of which the king lay restless, pondering over the observations experienced during the day, coming only to one and the same conclusion—the necessity of power for self-preservation. After his restless deliberation he arose at early dawn and after the first morning's meal, he ordered the tocsin to be rung in the castle tower, to call in all his vassals and knights, to whom he related his observations and conclusions, saying, 'I want to rely upon you to strike first, so as not to delay until some of our neighboring kings are in a mood to strike and conquer us.

"'I ask you, my brave warriors, to take an oath to battle for my kingdom until its boundaries shall extend as far as the west is from the east.'

"After due preparation, the king led his warriors to conquer adjoining kingdoms. At his death he was ruler of a vast empire.

"This story, my noble Athenians," said Hercultes, upon concluding his address, "illustrates the desirability and necessity of Power. The first unit of power is the individual; many individuals make a nation. Our strenuous Athenian training which our youths and maidens are required to follow and undergo, has brought our city up to such a plane that other cities must look up to. I only wish to add that if I were asked to answer the question: 'To whom does the world belong?' I should say:

"To whom does the world belong?  
To the Strong! To the Strong!  
To the strong in muscle, strong in mind;  
To the strong in power of every kind;  
To such, does the world belong." (Applause.)

Llostes, the orator who spoke on "Storm, Lightning, Wind and Wave," incidentally remarked that in his opinion, the large number of charming young maidens that intended to accompany the voyage could not have fully realized the dangers such an adventure invites. "I admire you all," said he, looking in various directions at the young maidens, "for the courageous and daring spirit you have displayed; but, allow me to whisper, not for your judgment. It should be remembered that even if the ship is large, the ocean's mouth is larger still and could easily swallow all that floats upon it. But you are fully excusable, as I can readily imagine that without much forethought, you enlisted yourselves in the enterprise in a moment of impulse and enthusiasm and patriotism for

your native Athens. I would suggest that our precious beautiful maidens should be allowed an extra day or several days for reconsidering their willingness to join the ship *Aeolus* on its perilous voyage.

"Voyagers, you all know Thomostios, he who so often we see walking along our streets with face cast down, as if in sadness. Thomostios is gifted by the gods with the faculty of receiving information of great events and disasters upon the very time they happen, regardless of how far distant the event may have taken place. He says that all events terminate with a feeling. A feeling of the event passes to him like a wave, through and over the land and sea. Not only great, but also small, trivial events at times pass as a feeling wave to him. In the event of the *Aeolus* meeting disaster, he says he can know the same immediately after it has taken place. He says he is certain that he would feel such an event, if it should take place, immediately; as he will make more than usual effort to be in a passive state, so as to be open to receive a wave-event, if ever disaster should befall your grand ship *Aeolus*."

These remarks were only incidentally thrown into his elaborate oration on "Storm, Lightning, Wind, and Waves."

During the time in which the sweet sound of harp, song and timbrel were regaling the assemblage (music following each oration) several of the young maidens passed around to all the other young maidens referred to by Liostes, when it was found to be the unanimous demand that Liostes' remarks in reference to a lack of realization by them of the dangers connected with such a voyage as contemplated by the *Aeolus* should be promptly responded to by one of their number.

The young maidens hastily decided that a blonde, not a brunette, should respond to Liostes' inconsiderate remarks; for the reason that in the general prevailing opinion, blondes were supposed to be more timid and less daring than brunettes.

Fair Orientes, a young maiden 228 moons of age, was selected to reply. She belonged to the stately charming blondes accompanying the expedition. Orientes was gowned in sea-blue silk, adorned with sparkling jewels, in hair, ears, necklace and bracelets. She arose, respondingly as follows:

"Fellow Athenians and fellow voyagers all! and Liostes, in particular! By unanimous demand of those whom our famed orator opines have allowed themselves to be carried away from their better judgment by dearth of forethought, and also sentiment and impulse, to which we are thought to be especially prone, we hasten to take this immediate opportunity to make a prompt reply.

"The oration on 'Wind, Wave, Storm and Lightning' was a rare and highly entertaining treat indeed.

"The orator has, by his famed power of eloquence, portrayed in a more realistic manner than artist could on canvas, the sighing and the

whirling and the whispering of the wind; the splashing and the slashing and the dashing of the waves; the rising and the falling and the swaying of a ship at sea; and the storm in its fury and power, forcing rolling white crested mountains of water, engulfing ships in the valleys between; how, when under the cover of Nox, in pitchy, dark, stormy nights, Poseidon and Aeolus combine in their fiercest fury, compelling ships to abandon all courses, excepting running before the storm, under bare poles, or to submit to an inevitable destruction; how the creaking of the yards, the hard incessant clapping and rapping of the shrouds and tackle against the masts and stays with the howling, roaring and whistling of the storm amongst the rigging, all of a sudden at short intervals, Vulcan darts out his zigzag, glaring flashes of lightning, illuminating the turbulent scene in all its brilliancy, followed by peal upon peal of threatening, rumbling thunder—all pitchy darkness again. The ship rising and falling with the surging, hissing and swishing majestic sea at its sides, saying to the ship almost as plain as words: 'You must weather this or sink to the silent depths below.'

"It is not necessary for me," here continued Orientes, "to state that I have attempted to rehearse any part of the oration, as delivered by the orator; that would be far beyond our power of speech. But we have only reverted to the same as an assurance that we have listened attentively to the inimitable oration which so vividly brought before our eyes and ears the dangers by which our great ship Aeolus will be at times surrounded.

"Now in reply to the orator we wish to emphasize that the perils which he has so graphically depicted were well known to all of us maidens and were calmly considered before we volunteered to participate in the expedition. Not only those perils, but we are also fully conscious of the fact that our ship can not escape being attacked by sea rovers and pirates.

"While learning the art of swimming, which forms a part of the curriculum of the gymnasium of which we all are graduates, we had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the calms, storms and wiles of Poseidon's restless liquid blue. In early childhood we gamboled along pebbly shores and often watched the dark, lightning-freighted storm clouds lower, changing its clear, calm surface into an uproarious, restless, raging, ocean storm. We delighted to swim out upon the swaying sea or dive beneath and through the graceful arching billows. Poseidon's realm is a well-known loving acquaintance of ours, allowing us to playfully run our hands through his soft, clear white foaming mane. But aside from all observations, the committee, including Captain Arteus, called each intended voyager's attention to all the perils referred to before allowing the scribes to add the names on the parchment lists. Still there is one more test through which all who volunteered to accompany

the expedition must go; and that is the tear test. During the last moments before the departure of the ship, inspectors will pass around to observe whether any eyes are bedimmed with tears. If a single tear is detected, it will be taken as an indication of lack of heart and determination. Such a one will be considered as an undesirable, unfit and liable to be a hindrance instead of an aid towards a successful journey, and will have to step ashore. One of our young men voyagers," continued Orientes, "asked one of my girl friends: 'Don't you think you will be frightened out upon the rolling mountains of water?' And she answered him:

"'Wherever the storm drives the ship, I will be driven;

"'Where the ship engulfs you, I will be engulfed;

"'Wherever the ship lands, I will land;

"'Wherever the ship sails to, I will sail;

"'If you should sail to the end of the world, I would sail to the end;

"'Wheresoever the ship carries you, I will be carried.

"'Whatever fate befalls the ship and you, such shall also be my fate.'

"'And holding the privilege of accompanying the same, I would not remain behind for all the world.'"

"That was her answer to her young gentleman friend and he seemed visibly proud and happy. And it is hardly necessary for me to admit that she really spoke for us all. The new peoples and strange shores and lands we shall see will be a study and delight to our eyes. I believe now that the orator who was so solicitous for our safety will not deem it necessary to allow us extra time in order to decide whether to join the expedition or not."

Applause upon applause greeted Orientes as she resumed her seat. A large number of gentlemen and gray-bearded bards, orators, philosophers and poets crowded around her, offering their respect and congratulations upon the unexpected delivery of the response. The young men waved green pine twigs above their heads, indicating that she was entitled to special honor. Although she was not master of the art of oratory in some respects, she outshone and was a far more pleasing speaker than some of the famed orators. Her charming personality, surrounded, as it were, by an air of duty which she was called upon to perform, her large kind blue eyes, courageous through innocence, coupled with a full sweet voice, presented a graceful picture to look upon and an exquisite pleasure to listen to.

After the music following subsided, Liostes arose and begged pardon for arising a second time in order to make a very few further remarks.

"There are many," he continued, "many endless varieties of courage. Not one individual has ever displayed all kinds of courage required under the varying circumstances by which he often finds himself con-

fronted. All true real courage is noble and is admired by the Gods. The greatest heroes—heroes who lead the way of the spearsmen and archers into the bloodiest battles, or advance against the powerful catapult in the face of almost certain death, are often found to lack the courage to act manly in the common affairs of life. The fact that our precious young maidens have the necessary courage and daring to become useful members of the *Aeolus* adventure has been plainly and convincingly set forth by Orientes in a charming way, wholly her own. (*Applause.*) Now it is for me to gather courage. It was Homer, I believe, who said: 'In some instances it requires courage of no mean order to admit a mistake.' But thanks to Pallas Athene, I have the courage to admit that I was mistaken in regard to the courage of the lovely young maidens to whom I, in an unguarded moment, uninformedly referred to. I humbly beg pardon for my immature opinion expressed, and emphasize the fact that I have full faith in the courage and the useful part the maidens will perform in making the great commercial adventure possible of success. And I also wish to add that I stand in no fear that all of the young maidens will pass the tear test beyond all doubt. (*Applause.*) And I further hope that the grand expedition will accomplish its mission, will return safely to our fair Athens and that the same will remain in the remembrance of all its voyagers as having been a grand useful pleasure excursion." (*Applause.*)

Neonthos, speaking on the building of the *Aeolus* said among other things: "The wonderful ship could never have been completed without the favorable assistance of the Gods, who imbued the master builder and his advisers and assistants with extraordinary ingenuity and skill. The *Aeolus* is built on beautiful lines, the eye resting admiringly upon its graceful proportions. It is known to me that the master builder of the *Aeolus*, from youth up, interested himself in the accounts heard of the ships built by a noted shipbuilder of Corinth. Our honored master has, however, far overreached the efforts of said shipbuilder, who could not even have dreamed of the possibility of constructing such a monster ship as the *Aeolus*. The *Aeolus* is beyond all comparison with any other ship ever built. Its upper deck is spacious enough to hold several of the largest galleys and triremes that ever floated on the water. All ships, galleys and triremes are impelled by strong oarsmen, some few assisted by small sails. Some of our triremes are manned by over one hundred oarsmen. 'One man, one oar,' is a well known saying among seafarers.

"But the wonderful *Aeolus* is a new and entirely different ship. It is named *Aeolus* in honor of the God of the Winds, because it is by his power pressing against its many spacious sails that it is impelled with great speed over the watery fields of Poseidon (Neptune). It is not venturesome to predict that never again will it be possible to construct a ship of such large, extraordinary, wonderful proportions. The present

period of peace, not being harassed by assaults from without, nor by dissension from within, allowed what otherwise would have been impossible. The *Aeolus* was completed under extraordinary conditions, namely: an enthusiastic combination of liberalities; hundreds who furnished the endless quantities of various woods; hundreds who labored and supplied the many wonderful sails; hundreds who labored and supplied the ropes, and other materials, and hundreds of men and women, youths and maidens, who all willingly united in the construction of things necessary for the completion of the monster ship.

"It was a labor agreeable to the Gods and a work of love in which many hundreds eagerly, willingly, untiringly united towards accomplishing a common object. Such a combination of wisdom, power, liberality and skill, favored by the Gods and surrounded by an interval of peace," said Neonthos, "can, and never will again take place."

Neonthos then read the names from a long scroll of all who had in any way assisted in the grand enterprise, beginning with Ithobal, the Phoenician.

The names of the maidens who spun and wove the spacious sails were allotted a specially decorated place on the long papyrus scroll, by the scribes.

Seaortes, the builder of the *Aeolus*, upon being asked to speak, declined to follow the universal demand, but after long urging, arose and said:

"If I had known that I should be called upon to speak at a banquet, I would not have undertaken to build the ship, but as I am on my feet, I will only say that I feel that I really did not build the ship. I was taught, step by step, aided step by step, by the Gods. Even in the night the Gods imparted advice which I often at midnight sketched on parchment. The first thing I did, was to invoke the assistance of the Gods, praying:

Pray, gods come and crowd around me,  
Each and every one;  
Lend your wisdom, pray, unto me,  
Till my task is done.

"They assisted me from keel to mast, step by step, and thus by the aid of the Gods, stands completed, the ship *Aeolus*." (*Great applause.*)

Irmes was delegated to place a laurel wreath upon his head with the thanks of all the voyagers, for his hazardous task so nobly accomplished.

Strophonius, one of the principal barterers and tradesmen of Athens, who spoke on "Athenian Trade," said in part:

"I have traveled extensively in times of peace, and even in times of war, from one Hellenic city to another, plying my vocation as a barterer,

trader. During these many moons, I have acquired a fair knowledge of the various routes of trade and of the distance from one city to another, and also of the trade characteristics of our Hellenic people. In my first efforts, I traveled on foot, laden with small bundles of merchandise. Later I advised two of my most trusted friends to join my enterprise and we journeyed with two strong teams, laden with merchandise of various kinds. Olives and olive oil were among the principal commodities of our first journeys. We found the possibilities of distributing and exchanging wares of various kinds were far greater than was commonly supposed. The life of a traveling tradesman is constantly in danger from attack by robbers. When I take a retrospective view of my past adventurous vocation, I am surprised at the possibility of having escaped with my life thus far. In one of my journeys, singly, on foot, on the way to Decclia, I was captured by a band of robbers, who suddenly issued forth from a dense forest at a place about forty stadia from my destination. They were well armed with bows and arrows, daggers and war clubs. One of the robbers raised his long, sharp, bronze war club above my head in the act of striking, but the leader waved his hand and said to me: 'Come, carry the bundles, and follow the foremost leader.' After carrying my burden over a wearisome, untrodden path into the dense forest, we soon arrived in a small rock-bound dell, in the rocks of which was a deep cave. I was ordered to lay down my bundles a short distance from the cave's entrance, whereupon they securely bound my legs, hands, feet and wrists with strong, sinewy cords; after which they set me in a comparatively comfortable position against a large tree.

"I understood well enough that they only intended to allow me to live long enough to answer their questions in regard to the kinds and uses of the merchandise. I had among my merchandise a skin flask full of our genuine, pure, strong Grecian wine, for which I had an order from a sickly, wealthy citizen of Decclia. I informed them of the value and uses of the various wares, as the robbers took them out of my bundles. I laid great stress upon the rare quality of the skin flask full of Grecian wine, adding that it had been ordered by a noble citizen of Decclia. They carried the merchandise a distance from me and soon began filling their drinking horns with the delicious wine. I expected, from the repeated large quantities they gulped down, that they would soon become hilarious and would in their ghoulish glee, pounce down upon me with spears and bronze axes. One of the brigands took up his bow and shot an arrow through my ear, the point of the arrow imbedding itself firmly in the tree. I was thus held to the tree by the arrow. They laughed at my sad plight and drank and drank more wine.

"Later on, I noticed that two of the robbers were lying asleep near the spread of the merchandise. The third strode towards me with a mouth full of mumbling oaths, when he tripped up by an extending root



or vine. He did not make much of an effort to rise, but was, I noticed, like his colleagues in crime, beastly and helplessly drunk. I lost no time in moving my head, regardless of pain, so as to extricate myself from the arrow which held me against the large tree. I succeeded in breaking the large arrow, which was dripping with blood; after which I made strenuous efforts to move myself to a large sharp-cornered boulder lying nearby, against which I sawed the cords holding my wrists. It was then an easy matter to unfasten all the other cords. Upon rising, I saw plainly that they were all overcome from the effects of the wine. At first I entertained the foolhardy idea of trying to regain some of my valuable jewels. But upon walking towards the goods, one of the robbers arose with threatening oaths, at the same time stumbling towards me with his bronze war club. I instantly changed my mind and made my escape with the most possible speed. I lost all my wares, but luckily, thanks to our delicious Greek wine, saved my life to a certainty, upon that trying, painful occasion.

"Our pure Greek wine, as is well known, gives tone and strength to the weak, but if taken in repeated hornfuls, will punish its abusers, even the strongest, by robbing them of their clear senses and their strength.

"This was only one of the numerous adventures I encountered as a trader. It would require too much time to rehearse others of my adventures, upon such an occasion as this. I am still engaged with my colleagues in the same trading routes and am not guaranteed against attacks at any time. We always have a small scale to weigh gold or silver, stamped or unstamped, and also have acids to test their genuineness. We find it much easier to barter, exchange one ware for another; but as we are liable to be overloaded on our return journey, we prefer gold or silver for our wares, which we are obtaining to a greater extent than formerly.

"Some of the wares exchanged by barterers in seaport cities, at times we have conveyed to our seaport Phalerum in galleys which are moved by oarsmen, some of them assisted by small lateen sails.

"I listened attentively to the discourse on commerce held by Ithobal, the experienced Phoenician merchant, who sojourned here in Athens, a part of his period of ostracism, ordered by the king of Tyre. It would have been well if Ithobal, the Phoenician merchant, could have remained here in Athens until the large ship was completed. I believe his glowing description of Commerce on the distant seas with large ships, such as the Phoenician ships he described, is within the realm of possibilities. I am not acquainted with commerce on the high seas; but I suppose there are certain similarities to that of the land. Where the intercourse of trade is kept up, journeys made with a certain degree of regularity, the variety of wares obtained, or offered in exchange for gold or silver, increases to an unexpected degree.



"I would have expected that instead of building such a wonderful large ship as the *Aeolus* on the start, the committee would have rather advocated the building of several smaller ships, to feel the way, so to speak.

"There is one advice that I may perhaps give to the great commercial undertaking, namely: that at all ports where the ship may land, it is almost a necessary policy to present gifts to the rulers and most prominent citizens of such places. It is well to bear in mind that: A gift turneth the heart towards the giver.

"In speaking of gifts, we have heard it said, 'Beware of the gift-bearing Greeks.' Especially is this saying used by some peoples in remembrance of the wooden horse which was offered as a gift by the Greeks to the Trojans. In our travels on foot, as barterers, we invariably find, in order to be allowed to enter the gates of the cities, that a large number of presents must be given to the ruler and prominent citizens. This, I understand, is also done by the Phoenicians at their various landings. The Phoenicians are not only able seafarers, but are also exceedingly shrewd traffickers, generally obtaining the best of a bargain. Phoenician example and advice in regard to commerce must certainly be considered of unquestionable value. In conclusion, I wish to say I wish the voyagers a prosperous voyage and a happy return." (*Applause.*)

After the priest of Zeus had refilled the seven tripods standing on the boards with new incense, the smoke filling the air with sweet perfume, and after an acorn had been presented to each person present as a remembrance of the festival, Mentoratus, speaking on: "In Search of the Golden Fleece," said in part:

"One of the most courageous expeditions undertaken by our Hellenic people was the Argonautic expedition to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. Pelius, who had usurped the throne of Iolcus in Thessaly, had promised to abdicate in favor of Jason, son and rightful heir of King Aeson, if he could perform some act of heroism worthy of renown. As a suitable adventure of the kind, Pelius proposed that Jason should fetch the Golden Fleece from Colchis.

"Jason built the ship *Argo*, the largest ship built up to that time; and after it was completed, he sent messengers throughout Greece to invite the foremost heroes of Greece to join in his enterprise. You have all heard in song and story, of the principal heroes who accompanied Jason, all of whom were powerful oarsmen and men of undaunted courage. The expedition proved a success. What obstacles Jason had to overcome before he could crown himself King of Iolcos is well known to you all and need not be rehearsed by me. The ship *Argo* was impelled principally by strong oarsmen, at times, when the wind was favorable, assisted by small lateen sails. The heroes who took part in the adventure were certainly entitled to the praise bestowed upon them.

"But, drawing a comparison between that noted expedition and the present enterprise of our grand ship *Aeolus*, what a vast difference in the sizes of the two ships, the number of persons accompanying them, and the object of the voyage. Jason's venture was for the purpose of obtaining a crown. Our *Aeolus*' expedition is for the furthering of the prosperity and greatness of our native Athens and, incidentally also, our Hellenic land.

"The *Argo* was propelled principally by oarsmen; and its size, large for its day, was such that a number of *Argos* could be placed inside the spacious hulk of our *Aeolus*. If Jason, Heracles, Castor and Pollux and Theseus and the rest of Jason's companions who sailed with the *Argo* should arise from the shades below and behold our great ship *Aeolus* lying at the wharf at our seaport Phalerum, they would scarcely believe their eyes and would think it a phantom ship. They would be overwhelmed and amazed at its grand proportions.

"Like the praises of those who took part in the celebrated Argonautic adventures which have resounded throughout Greece for centuries, so too, in like manner we expect, if you return successfully, will the praises of all those accompanying the commercial adventures of the *Aeolus* be sounded throughout Greece for all time to come.

"On the other hand, to the unsuccessful, praises we know are never sung. But I venture to predict that the grand commercial venture will be successfully carried out and that the praises of those accompanying it will be sung by ages yet unborn.

"In regard to the maidens, I can imagine, while on the sea, when the ocean is perfectly calm, that you will look down from the ship, on its placid waters, and then I can say you will behold images in the water, reflections portraying the most beautiful women of the world." (*Applause.*)

After the applause had died away, Irisonia stepped forward and ascended the table, bearing a pole, turning it so as to unfold a flag. Irisonia spoke as follows:

"This flag is one of the flags of the *Aeolus*. All its other flags will be of the same design and color. The flags which are to wave from each of its masts, some will be much larger and some much smaller."

Lifting the flag high in the air and waving it to and fro gracefully, so that all could see its colors, she said:

"These colors are certainly familiar to you all. After the Gods of Thunder, Lightning and Rain have ceased their rage, and Phoebus darts his rays upon the quiet scene again—behold the rainbow! a sign and promise that the storm is ended and fair weather will prevail. It is known to you all that a prize was offered to any one of the voyagers who should suggest the most acceptable design for the ship's flag. Just after the subsidence of a turbulent rain and thunder storm, a company

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of our young maiden and gentlemen voyagers were walking along one of our streets, when Delia, one of our company, said: 'Halt, let all of us bear witness that I suggest (pointing with raised arm to the eastern sky) the rainbow, as a design for our ship *Aeolus*' flag.' It was a beautiful distinct rainbow and all of us present upon the occasion immediately recognized the beauty of the design. From the numerous designs offered, Delia's was selected as the most beautiful and appropriate one and thus the prize was won by her.

"One of our artists was asked to paint upon the first opportunity from observation, the colors of the arched rainbow. This, he did, painting seven colors, and it is after his painting that the colors of the flags were woven, the square sky-blue flag forming its background.

"Although all of us of the company at the time immediately recognized the beauty of the design which she intended to submit, we now begin to appreciate the design in a still greater degree. We are to sail out on a mission of peace, and not war; and we believe that on whatever shores we may land, there are no peoples so crude as not to note the suggestion of peace, beautifully waving from the four masts of the *Aeolus*.

"The rainbow, we believe, among all peoples is looked upon as a sign of hope and peace. For its appearance announces that peace has taken place among the elements after a storm. In the night, the moon also occasionally calls forth the rainbow to embellish the blue vault above. Many persons have never seen a rainbow in the western sky, because at dawn, they slumber too long in the arms of Morpheus. Also in the spray and splashings of the sea, the many colored rainbow dwells; an appropriate design indeed for us, who are to become confederates of the watery realm. Rainbows are displayed in many ways on the mist of waters.

"If the Fates decree that the *Aeolus* and all of its voyagers should never return, we hope that at the sight of a rainbow in the sky, kind remembrances will arise in your minds of those who sailed away in the wonderful ship, from the masts of which proudly waved the rainbow flags."

Again waving the flag gracefully to and fro, Irisonia continued:

"Iris, Goddess of the Rainbow! Ever beautifully arrayed in a robe of brilliant hues, we revere and honor thee and ever behold thee with pleasure and reverence. If our ship should, by fate's decree, meet disaster, the rainbow flags will proudly wave unto the last. The rainbow is the bow of hope and promise and it is in that spirit the flags will wave o'er the *Aeolus*; and in that spirit also all the voyagers proceed upon our journey, determined to look forth courageously, happily and hopefully." (*Great applause.*)

Near the close of the feast, Vctorious, one of the young men voyagers, rose and said:

"At this farewell feast held in our honor, it was intended that we should have the pleasure of listening to the speakers, rather than to speak ourselves. It has, however, been found necessary for our fair fellow-maiden voyagers, through Orientes, to speak and correct erroneous ideas expressed by one of the speakers. Our noble '400' of Athens, as you are pleased to call us, agree that a few more words should have been said from our side. The fulsome praise bestowed upon us by many of your speakers is more than we can listen to without explaining our views of them. If we really stand forth as a superior, incomparable type of the human race, as claimed by your speakers, the credit of such an achievement surely does not belong to us individually; but, as your remarks will bear us out, belongs to the wisdom and forethought of three generations of our ancestors. As claimed by orators, we here this day, are the result of over three generations of thoughtful mat-ing, Spartan training and philosophical teachings. And right here we wish to say that we fully appreciate the great forethought required to achieve the standard claimed for us; and do express our endless thanks for the brave and loving ancestors, parents, and our native city of Athens; and lastly but not least, to the Gods whose friendly spirit towards the designs of our sacred ancestors, we feel within our very being. To us the world is beauty and music; beauty in sky, forest and sea. Music in trees, winds, wave, thunder and rain. From this small but deep bronze tripod which I hold to view, incense will rise when on our ship, unceasingly, throughout our whole voyage. And now, fellow Grecians, the honor has been conferred upon me to light this tripod here and all rising, we pray in unison:

"O, ye Gods, that on high Olympus dwell, please accept this incense ascending from the tripod, as a mark of appreciation and thanks for your special favors, and may it be as sweet savor unto you.

"Fellow Anthenians, we remember from the teachings of our philosophers that after all, the principal question a man should ask himself: 'What can I do, and what have I accomplished?' So far all has been done for us, yes, from over three generations back.

"Orientes, in her remarks, has indicated the intense determination with which our agreeable fellow voyagers have joined us on the great commercial venture. And again for all of our fellow voyagers, we can say that we fully comprehend that our achievements ought to be fully in proportion to the favors bestowed upon us by the Gods. Fellow Athenians, we shall go forth on our grand commercial adventure with a full realization of its importance for our native Athens. We shall sail forth from our Bay of Phalerum out to distant, and as yet, unknown seashores with a determination that whatever may befall us, whatever obstacles we may find necessary to overcome, or whatever may overtake us, even to the ship seeking rest at the bottom of the sea, we will under

all and every circumstance act courageously and fearlessly as become true Athenians. (*Applause.*) Our fearless determination shall be such as to be worthy of ourselves and of the name 'Athenian.' Our most strenuous efforts shall be exerted towards that for which so much wisdom, patience and labor has been expended, namely, the accomplishment of a successful commercial voyage." (*Applause.*)

The feast and banquet given by the most prominent citizens of Athens in honor of their cultured voyagers ended with a dance, all of which proved itself to be a most brilliant and enjoyable affair.

Mr. Delhurst paused reading and said:

"I have now finished reading the toasts held at the banquet given in honor of the Athenian Commercial Adventurers. It is getting quite late, and as you asked me to read the story in full, I must cease for the present, and ask you, if you so desire, to call again at five o'clock tomorrow evening. I will then proceed with the reading of the story. Let us now proceed to the Winter room, where a warm luncheon is awaiting us."

After partaking of lunch in the elegant glistening Winter room, they returned home; and at the appointed time next evening, put in their appearance.

It was found that it required several more evenings in order to read the full story conveniently; on which a larger number of the elite of the metropolis were present, the four elegant rooms of the seasons being thrown open for the occasion. The evenings concluded with a supper and musicale, graced by noted vocal and instrumental soloists.

Mr. Delhurst's continued readings of the story were as follows:

Many different samples of merchandise, such as wines, olive oil, silks, dried fruits, purple dyes, incenses of several kinds, attractive works of art, which should be exhibited as samples, and a share of same also bartered for other merchandise in foreign lands, also including beads which also were intended as gifts to be presented to rulers and persons of influence whenever and wherever it was thought to be advantageous. Also large quantities of implements of war were added to the ship's complement, such as brilliant shields and scaly coats of mail, arrows, spears, lances, slings, war clubs, helmets, cuirasses, maces, swords, daggers, spiked clubs, dolphins, large boulders to be dropped from the yards into boats in battle, stones of all sizes for the slings and several large catapults, all for the purpose of defence against possible attack on foreign seas or shores. The food department of the ship was crowded with a large supply of provisions which, as well as all other merchandise, was represented in plethoric abundance, sufficient to last many moons longer than the intended duration of the voyage. Its supply of water was kept in a large tank in the bottom of the ship. All that forethought,

labor and wealth could do towards obtaining the most careful and detailed equipment of the great ship had been accomplished and she, lying at the wharf in Phalerum, seemed eager to cut the glassy deep.

"When shall the wonderful ship start upon its journey?" was the great question asked. Such an important event was not for mortal man to decide. The good ship was ready to proceed upon its journey. But what day should be set for its departure? Consultation with the Gods was upon all questions pertaining to this great venture tacitly understood and agreed upon. Three young men and three maiden voyagers were selected to proceed to the Oracle of Delphi for the purpose of consulting the Oracle of Delphi as to the most propitious day on which the great ship should start upon its voyage. The young men and maidens started upon their mission and, arriving at Delphi, by the aid of valuable presents, were unhesitatingly admitted to the priest of the Temple, who, after hearing their cause, informed them to call at the rising of the next sun. The youths and maidens called at the temple at the appointed time and were received by the priest, who, after receiving additional valuable presents, handed a sealed scroll to them, containing the name of the day on which the ship should depart upon its commercial enterprise, as given by the Oracle of the Temple, with the warning that the same should not be opened, nor read excepting on board of the ship *Aeolus*, in the presence of the captain and all the voyagers.

Upon returning to Athens, the messengers, captain, and all the ship's voyagers met on the ship. A strong oaken chair was placed in the middle of the ship's deck for the one to ascend who was to read the oracle, setting forth the day for the ship's departure.

Cortentious, who, at the beginning of the pilgrimage had been selected to receive the oracle from the prophet, ascended the oaken chair with the scroll in his hand, saying:

"Fellow seafarers! I must say that being surrounded by an unaccustomed entirely new situation of things, whether this manner of addressing you is quite proper. But I only wish to add that we have learned, while in Delphi, that women, especially young, plastic, sensitive maidens, hold a closer position to the gods in regard to predictions, prophecy, oracles, than the so-called stronger sex. So the messengers have unanimously selected Orientes, who will unseal this sacred scroll and read the oracle's advice contained therein."

Standing upon the chair with scroll in hand, Orientes said:

"Fellow adventurers! To those, if any, who may have had moments of wavering faith as to the fulfillment of the Delphic Oracle of Apollo's prophecies, I wish to emphasize that a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Apollo will never fail of strengthening the frailest of faiths in the reliability and sacredness of the Oracle's prophecies. The scroll I hold in my hand, what it contains, none of us know, as yet; but whatever the oracular ad-

vice may be, whether it affects us agreeably or disagreeably, it matters not. We only know, although it may require a long time for us to perceive its correctness and even to understand its full meaning, we shall always live in the faith that in the end, it is for our good. Therefore, whatever the oracle's advice may be, as is already understood, it must be followed with studied minuteness, faith and confidence. I now break the seal and untie the sacred cord which binds the sacred scroll.

"It reads as follows:

"Athenians: May the favor of the gods accompany your wonderful ship *Aeolus* upon its course which is to run towards the setting of the sun.

"Oracle (1) Odysseus.

Odysseus in the shades below,  
A sailor he, of long ago,  
Whom towering seas and winds had blown  
From shore to shores as yet unknown;  
His ship, from Troy, was homeward bound  
Through adverse storms, was waft around.  
The winds were fair—the other way.  
Thus he, the ocean's power and sway  
From dire experience knew quite well.  
We asked his shade, now hear him tell  
With sailor's voice, short, gruff, though clear:

'Sail on, my lads! Sail on, no fear!  
What! Yes, I see at Athen's strand  
A monster ship, amazing, grand!  
Why, yes, with lots of maidens, too,  
Look here, dear boys, 'twill never do.  
When I, from Troy, sailed o'er the main,  
My dear own Ithaca to gain,  
My shipmates were my warriors brave,  
With such, 'twas sport to cleave the wave.  
I hear your question, yes, quite plain—  
Unanswered it shall not remain.  
'Answer short!' I hear you say,  
Well, I've time. I'll have my way.  
In the shades here down below  
There is no rushing, you should know.  
Yes, my answer shall be given,  
But those beauties "dream of heaven"!  
They intend to sail along?  
Well, now, boys, that does seem strong.  
Centuries 'tis since I have been  
Interviewed by living men;  
And your ways may different be  
Since the moons I sailed the sea.  
Penelope, dearest, while on earth  
Would that she had held a berth  
On my storm and wave-tossed ship

*The Original Four Hundred*

Oft I'd kissed her, lip to lip.  
 Your *Aeolus*, when shall it sail?  
 And my answer shall prevail?  
 I will tell you, yes, I know,  
 From experience long ago:

'In the springtime of the year,  
 When the Pleiades, bright and clear,  
 Glitter in the vault above  
 And all nature sighs for love;  
 When darkness equals day,  
 Then, grand ship! Then sail away.'

"Oracle (2) *Neptunus*.

The wild waves spoke through ocean's roar:  
 'Sail on, proud ship, from *Athen's* shore.'  
 The seashell, too, against the ear,  
 In ocean's stormy words spoke clear:  
 'When equal are the night—the day,  
 Then sail, proud ship, sail, sail away.'

"Oracle (3) (*Astrologer*).

'*Aeries*, *Taurus*, *Gemini*,  
 Constellations in the sky,  
 Standing out so bright and clear  
 In the springtime of the year.'  
 Thus the answer: 'Let it be  
*Taurus* when they sail the sea.  
*Venus*, too, then sheds her light  
 On reflecting waters bright.'

"Oracle (4).

In midnight's darkest hour  
 In deep sequestered vale,  
 The waters with great power  
 With colors dark and pale  
 Leap o'er the cliff above  
 With roaring rushing sound;  
 It seemed to sing of love  
 While all was still around.  
 'When shall the ship depart?  
 My answer shall decide.  
 I'll tell you from my heart,—  
 Sail on the waters wide,  
 On a morning in the spring  
 While the moon is on the wane  
 And the birds their sweetest sing;  
 Then sail forth upon the main.'  
 Thus spoke the watery tongue  
 Rushing down with restless power,  
 As from rocky cliff it hung."

"The oracle's answer to the question: Upon what day shall *Aeolus* sail fourth upon its journey? has been given by *Neptune* through the



elements over which he rules and by Odysseus, most ancient and greatest of sailors. The answer of the combined oracles is: 'On the first morning, following the first full moon, after night and day were equal, in the springtime of the year.

'Signed, PRIEST TO APOLLO, DELPHI.' "

Amidst the exultation and cheers of the excited voyagers on the ship, which resounded over land and sea, Scriborites, the principal scribe and master of rolls and records of the ship, stepped forward to receive the scroll from the hands of Orientes. Loud cheers and shouting followed on the wharf and shore. A day had been set. That was plainly understood by all who were within hearing distance of Orientes' clear, distinct vocal powers. But what day? That was not so clearly stated as to be immediately understood. The next few moments were moments of running to and fro and of questioning. Those who could not conceal their uncertainty asked those who in silence posed with knowing faces, whose evading answer generally was, "Did not Orientes read the oracle in her accustomed clear, distinct voice?" or, "Where were you?"

Captain Arteus, who had stood near Orientes during the reading of the oracle, ordered his officers to command quiet. The captain said:

"Fellow voyagers," in his gruff voice, "the day set by the oracles is very plainly stated. The time for our departure arrives on the morning following the second setting of the sun."

After renewed applause, shouts and cheers on ship and shore, the captain continued: "The committee on arrangements will act accordingly.

"As soon as the *Aeolus* is disconnected from the shore, I hold, with agreed regulations, supreme command of the ship."

During the evening the sterner half of the voyagers formed a torchlight procession up to the Acropolis, imploring Athene for a propitious voyage, which was followed by a torchlight foot race around the Acropolis.

Early on the morning preceding the day set for the sailing of the *Aeolus*, all of the voyagers proceeded to the ocean strand at Phalerum, formed into a single line, and upon a sign from the priest of Poseidon, walked up to over their waists into the sea, the waves of which were only gently curled by a mild sea breeze. The ladies were groomed in scanty, tight-fitting white bathing suits, the men in similar attire of a dark blue color.

The venerable priest of Poseidon, who stood in the center of the long column with outstretched arms, spoke, with a loud impressive voice, out over the sea: "Poseidon! Monarch of the ever restless liquid blue; King of the sea! The power of thy billows and the sway of thy tides is irresistible. Thy strength floweth from afar. The strongest ship

dashed by your power against a rock becomes wreckage; or overwhelmed with the force of your billows, the voice of the mariner is forever silenced in the depths below. The curling waves resounding on the shore sing but the requiem to its countless dead, also is the roaring of thy waters a hymn of praise to thy Creator. From everlasting to everlasting, thy power prevaiileth. The seas in which we now stand here, have laved the distant shores where icebergs glitter, as well as the rocks and lands where the orange grows. Thy power none can stay; but onward—onward—onward ever—resting never. Thy realm extends to the end of the world, where at places your mighty waters plunge in streaming cataracts, over the edge of the world, down, down, down into the dark, fathomless abyss; in its endless descent, turning to fine mists rising up into clouds, wafted o'er the earth, coming down again as rain. Thus ever going, coming, going, coming. Water, O Poseidon! The element over which thou rulest is the element of elements. The surface of thy great waters is akin to the human form divine—smooth and calm, its face in its time—but when wroth, ruffled and grim, like a human countenance in rage. Many go out to sea in ships, but all do not return. O Poseidon! The wonderful ship *Aeolus*, which, by the advice of the Delphic Oracle, is to sail on the next rising of the sun upon your glassy billows, to strange, distant shores—may its presence be agreeable to you. In a spirit of friendship, it saileth forth upon its mission, in the same spirit, O we invoke Thee, greet it and receive it upon thy liquid realms as one receives a stranger guest of high degree. Thus, O, we invoke Thee in like manner may thy reception be towards the *Aeolus*. O Poseidon (Neptune), God of the Sea! Deep upon thy ocean's ground, lie strewn great riches of precious glittering metals, silver, gold and sparkling jewels untold. Thy endless seas, in calm, O Neptune, is the world's looking glass, a mirror, in which Sun, Moon and Stars can behold their golden beauty and brilliancy. O Poseidon, we all now thrice bow to thee, under the waters, thus with dripping raiment, we humbly signify and acknowledge thy power and sovereignty over the seas, extending to the end of the world. O Poseidon, with folded hands, under the sea, we humbly implore thy tempering power o'er swaying tides and raging billows, wherever the *Aeolus* may sail."

Upon a motion of the high priest the voyagers all joined in singing praise in honor of the sea, keeping time by patting the sea with the palm of their hands:

Poseidon—Poseidon—Monarch of the deep blue sea!  
We love Thy surging waters grand, its endless majesty.  
Upon its bosom soft and wide, seabirds ride;  
And men in ships onward stride by oar, wind and tide.  
Hurling, whirling, curling, splashing, dashing, lashing sea!  
We love Thee—we love Thee!

Poseidon—Poseidon—Thy power and sway doth extend  
From shore to shore—to the wide world's very end.  
Where e'er Hellas spreads her sail,  
We invoke Thee, do not fail,  
O'er the waves swept by the gale, let Thy tempering power prevail.  
Restless, roving, rolling, roaring, raging, rumbling sea,  
We love Thee—we love Thee.

The patting of the water by the hands in rhythmic time ceased with the ending of the song.

Upon a signal from the priest of Poseidon, the supplicants returned in line to the land.

A large concourse of Athenians had by this time gathered on the beach. Aquatic contests were entered into by the voyagers. An equal number of small boats for the maidens and for the men were set adrift at equal distances from the shore. Each boat contained a wreath entwined with flowers. Swimming contests to reach and enter these boats and return the same to the shore were strongly contested. Upon entering a boat, the contestant placed the wreath on his head. Upon returning to the shore, each victor was greeted by the assembled multitude with cheers and plaudits of praise. Running contests, waist deep in the water, between the maidens and men were also entered into. The victors crowned with flowery wreaths, were escorted to Athens by their fellow voyagers, followed by the populace, where they received the plaudits of the citizens as well as oratorical laudations.

## CHAPTER V

### *THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE FROM PHALERUM, ATHEN'S SEAPORT*

The great auspicious day set for the sailing of the great ship *Aeolus* was near at hand. In the darkness of night, before the sun had risen over Mt. Hymettus in the East, the voyagers marched down to the *Aeolus*. The maidens and men marched in regular military order, arrayed in bright, glistening coats of mail, the maidens carrying bows and arrows, the men, burnished shields and lances. All signs promised a beautiful morning and an ideal day in all respects. The Bay of Phalerum was only slightly rippled by a fair land breeze. The wharf, connecting the ship with the shore, was constructed of long tree logs, covered with heavy planks. Upon this floating wharf, close to the ship's side, a high rostrum was erected close to, and even with the height of the ship from which a speaker was to hold a farewell address to the voyagers. The huge floating castle with its tall, strong masts and wide yard-arms, with its upper sails partly untied, presented an imposing marine wonder. The rainbow flags waving from each of the four masts presented a pleasing sight to behold. Burnished censers swung from the ends of the yard-arms and from the outer end of the ship's bowsprit. These were lighted simultaneously, from which sweet perfume of incense arose as an offering to the gods. A tripod with incense also stood on the stand erected for the priest of Neptune, and from which the farewell address also was to be held. On a nearby elevation on the shore, an extraordinarily large tripod was erected from which smoke of incense arose in large volumes, floating out over the sea. A well-constructed float, upon which a tripod was fastened, emitting fumes of incense, was sent adrift out upon the sea as an offering to the gods, Neptune and Aeolus. Before the break of day the parents, and those belonging to the noble families of Athens, had already assembled on the wharf which was held in reserve for them. Efforts had been made to keep the day of departure unknown from the general populace, wishing to make it an exclusive affair as much as possible. But, as a noted Grecian philosopher once said: "If you wish an event to become known far and fast, make it known to some person, especially a woman, and tell him or her to be sure not to breathe it, be sure to keep it a secret, tell it to no one." This secrecy seemed to have a leak, also, as hundreds of eager spectators lined the shore, even before the orb of day arose above Mt. Hymettus.

Mr. Delhurst paused and said: "The following has no connection with the event, but Mr. Zenothemis said that it was also a tradition received from Athenians that for years and years after the departure of the ship, the boys, Athenian youths, playing on the shores of the Bay of Phalerum, would often send tripods erected upon small floats, adrift out into the sea, saying and hoping that the smoke arising therefrom might be seen by the great ship they had been told about, which might enable the great ship to find its way back home again."

The sun had not yet arisen, the clear morning twilight presented objects to view at a great distance. The ship was festooned on its sides, with green garlands, intertwined with bright flowers. Aurora's rosy light grew brighter and brighter and shortly before the orb of day was about to gild the hills and the temples crowning the Acropolis, Zenolious, the priest of Zeus, Philostenes and Diontes groped their way through the throng onto the wharf and ascended the rostrum from which the farewell address was to be held. Upon lighting the incense in the tripod Zenolious, with a trident in his hand, tapped the same on the stand near him and called to the multitude: "Order!" which request was followed by almost a breathless silence.

He said: "The ship be consecrated by the waters of the sea."

Whereupon a young scholar of the priest ascended the ship with a large green cedar twig, threw the twig with a cord attached, a number of times into the sea, drew it up again and sprinkled the deck, from bow to stern, after which he passed down to the wharf again. The priest, upon tapping the trident a second time, gave orders to the voyagers and those on the wharf that upon his signal with the trident, just at the sun's rising, all should join in and sing the song especially composed for the occasion, in honor of Phoebus. Just as the golden orb of day's first rays darted over Mt. Hymettus; upon a signal from the priest the full chorus on wharf and ship sang:

"Hail! We hail Thee, golden Phoebus;  
Turning darkness into Day.  
We invoke Thee, we invoke Thee,  
Light our ship upon its way,  
Light our ship upon its way.

"With Thy torch, the stars you light,  
As in West, you go to rest,  
Lessening darkness in the night,  
Lessening darkness in the night.

"And the moon you light a piece,  
Burning on, till it must cease;  
Thankful, thankful, O are we,  
Sailing o'er the pathless sea,  
Sailing o'er the pathless sea.

**"Phoebus, golden Orb of Day,  
We invoke Thee, to Thee pray,  
Light our ship upon its way,  
Light our ship upon its way."**

The strong, manly voices intermingled with the maidens' sweet, mellifluous tones, resounded out musically in the bright morning air, over land and bay. The greeting and grand chorus could not but be highly pleasing to Phoebus, the like of which the great eye of day could never before have beheld. After a short pause, the captain, standing on the raised cabin near the ship's stern, ordered silence, pointing with his hand to the bow of the ship. This command was conveyed by two repeaters who stood equal distances apart, the ship being three commands long. Slowly and ponderously there rose over the ship's seaward bow a large monster in the shape of a mermaid, but with heavy, long dark sea green whiskers and hair. The scales glittered like silver in the early morning sunshine. Holding itself erect by one of the forward stays, while his broad tail hung over into the sea, he gave three short, sharp shouts and with a wave of his left arm-like appendage, looking sharply with his black piercing eyes in all directions at the voyagers, he said in a loud, deep sea roaring-like voice.

"Sea-rovers! The sweet wave tones of your loud, melodious invocation to Phoebus, to light your great ship upon its way, resounded beautifully down into the depths below, and its melody moved me to appear up here. Your contemplated adventure cannot be unknown to my lord and liege Poseidon (Neptune), Monarch of the Seas, nor to Aeolus, God of the Winds. This morning's rippling sea and fair wind, blowing from an unusual quarter for this season of the year may be interpreted as signifying that the presence of your grand ship out upon the distant sea is agreeable to the gods, being an invitation, beckoning you, as it were, to proceed upon your journey. In my liquid element, down under the swaying billows, I have heard sailors above refer to me as the 'Old Man of the Sea.' Yes, I am he—the old man of the sea—and I take a somewhat human curiosity in your brave adventure." With a special effort to hold himself erect, again waving his left arm-like appendage, he shouted out in a still louder wave-roaring-like voice: "Today! Fair is the wind and sea! But days there will come when mountain billows and adverse storms will rage, presenting opportunities as they do, to learn the noble art of true seamanship, thus gaining in strength, knowledge and skill to overcome and battle against the storms on life's watery pathways. Then display skill and courage and do your best. To the Fates then leave the rest." Again with a wave of his glittering arm-like appendage, all eyes being riveted in the direction of the wonderful unexpected guest from the deep, after a short pause, he shouted, each word passing over the voyagers as a terrible warning:

**"Remember! Remember! Remember!  
That even ships, so wondrous grand,  
With four huge masts or more  
Can never tell, when leaving land  
Their sure return to shore.  
Therefore prepare to study close and well,  
Aeolus Neptune's changing moods to tell  
And even then, your great wondrous four master  
The Fates may overwhelm with storm's disaster.**

**"Noble voyagers! If the great ship should, by the decrees of fate, be overwhelmed by raging billows, I will be pleased to meet you and greet you in my watery realm below, and promise to protect you from the other sea monsters of the deep."**

Loosening his hold from the foremast seaward stay, by which he had held himself erect with his long arm-like appendage, he suddenly slid back into his soft watery element.

None of the voyagers rushed to look over the ship's side, to follow the monster's movements, as their breeding made them feel it was not proper to display too much curiosity. Silence followed the strange monster's departure; the voyagers looking at each other with unknowing, bewildered countenances. Instead of having a heart for any fate, a spirit of deep earnestness and apprehension seemed to prevail. Captain Arteus and Pindarus, one of the committee of regulation and order, were the first to hold converse together; whereupon Pindarus, from the ship's rostrum, called out: "Where is Scriborites, Militos and Anaxogeros?" The three scribes stepped forward in response to the call. Pindarus said: "Under the spell caused by this strange and surprising occurrence, which we have just experienced, it has been thought advisable to inquire of you scribes before it may be too late, whether this occurrence has been entered down upon your scrolls in regular order, to be a part of the record scrolls of the voyage." Scriborites replied:

"I must admit that the sudden appearance of the huge sea monster, with wonderful human understanding, even more than human in matters pertaining to the sea, that the shock and surprise nearly moved me to forget my path of duty. But upon noticing that I also like the rest had my eyes riveted upon the monster, it, like lightning, passed through my head that some one ought to record such unheard of event, upon which I immediately became conscious of the fact that I it was who should perform such duty and I immediately sat down, with greatest speed, noted what had passed and then gave my closest attention to every gesture, action, word and utterance made by the old man of the sea, as he was pleased to call himself, although I fancied him to be a grandfather of all the mermaids in the sea, although his silvery, scaly body and glistening fresh, dark green heavy seaweed hair, whiskers and mane, did not indicate agedness. But in my notes which will, as time

permits, be artistically inscribed in the ship's record scrolls, I will not call him grandfather of all the mermaids, as that is only a fancy of mine, and my duty is to record actual facts and not fancies. Yes," said Scriborites, proudly unrolling the scroll which he held in his hand, "it is noted."

Pindarus replied: "'Tis well. And now Scriborites, I have more faith than ever in the stories that often, in the fiercest battles, you would lay yourself down almost in the midst of the fight, noting and sketching the acts and personages of the bravest warriors of both sides, while spears, stones and arrows from the strongest catapult were flying above and around you. 'Twas that, and other stories of your valor as a scribe that recommended you as a fit scribe and principal reporter for this voyage. And nobly have you upon this wonderful, unexpected, unheard of occurrence, performed your duty. Militos and Anaxogeros, are your scrolls also embellished with the event?" They both held up their scrolls, saying that the sudden occurrence had disconcerted them to such an extent that their description of the surprising event was far from satisfactory to themselves and very meagre. They had only looked upon it as a matter of notation after the old man of the sea had returned down to his watery realm. "Hereafter," they said, "no monster of the deep, however large or dangerous he may be, will deter us from doing our duty as scribes, unto death."

"Scriborites," said the captain in his determined, short, rough voice, "this is not the time for your assistants, or any other person on this ship to make promises. Promises and oaths have been made by all at the time of acceptance as voyagers of this expedition. I am interested in the ship's record rolls greatly," continued the captain. "Scriborites, Militos, Anaxogeros, as scribes, take warning to leave out all fanciful ideas you may hold, but strictly record actual facts, as fully and minutely as you can. Actual facts. For it is I upon whom all real responsibility rests. The huge sea monster, appearing on the bulwark of the ship, was indeed startling, but we should not allow ourselves to be disconcerted under any circumstances." Anaxogoras replied: "As I have fully overcome my fright, I can say that Militos and I are not expected to note events during the presence of Scriborites, and as to myself, I am the night scribe."

Captain Arteus said, "'Tis true." A voice called down from the cross trees: "Look out, far over the sea; there it is, way out, swimming towards the floating tripod." A general rush to the side of the ship, and a scramble for elevations ensued, many climbing the masts to get a good glimpse of the strange sea monster again. Out in the distance, his head and the end of his wide tail were plainly visible above the water. With great speed he swam directly toward the floating tripod, from which sweet incense was wafting out over the sea. Fears were enter-



tained that he would destroy it and all eyes watched his movements with fearful suspense. When within touching distance he stopped, eyeing it for a brief moment, then swam around the floating tripod several times in a circle, and with a farewell-like wave of his arm-like appendage, dove down, his wide tail splashing the water into foam, and was never seen again.

While the excitement was at its height, Captain Arteus, Pindarus and the principal officers of the ship held a confab in regard to the lack of order.

The captain allowed the excitement to abate, after which he gave orders to the officers to command order. Again the voyagers felt themselves conscious of having permitted themselves to be swayed by impulse, without showing the least display of self-control. The captain, from his place of command, from the rear elevation near the helmsman, said:

"It is hardly necessary for me to speak in regard to this great confusion, rush and excitement which has just taken place. I will not single out any one person, which you must all admit would be quite impossible to do, with one exception, however; the voyager who first called down from the mast, took upon himself the voice of command; and this hint, I know, is all that is necessary to call attention to the imperative necessity of discipline—that all command-like remarks are to be made, given only by the officers of the ship with a few exceptional cases that may arise, perhaps, by the committee of order. As Mr. Philostenes has not as yet held his farewell address, and rehearsed the ship's rules of order, although they are already known to you all, I will not dwell on the matter any further, excepting to say that new, unexpected, wonderful, as well as dangerous occurrences, will happen over and over again in calm, in storm, in the night as well as in the day time. That under all circumstances and situations self-control, one of the highest virtues of a true Athenian, should be displayed prominently at all times."

A general earnestness and thoughtfulness prevailed among all on shipboard. The wonderful appearance and utterances of the huge, hairy, glistening sea monster, seemed like a terrible warning of the dangers of the deep.

"Your great four, as well as a one-master,  
Subject is, to the fate of storm's disaster.

Of the whole strange occurrence, these words, "Four master, storm's disaster," were uppermost in the minds of all the voyagers, as a warning or evil foreboding. This was partly counterbalanced by the observance that the monster, after inspecting the floating tripod, did not destroy or even disturb it, which was taken as a very favorable omen. Gradually the whole shores of the Bay of Phalerum were crowded with

an immense throng of the Athenian populace, eager to witness the departure of the grand floating palace with its precious, honored, brave, noble voyagers. All was order and happy enthusiasm again on ship-board. The captain and committee on rules and order stood in their places on the rear elevation near the helmsman. In the meantime, a large number of tripods, with burning incense in honor of the gods, were being sent out on the sea by the crowds on shore. A young maiden, bearing a large, beautiful wreath of flowers, was escorted by a number of young men from among the spectators on shore to the side of the floating wharf and asked the noble families for whom the wharf was reserved, to have the wreath conveyed up to the voyagers as representing the good will and wishes of the large crowd assembled along the shores. The beautiful wreath was immediately transferred up to the ship and received with pleasure by the committee of order. The bearer was informed that in a short time the captain would order the principal and largest flag on the mainmast to be hoisted up and down for a certain distance, seven times, signifying acceptance, thanks and appreciation to the assembled multitude on shore for their good wishes and the wreath sent. Attached to the wreath was a parchment upon which the following was artistically inscribed:

"We culled these flowers of Spring for you,  
Still moistened with the midnight dew;  
And may they keep in memory, green,  
Until again your ship is seen,  
Back to its native shore."

"With prayers to the Gods and best wishes from all true Athenian hearts.  
Signed, THE CROWD."

Portonetus, one of the voyagers, hastily inscribed on a small leaf of parchment, which was handed to the maiden who bore the wreath, the following:

"From this day, on which we sail,  
May good will and peace prevail  
Among you all, remaining home;  
While, far, o'er distant seas we roam,  
In quest of wisdom, wealth and fame,  
To add new lustre to each name,  
Of Attic or Hellenic birth,  
The fairest, noblest of the earth."

As soon as the multitude on shore noticed the dipping of the large flag of the mainmast, signifying thanks to populace, a wild cheering of exultation rose all along the shore. This was responded to by the voyagers under command in military order, by striking their spears against their shields, the clashing noise of which resounded over bay and shore.

"Athenians, form side lines in fours!" was the command by Commander Marstenes, who was standing at the captain's side. "Shield and lance, position!" The ladies stood in rows of four on one side and the men on the opposite side of the ship with shields uplifted as if in defense, with swords in right hand. The order proceeded: "Clash shields in rhythmic time, to the song, 'Splash, Splash, Spalsh.'" Upon a signal, the full chorus sang:

"Splash, splash, splash  
We're sailing o'er the sea,  
How happy, oh, are we.  
Where rolling billows foam,  
Far from our native home.  
The old man of the sea,  
Oh, where, oh, where is he?  
He is far, oh, far away,  
Below the dark sea's spray.  
Aeolus wafts us on,  
We'll praise him in our song,  
He's Monarch of the Air,  
He's here, and now he's there;  
His arms so strong and soft,  
Fill all our sails aloft.  
Fair Neptune's power, we know,  
Where tide and ebb doth flow,  
His rule it doth extend  
To the wide world's very end.  
Oh, dark blue, surging sea,  
Confederates now are we,  
Confederates now are we."

At the close of the song, accompanied by striking of the shields, a hearty applause arose from wharf and shore. A large cake, baked from a consistency of flour and Hymettus honey, representing the hull of the ship *Aeolus*, in miniature, with masts and sails and a small golden anchor, were suspended separately to public view from the ship's rigging, not far above the deck. The size of the golden anchor was such that it could only be seen at close range. While the miniature cake ship *Aeolus* was discernible to those on shore. The priest of Poseidon ascended the rostrum in the center of the deck, along side of which, on command of Marstenes, the voyagers marched in single file, men and maidens alternately, each halting long enough to receive the baptism of the sea—sea water sprinkled on the heads from the hands of the priest. At the close of the ceremony the priest passed from the ship over to the high rostrum erected along the side of the ship on the wharf. After the voyagers had given an exhibition drill, maidens with bows and arrows and men with shields and lances, going through intricate movements and attitudes such as are most effective in defensive and offensive combat, sword fencing being among the number,

elicited enthusiastic applause from the spectators on the wharf. At the close of the drill on deck, the captain gave orders: "Man the yards and cross trees, at pleasure," meaning that any of the voyagers, men and maidens, could alternately man the yards and cross trees.

The voyagers hurried to climb the ratlines. In an orderly rush the yards and cross trees were manned with a large number of the men and maiden voyagers in alternate order. The ladies were dressed in their athletic uniforms, with tightly fitting green trousers and red jackets. The heavy topknotted head hair, ornamented with sparkling jewels. The men were dressed in their dark blue military suits, ornamented with large and small burnished bronze broches, their heads protected with nobly designed helmets of burnished bronze. The gay rainbow flags, waving from the four masts, the partly loosened top sails, fluttering in the breeze, the swaying censers bearing incense, at the yard's ends, with the maidens and men at the yards and cross-trees, presented a brilliant and lively scene aloft. The breeze had increased to such a degree as to make its noise, passing through the rigging, audible. "The Prayer to Aeolus" was to be read upon the first notable sighing of the wind.

Corinna ascended the rostrum in the center of the ship, surrounded by the voyagers, excepting those who were aloft, and after lighting the incense in the tripod standing at her side, she read from an artistically inscribed scroll, in a clear voice, distinctly audible to all on the ship and wharf, as follows:

#### PRAYER TO AEOLUS.

Aeolus great, we hear thee sigh  
In the rigging low and high;  
Sadness oft dwells in your strain,  
Sounds of sorrow and of pain.  
Then again, as if in joy,  
Like a happy, whistling boy,  
Strains of sweetness come and go  
Through the rigging high and low;  
And in passing, kiss each cheek,  
In a way so soft and meek.  
Oft your sighs, oh, seem to start  
From the depth of nature's heart.  
Earnestness, oft deep and strong,  
Fills the burden of your song.  
On you sweep, o'er sea and land,  
With determination, grand.  
Whence from? Or whitherto?  
That is only known to you.  
In the night, when all alone,  
How your sighing seems to moan;  
Fills the darkness all around  
With a wierd, ominous sound.

When the tempests roaring loud,  
Lash the sea to foam, and crowd  
Wave on wave with vales between,  
Then your power supreme, is seen.  
When a calm o'erspreads the deep,  
'Tis a sign that you're asleep;  
Resting from your endless flight,  
In the day and in the night.  
Unknown lands and seas you roam,  
Everywhere you are at home.  
From the Northland's ice and snow,  
Cold and chill, the breezes blow;  
And from Torrid zones you bring  
Balm and warmth upon your wing.  
Thus you mix the climes at will,  
Always roving, seldom still.  
Blade and shrub and strongest tree,  
In thy storms, all bow to thee,  
While a-passing on your way,  
Thus acknowledging your sway.  
Energy and life you give  
To all things that grow or live.  
Countless things would weaker be  
If it were not, oh, for Thee.  
Trees, their roots would not prolong,  
Calm would not require them strong;  
And the fields of waving grain,  
If you came not, would complain.  
Seeds of plant and flow'r and tree,  
You transplant o'er land and sea.  
Mankind, too, you waft around,  
Just as seeds, to other ground,  
When upon the oceans wide  
Swept by gale and storm and tide,  
Far, O, far from native hearth  
To all corners of the earth.  
Thus, your mission seems to be  
Spreading life o'er land and sea.  
Please accept our thanks and praise  
For your wise and willing ways.  
Thus our proud ship, built to fame,  
We have honored with your name.  
The, "Aeolus," may she ride  
Safely o'er the billowy tide.  
God of Winds, O, we implore,  
Waft us safely from this shore  
O'er the deep blue, liquid plain  
O'er which Neptune's power doth reign.  
Our great ship is waiting now,  
Anxiously with seaward bow,  
For its master to command:  
"Loosen all the ropes on land!"  
Like a proud, high-spirited steed,  
Danger it seems not to heed.  
Partly loosened sails on high,

*The Original Four Hundred*

Fluttering in the sunlit sky,  
 Adds impatience to the scene,  
 But the captain's thoughtful mien  
 Plainly says: "This ship will sail,  
 Undelayed, with favoring gale,  
 When all ceremony's o'er,  
 Then, yes, then, and not before."  
 Thy airy form, Aeolus dear,  
 Although around and always near  
 To us, is ever out of sight;  
 We see Thee not, by day or night,  
 But feel thy touch and see the things  
 To which thy power lendeth wings:  
 The clouds above, the ships on sea  
 And countless things thus moved by thee.  
 Aeolus! May thy tempests be  
 As harmless to our ship on sea  
 As favoring gales or breezes fair  
 Or Zephyrs in the evening air.

As an off'ring, oh, to Thee  
 And to Neptune of the sea,  
 Censers swinging high in air  
 Burning incense, pure and rare,  
 Whose perfume, we pray, will be  
 Sweet and pleasing unto Thee,  
 Sweet and pleasing unto Thee."

At the conclusion of the reading, upon a signal from Corinna all the voyagers, including those on the cross-trees and yards aloft, accompanied by harp, timbrel, cymbal, lute and lyre on deck, joined in a grand chorus, singing a short invocation to the God of the Winds, all slightly bowing at certain places in the song:

"Aeolus! Aeolus! Aeolus!  
 We bow to Thee—We bow to Thee,  
 As reverently as blade or tree,  
 Acknowledging your power and sway;  
 We bow to Thee by night—by day,  
 And pray, O waft us o'er the sea  
 From storm's disasters safe and free.  
 We bow to Thee—we bow to Thee,  
 Aeolus! Aeolus! Aeolus!"

The blending of the beautiful, strong and sweet voices, including those aloft on the cross-trees and yards, was a highly pleasing and singular treat to all the spectators on the wharf and shore. The sweet music wafted on the wings of Aeolus, out over the sea, was also highly appreciated and enjoyed by those in the triremes, galleys and numerous small boats sporting around the grand ship in the Bay of Phalerum. The Captain expressed his wish to have the athletic and gymnastic performances which were to follow, in which both the youths

and maidens were to take part, omitted. A number of bars swinging over the deck from the rigging, were already in readiness.

The Captain said: "Aeolus has favored us wonderfully with a most propitious breeze and we should not tax his kindness too long, as a slight change in his mood might cause the wind to change to another direction. The farewell address is still to be delivered." The Captain seemed to be highly impatient, saying that the opportunity offered by Aeolus to start with a fair breeze, should not be lost by delays, if possible.

The committee on regulations and order agreed with Captain Arteus to curtail the ceremonies to the extent of dispensing with the gymnastic performances. It was agreed to conclude the exhibitions by a rigging chase and a water-walking exhibition which was to be followed by the farewell address to be held by Philostenes.

Hydroapede, one of the voyagers, upon request, gave a water-walking exhibition in the bay, a short distance from the bow of the ship.

He was clad in a dark, close-fitting suit. On the crown of his head, and under his feet were fastened a bladder, obtained from a large fish. Also two canes which he required to assist him in walking on the water also had a fish bladder attached to the lower end of each. Hydroapede first slid down a rope onto the floating wharf and then walked out upon the water with a cane in each hand. He walked to and fro upon the water, with apparent ease and with great rapidity, and successfully challenged the best single rowboat as to speed. His pace, in walking over the water, was such that it might be called running. Going through a number of acrobatic performances to the delight of the multitude of spectators, turning summersaults and the like, concluding his exhibition by standing on his head in the water, aided by a cane in each hand. He then walked rapidly back to the wharf where he was received with cheers and unexpectedly crowned with a wreath by one of the nobles on the wharf.

The water-walking exhibition over, a Rigging Chase followed. Seven maidens on each of the four masts ascended the rigging and seven young men on each mast were to try to follow and touch them before a small sand time-piece filled its lower case. A lively, exciting chase it was, up and down the ratlines, out upon the yards, sliding down ropes here and there with their followers in pursuit. Two of the young maidens, both of whom were allowed to take their positions in the rigging, before the order to follow was given, swiftly slid down a thin rope suspended from the end of the highest square sail yard, tying a foot loop in the same, thus both of them, from different yards, standing with one foot in the loop, were swaying at a perilous height. Their pursuers intended in the excitement to also slide down the same suspended rope, touch them and climb up to the yards again. But the Captain, with the full voice at his

command, called out: "Don't follow down on the ropes, they will break! tear! They are barely strong enough to hold the maidens."

This is what the maidens had expected. The ropes would certainly have parted if the young men should have attempted to touch them by sliding down the thin ropes. Hanging suspended in the ropes until the upper case of the sand time-piece was empty the two maidens, as well as some of the other maidens, stepped forth as victors in the Rigging Chase.

The dexterity and daring displayed by the young maidens and men caused great apprehension and fear among those on the floating wharf, to whom the conclusion of the rigging chase was a great relief.

At the conclusion of the rigging chase, Philostenes stepped forth from among the nobles on the wharf and ascended the rostrum, erected on the wharf along the ship's side, to deliver his farewell address to the voyagers. Diontes, who also ascended the rostrum with Philostenes, arose and introduced Philostenes as follows:

"Brave, Noble Voyagers! Noble Athenians!

"Athene! Source of Attic thought, profound,  
Whose special favors made our race renowned  
For men whose visions rise high, far and clear  
Above the bards of other lands. We here,  
'Tis known, have many of the Homer kind.  
All great events, 'tis said, will great men find  
To fill each honored place. On this great day,  
Philostenes, our bard, will have his say;  
Will hold the farewell speech. He is the choice  
Unanimous, as if with one great voice,  
Of all our poets, bards, seers—of his peers;  
A favored of the Gods, with length of years,  
Will speak the last farewell! 'Twill surely please  
You all, to listen to Philostenes." *(Great applause.)*

#### PHILOSTENES' FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Tall, erect, with aquiline nose, long, heavy gray streaked beard and hair, Philostenes represented the venerable, typical Athenian that he was. Turning to the crowd on the wharf, and then to the voyagers on the ship, he said: "Athenians! Voyagers! Noble adventurers!

"He who sang so wondrously of fallen Troy,  
The muse's friend, with sadness and with joy;  
Oh, would that he were here but for this day;  
As endless as the ocean's song, his lay  
In flowing measures would resound, relate  
In words of praise, your venture and your fate.  
Oh, would that from the shades he could appear,  
Behold this scene, our ship's departure here;  
Oh Homer! With reverence deep, we speak his name,  
Its lustre ever adds to Hellas' fame.  
God-gifted Bard; his catalogue of ships  
Recalls each one, as wave to wave it dips



PHILOSTENES HOLDING THE FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE COMMERCIAL ADVENTURERS OF THE SHIP AEOLUS. (See page 92.)

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Its onward course, fair Helen to regain.  
Minutely thus, of all the noble train,  
Ulysses brave, the sailor of sailors, he  
Whose fateful homeward voyage o'er the sea  
The Bard recalls, rehearsed in his own way,  
Unmatched, unmatchable unto this day.  
If he but could behold this daring scene,  
Its noble, fairy grandeur—what a theme!  
A theme, event, full worthy of the sage,  
By Homer sung, would pass from age to age,  
From tongue to tongue; from clime to clime,  
Until the end of man, the end of time.  
Wise Homer! Greatly, oh, would he have wondered  
This ship so grand, with its brave fair Four Hundred.  
Most charming, noble of our Grecian race,  
Your lineage, to our Gods, he'd trace.

“Fearless Adventurers! Noble Athenians! How much could be said upon this most auspicious day,—this great event,—this great noble adventure for which this day serves as a beginning! From sunrise to sunset, verily, would not encompass sufficient time necessary to enter upon the importance of the noble proposed adventure. The presence of all Athens here, to witness this day's event, is an indication of its beauty, grandeur and importance. As Phœbus stayeth not in his course, and your brave Captain has intimated to me that the ship is ready, and that the good will of Aeolus and Neptune, giving such fair winds and pleasant seas, should not be lost by delays if possible, I must proceed without unnecessary delay.

“Your experienced captain, with a happy countenance, greeted me at dawn, saying: ‘Wonderful, wonderful; the wind is from the northeast, is fair, and weather pleasant, just as the Oracle of Delphi prophesied. Wonderful, most invariably,’ the captain said, ‘the wind is from the opposite direction at this springtime of the year,’ and he said it was a very good omen. An omen of great moment and encouraging beginning. In conversation with Captain Arteus, upon a time, he said that he would rather have the ocean spray dash in his face than the land dust in his eyes. Of your Captain's ability, I could only speak in superlatives. In many ways this is a propitious season for the ship to sail on its important mission. The Pleiades are making their appearance in the eastern blue vault above which I am told by seamen is always a happy sign, inviting them out to sea. And in referring to the stars, I hope your ship will have returned again before the sun enters Capricornus, in the southwest. As Phœbus is climbing towards the zenith and the wind is gradually gaining in strength, it is meet for me to hasten and limit my remarks to the shortest time possible, consistent with the request made by those nearest and dearest to you, and with the line of action laid out by your committee. Many of us Athenians, whose hair is quite tinged with gray would like to participate in this great

adventure. But the decision that only such of our class who have just entered the realm of manhood and womanhood should be allowed to participate, I admit to be a wise one. The saying originated by some philosopher long since dead: 'Old men for counsel and young men for battle,' is also very applicable upon this occasion, but I may remark although youth is endowed with superior strength, enthusiasm and courage, which are all strong factors, I can say that old age, although lacking these, also has one faculty of strength which the young have not, namely: the wisdom of experience. The abundantly silver-haired, as you see, has been selected to hold the farewell address upon your departure to those crowned with blonde, golden or black hair.

Those to whom you are most dear,  
Sought me to address you here. .

"Athenians, most of my remarks will touch upon matters which are already well known to you. The class to which you belong, with its high intelligence makes that a self-supposed fact. I have been requested by those remaining at home to rehearse the rules and regulations of order which are to be observed on the ship and such other matters as I may consider germane to the occasion. The rules and regulations of order have originated from three sources, first those formulated by the Captain; secondly, by yourselves; and thirdly, by those remaining at home, by the aid of whom the construction of the great floating wonder has been made possible.

"I do now, in the name of all Greece, thank all who aided in the construction of the great *Aeolus*.

"Rule One—The Captain has the full command of the ship. He is the court of last resort in all disputes. He is king, as it were, of the floating castle. Ithobal, the Phoenician, has pointed out that it is absolutely necessary that the captain of a ship should have kingly power. We certainly regret that our Phoenician friend Ithobal cannot be with us this day, to behold the departure of the *Aeolus*. The events of a day pass away like wave upon wave. So, too, this beautiful, magnificent scene before us, the great ship *Aeolus*, will sail out of sight, before the sun sets in the west. The acts of a day may pass away, but the remembrance of them, especially such a magnificent scene as the one upon which we feast our eyes at the present moment, will pleasantly linger in our minds to the last of our days.

"In regard to the ship's rules of order, I will only allude to them in part, as your committee of rules and order will, as occasion requires, recall them to your memory. The rules against remaining on deck during hours after dark, are for the reason that amongst young people, ideas of what is proper and what is improper in the dark, are very apt to become confused and mixed.

"Noble Maidens! Your ideas of nobility and your strength, wisdom and exalted characters, are your principal chaperons. Self-control must reside upon your ship, even so far as controlling your dreams. The ship's course—whither does it sail, lead? The course your ship is to sail, and the cities your are to land at, has been planned principally by Captain Arteus. The course laid out, barring unforeseen events, you will notice to be in harmony with the advice given by our Phoenician friend Ithobal in his address at the Agora, which it must be admitted awakened the commercial spirit among us Athenians. The information in regard to ports suitable for landings, has been obtained from various sources and required a great deal of research; but to follow the plan, as laid out, may perhaps be found still more difficult. Captain Arteus and the committee on Commerce, with a majority of the voyagers, have a right to change the course according to the demands of circumstances. The advice given by Ithobal to keep far from the coast near which a city, called Rome, is built, has been prominently noted on the plan illustrating the ship's course. This so-called city of Rome, it is claimed, is very ambitious to subjugate surrounding cities and lands under its sway. Therefore it will be wise to make diligent inquiry at the various landings where—in what direction—that city is situated, so as to be able to heed the advice given; also the advice to steer out of sight of as many ships as possible, thus keeping our commercial designs from being known to other cities. The sight of this grand wonder-ship will immediately call forth: 'What nation's ship? Whence? Whither? and its purpose?' Where'er the ship may land and be seen by human eyes, its wonderful proportions will be rehearsed from generation to generation, in many lands and in many strange tongues, as *The Floating Wonder Ship*. Our friend Ithobal also warned us not to permit our ships to sail in the direction and vicinity of Carthage, which city he said is a powerful, progressive and ambitious Phoenician city, ambitious to become a great mart of trade. Few ships, once seen by the Carthaginians ever return to their native shores again.

"Our Phoenician friend, be it remembered, was highly pleased by the attention shown to him during his sojourn in Athens and it was his sincere friendship coupled with admiration for our philosophy and art, which prompted him to emphasize to us the high importance of Commerce. Thus, not only for your own welfare and safety, but also in consideration of the valuable, friendly and unselfish advice conferred, should his warning and wishes, to keep far away from Carthage and out of the sight of Phoenician ships, be steadfastly honored.

"We have heard of huge rock-bound shores, the distance of which is so great as to make them almost belong to fable. It is these huge rock-bound shores, especially the two large rocks called by seamen the Pillars of Hercules, that set a limit to your ship's course westward.

The Pillars of Hercules form the western boundary of the Mediterranean Sea. The *Aeolus* remains within this sea, by which its voyage is naturally circumscribed. At the Pillars of Hercules, the narrow strip of water, called the Straits of Herculeum connects the Mediterranean Sea with the western waters of the world—a stormy, dangerous, unknown ocean which extends to the end of the world.

“Our flat world is surfaced with water, plains, valleys and mountains. If we could fly many, many times higher than the keen-visioned hawk, the mountains on account of the vast distance to which the flat earth extends, would not seem so high comparatively, as they do now. We also, if not too far distant from the edge of the world, would see heavy mists arising from the fathomless abyss at the world’s side; arising and forming into clouds over the earth.

“But I must not take time to picture to you the appearance of the wide, flat earth, to reach the end of which would lead to complete annihilation.

“The gods have decreed that to all such whose inquisitiveness makes them determined to visit, reach and explore places,—lands before which the Gods have placed barriers which warn the most daring of human kind: ‘So far, and no farther’ to all such—destruction awaits in terrible forms. Your path leads over the waters of the flat earth inside of the Mediterranean Sea, to its far-off, distant, almost unheard of western shores. If, by the favor of the Gods, you arrive at the far-off Pillars of Hercules, I can realize how your hearts will leap for joy and your voices, in melodious song, will thank the Gods, when Captain Arteus commands the helmsman to turn the ship about so that its prow points to the rising sun, in the direction of your beloved Athens again. Sweet will be the swishing and splashing noise of the waters at the prow, as the ship speeds through the liquid blue homeward bound. When the event of turning the ship about, at the Pillars of Hercules, takes place, special incense should be burned and sacrifice given to the Gods, mingled with songs of praise for the successful completion of fully one-half of the ship’s voyage. It is known to you all that the ship will return on its homeward journey whenever over three-quarters of your number make your desire to that effect known to the captain. If, however, the Captain does not agree, it shall require over eight-ninths of your number to overrule the Captain.

#### RECORDS.

“An important committee also is the Committee on Records, which consists of the Scribes, Scriborites, Militos and Anaxogeros. These three, as true disciples of Clio, have taken an oath that they singly and collectively will record actual facts and occurrences as they come to pass from time to time. Events of the voyage will be noted night and day.

Anaxogorous will remain on deck nights, Scriborites being the day scribe. Besides the several committees, Hypnothoon has been appointed by natural selection as the Nestor of the voyage, and will be known as Nestor. His advice is to be listened to and sought for when matters of special importance are to be decided by the committees. He holds the position of adviser (counsellor) at large, as it were. Polybus, your magician and seer, will undoubtedly, with his sensitive and subtle mind divine things through the flight of birds, moving of clouds, as well as through countless other ways that will be of great service to you. Theognis, who, besides speaking the greater number of languages, has the gift of interpreting the meaning of pantomime or the so-called gesture language to an uncommon degree. His gift of interpreting gesture language will be found of especial value in far-off lands, as you cannot understand their spoken language. It is well known to you that several of your artist-voyagers will sketch and paint notable scenes that present themselves upon your voyage, which upon your return, will be beheld by all of us Athenians at home with mental profit and delight."

At this juncture Themostondus, one of the nobles on the wharf, ascended the ladder leading up to the rostrum, and placed a small casket, ark-box, on the speaker's stand. After a short interruption, Philostenes continued:

"It was supposed that this small ark had already been taken on shipboard; it contains many very small, light, beautifully embossed, bronze medals. One side portrays the grand ship *Aeolus*. On the other side is inscribed 'The Four Hundred of Athens.' These medals, which are fastened to a silken cord, as is well known to all of you, are to be worn around your necks, next to your bodies. Quirantes and Sonnia will distribute them among you and after you have all donned them, as intended, I shall hasten with my remarks."

After a short interval of time, Philostenes proceeded: "Adventurers! You will certainly pass through many vicissitudes, see many unheard of, wonderful things; but no matter how far from your beloved Athens you may sail, never allow such new surroundings to distract your minds, nor lose sight of the object of your voyage—*Commerce*. All other matters and events which may take place should be looked upon merely as incidents in connection with your grand object: **COMMERCE**. Remember what our Phoenician friend, Ithobal, said:

A nation, to be grand,  
Must rule on Sea and Land.

"The next greatest honor to being a citizen of Athens is that of being a citizen of the world; to which honor the honor of being regarded as such this voyage also entitles you.

"To a large multitude of our Hellenic people, the object of having women accompanying the adventure as voyagers seems to be incompre-

hensible. The idea that woman has no intellect, comparatively speaking, and that their activities should be circumscribed to a narrow, never-changing limit, does not prevail among our exclusive set. Our maidens have been raised and taught to know and to do, so as to be the equal of their brothers as nearly as the gods will permit.

"Of the power and influence of women—on that theme I could dwell until the wind would have changed its course many times, which, with the propitious prevailing breeze, is not desirable.

"I only need to allude to the beautiful Helen of Troy, for whom the bravest of heroes died and nations warred; the queen of Sheba, the gifted Sappho, Queen Dido—but I must cease mentioning the names of all the illustrious women; as it would be a severe strain on Captain Arteus' patience. Man or woman singly cannot obtain the full enjoyment of the beautiful of this flat earth. But each, in the presence of the other, man and woman, each beholding, expressing wonder and admiration of a beautiful scene before them, brings appreciation, wonder and delight to its complete full measure. Man and woman is the whole. Each singly, only a part. The wonderful and beautiful cannot delight a part as fully as the whole. The influence of women, although unknown and unseen by the populace, has inspired chieftains and warriors to victory and led kings to the building of great empires. Few, if any, are the great events in which wise women have not played an important part. So, too, in this grand commercial adventure, it has been wisely decided that women should participate therein.

"It is true, the manuscript containing the Delphic oracles which is among the ship's record rolls, shows that King Ulysses of ancient Ithaca, who was one of the heroes engaged in the Siege of Troy and who, on account of his varied experience while on his return trip to Ithaca, is classed as the greatest sailor of all time; it is true, in his answer from the shades below, in response to the questions asked by the Delphic seer as to the most propitious day upon which your great ship should depart, upon its voyage, he says:

'With the sailor's voice, short, gruff though clear;  
Sail on, my boys! Sail on, no fear!  
What! Yes, I see at Athens' strand  
A monster ship, amazing, grand.  
Why, yes, with lots of maidens too,  
Look here, dear boys, 'twill never do.'

"And further on, in his answers from the shades below, he says:

'Yes, my answer shall be given,  
But those beauties dream of Heaven,  
They intend to sail along?  
Well now, boys, that does seem strong.'



"But seemingly, realizing the high standing, beyond comparison, of the personnel comprising our ship's voyagers, Ulysses proceeds:

'Centuries 'tis since I've been  
Interviewed by living men;  
And your ways may different be  
Since the moons I sailed the sea.'

Thus indicating that if Ulysses were with us here today, he would not say:

'Look here, dear boys, 'twill never do.'

"We can infer that Ulysses became conscious of the fact that your wisdom, honor and exalted characters are your protecting chaperons. I again will revert to our Phoenician friend Ithobal, whom we must recognize as an authority on things commercial. He said: "To get a certain class of the most intelligent citizens, including women, interested in commerce, is necessary towards achieving success. In Tyre, as well as in Sidon also, the principal theme of conversation in the family is on matters of trade, barter, commerce. The children of the Phoenician marts of trade—the cities of Sidon and Tyre,' said Mr. Ithobal, 'learn the art of trading as they grow up, from their parents. Yes, even before they are full grown they are imbued with the spirit of commerce and are graduated merchants.'

"From the daily conversation of their parents they hear the names of and become acquainted with the various wares and articles of merchandise which are most in demand and most desirable, suitable for exchange for gold, silver or barter. Value! Gain! Profit! These are the great incentives that call forth and claim the entire energies of these tradespeople, thus enlarging their wisdom in such matters, from generation to generation, resulting in the building up of those two large, powerful and wealthy Phoenician cities of Tyre and Sidon. Our friend Ithobal also intimated to me that Athenian sculptors, poets, artists, orators and philosophers were undoubtedly famous because their whole hearts were in their vocation to such an extent of enthusiasm and earnestness as to make their achievements appear as if they were wrought or called forth by inspiration. Thus, also, said our friend, 'it requires deep earnestness, interest and diligence to succeed in commerce.'

"Our friend also gave, as his opinion, that with all due deference to their very superior wisdom in all other matters many of the Phoenician youths could outwit our poets, artists, sculptors, orators and philosophers in matters of trade or barter, the result of having been born and bred in an atmosphere which was, as it were, permeated with a spirit of commerce.

"That our pure, clear Athenian air was in part the cause, and exerted a favorable influence on the incomparably high status of Athenian

culture, was his earnest belief. It is true that our artists, poets, philosophers, and those who are engaged in vocations of a refining nature, those who have exerted a power of enlightenment, refinement and culture upon us all, look with a sort of disdain upon barter and trade, the object of which they say is the mere accumulating of filthy lucre. I know whereof I speak, for I had myself,—whose vocation and efforts are directed and connected with higher themes,—to which I shall actively return after I have concluded this pleasant duty—entertained the same opinion to its fullest extent. It was only through the influence of Ithobal, whose company I had the pleasure of sharing and who related his distant travels very entertainingly,—he who had been upon the grounds, or upon the sea rather, called my attention and convinced me in his clear, plain, matter-of-fact way of the power and wealth securable through the interchange of wares with distant peoples. He said:

‘In distant lands wealth lies around,  
Above, and deep below the ground;  
It only needs a daring heart,  
’Tis such, secure, of wealth a part.’

“From the thought I have given the subject I have formed the opinion that the ennobling arts of refinement and culture can live side by side with commerce, to their mutual benefit, progress and welfare. Culture will not flee at the sight of Commerce. We have heard of Tyre as being a city of merchants and sea-faring men; also that a business spirit pervades its entire community, including its women and even children. Therefore it was wisely agreed, which is well known to you, that the commercial voyagers accompanying this adventure should consist of young men and an equal number of maidens, belonging to our noble families of Athens, thus, in the future, to secure to our city families that are imbued with a true commercial spirit, so that in time strangers can also say that besides being the most cultured city that it is also an important mart of nations; and, as of the Phoenicians, that its merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. The families can teach their children, as do the Phoenicians: ‘He that is diligent in his business, shall not stand among mean men; he shall stand before kings.’

“The heroism and enthusiasm shown by our maiden voyagers for the cause of Commerce has justly been a source of pride for your noble sires. Let me now, as it just strikes my mind, in a short manner revert to Ulysses, who, on his homeward voyage from Troy to his beloved Ithaca, also landed on a fair isle, on which dwell Aeolus, the God of the Winds. Aeolus discerned by the wisdom, noble bearing and commanding presence of Ulysses that he was of finer texture than common mortals. Entertaining a friendly feeling for Ulysses, Aeolus had the

adverse winds bound in large bags on deck, thus insuring fair breezes for Ulysses' homeward voyage. Ulysses' warrior sailors, suspecting that the large bags contained spoils from Troy, to a large share of which they felt themselves rightfully entitled, upon the first opportunity, while Ulysses lay asleep, untied the bags, when immediately loud roaring winds escaped therefrom and in place of fair winds the adverse winds asserted themselves, which with storms caused shipwrecks. And how many, many, many moons waxed and waned before Ulysses ultimately reached his own beloved Ithaca and regained his true noble queen Penelope, is not only known to you but also belongs to the universal knowledge of our Hellenic people.

"Be it noted that it were men, inquisitive men, not women, who opened the bags, thus for once being compelled to place the blame of inquisitiveness where it rightly belongs.

"If, in your wanderings, you should be fortunate enough to land at the fair Isle of Aeolus, you will give special thanks to the powerful god and perhaps one of the young maidens may read 'The Prayer to Aeolus' again. Show your implicit confidence in his friendship by appealing to his judgment—superior to your own; and that from whatever quarter the winds may blow you will never cease offering sweet incense with thanks in words and song on land and sea. You will not ask Aeolus to have the adverse winds placed on deck, bound in large bags, but in a noble spirit, worthy of yourselves, you may emphasize that:

"There are other ships on the seas of the world,  
That also have their sails unfurled  
That ask for favorable breeze."

Thus in a noble spirit of fairness, plainly indicate that you appreciate and are thankful for whatever favorable breeze Aeolus deems you are entitled to. Certainly you should not pray to Aeolus to favor you with constant fair wind and fair weather. Even a log floating on the sea will move forward with fair wind and fair weather and ultimately reach the opposite shore.

"It is the strong gales, storms, hurricanes and adverse winds and tides which lend a charm and dignity to seamanship. We know that the sea over which Aeolus sweeps is too endlessly wide to allow his whole attention to be given to one particular spot or ship. The more we observe the workings of the gods, the more we comprehend, wonder and admire the justice of their acts. The gods have endowed us with a surplus of strength—strength which we can employ in adversity. It is the storms of adversity in life which call upon and bring out in full play the surplus faculties of wisdom and strength with which the gods have endowed us. You cannot expect the assistance of the gods until all the faculties with which the gods have endowed us have been called

into action. To those who do not despair, but in adverse storms, with waves mountain high, strenuously apply their whole surplus strength and wisdom—to such, in case of need, the gods delight to give assistance in various ways. But to such it is seldom necessary. The seamen could not be expert if Aeolus would only supply fair wind and weather. Sunshine, rain, calm, gales, storms, hurricanes, fair and adverse winds and tides—these make up the life on the ocean wave. To the true inborn sailor there is nothing which lends so much zest to his life on the sea as when steering the ship proudly, defiantly o'er the storm-swept, heaving billows against adverse winds.

“This brings out the true sailor spirit, and makes him feel as if he were a brother to the elements which are only playfully impeding the progress of the ship. About the necessity, uses and intentions of what we call adversity on land and sea, in view of the propitious breeze, I shall not detain you. But I will only again emphasize that in adversity we have no right to call upon the assistance of the gods until the full surplus of wisdom and energy with which the gods have endowed us has been thoughtfully and strenuously applied. Please bear in mind a rhymelet, just formed in my mind:

Where'er you are, on land or sea,  
You'll always find this life to be—  
A life of strenuosity.

“And I may also, in this connection, mention the saying of Grecian fishermen:

‘Live fish, only, swim against the stream.’

“You embark upon your expedition as warriors of peace—your darts and spears are not thirsting for blood.

‘You sail not forth to spoil or slay,  
But to the Gods for friendship pray.’

“In all lands you will bear your implements of war in a peace-indicating manner—spears with the points backwards. You must never fail to show your respect for the surrounding customs and gods of other lands, in whatever country you may land. A fearless, unconcerned bearing will command respect and, in many instances, shield you from attack; when the opposite attitude would encourage it. Respect, but reverence not, strange gods. Worship and sacrifice only to your own.

“Ithobal said that ships sailing to distant lands cannot fail of being attacked by pirates. The exhibition you gave of a battle against attacking pirates would seem to dispel all fears from that quarter. The largeness of the *Aeolus*, coupled with the preparations for such attacks, make your position seem invulnerable. But it may be well to bear in mind that Achilles deluded himself in the belief that he was invulnerable

against arrows thirsting for blood. One of our greatest victorious warriors when asked which is the first and most important point in war? answered: 'Not to underestimate the enemy.' In many distant countries where you will land the inhabitants will look upon you with a mingled feeling of suspicion and fear. In such lands, to make your peaceful commercial designs known is the problem before you. The Aegis that will protect you from attack will in a great measure be your actions and behavior to and about the peoples you meet. Through the distribution of presents you can gain the good will and friendship of superior numbers; when force, on the other hand, would lead you to destruction. And let me again remark, A gift turneth the heart in favor of the giver.

"Even an apparent gift of a monstrous wooden horse to the Trojans opened the gates of Troy. Seeing what a gift in question can do, how much more can an openly offered, unquestioned gift, accompanied by a spirit of friendship, accomplish. To present gifts in distant countries will require close scrutiny, as to who are the rulers, chiefs, leaders, queens or kings. To such, of greatest influence, the most costly gifts will be given; and to these also present our Grecian wine, partaking of the same yourselves in social converse; but not to a bolsterous degree.

"Hymettus honey also will not be in bad taste with men and women of exalted influence. Being highly cultured makes it superfluous to say that in foreign lands you are to consider yourselves as stranger guests. This will curb unpleasant criticisms of customs and things the reasons for and uses of which may be unfamiliar to you. A cynic is not a welcome guest in any country at any time or place. To honor and give presents where they will exert the most influence of value is a Phoenician trait which will also be a required feature in your commercial expeditions. The maiden voyagers know best which articles are most appropriate and appreciated by women; and it is within their mission to present gifts to queens and to women of influence and rank.

"On distant shores, when mingling with kings, queens, heroes, chieftains and people of influence, use words of admiration and praise, bearing in mind that rightly guided praise is the sweetest of music. On foreign shores, beware that such as pat you on the shoulder and praise you with animation do not stealthily aid valuables to depart from your pockets. Or in other words, 'tis well not to come in too close touch with people in strange lands. If you should land in the country of the Lotus eaters, beware!—take warning from the experience related by Ulysses, the sea-tossed mariner, whose crew having feasted on the sweet lotus did not wish to return to their ship or home again, having lost all longing for their native land.

"On foreign shores, eat not of strange fruits, nor drink of unknown liquors, until those offering them are seen to partake of the same them-

selves; for it is known that the bravest of warriors have been overcome by eating food offered to them in friendly guise. It is also known that sirens, dwelling on high seashore cliffs, lure ships to destruction by distracting the sailors' attention from dangerous rocks and reefs by their melodious songs. Thus many seamen are lulled to sleep in the cradle of the deep. You will not be in danger of being charmed to destruction by the siren's sweet song, as it floats down from high sea washed cliffs. Captain Arteus will not, like Ulysses, find it necessary to have the ears of his crew stopped with wax; for all who have listened to the mellifluous voices of the maiden voyagers in song, can safely claim that:

"The siren's song, from cliffs on high,  
Can not with your sweet voices vie."

"It may be possible that the sirens will be silent in the presence of the sweet music and song which accompanies this grand adventure. Be it recalled that when the Argonauts drew near the isle of the sirens, Orpheus struck up his lyre and drowned their song, thus sailing past the dangerous rocks in safety. You, as rovers upon Neptune's liquid realm, are in league with and are now confederates of the sea; therefore it is meet for you all to live in harmony with the spirit of things associated with the sea and it is of great importance to be well informed as to rocks, waves, mermaids and sea fowls which are held as sacred. As true seamen be very careful not to allow harm to come to the stormy petrel, seagulls and the albatross, which in storm and calm may alight upon the ship's masts, yards and rigging to find rest from the weary flight.

"Ithobal related to me that it has been well noted by sailors that sea fowls frequent and remain on ships where sailors' songs and music resound, indicating that they also enjoy the sweet flowing waves of song. Whoever kills any of the sacred birds, can find rest no more; and ill fate befalls the ship sooner or later.

"On your journeys on the wide waters, while sailing close to rock-bound shores, be careful to steer beyond the reach of Scylla and Charybdis. Scylla, the dreadful sea monster with six heads and twelve feet, dwells in a sea cave looking to the west, high up in a large cliff. Out of her cave, she sticks her heads, snatching seamen from out of the passing ships. Charybdis seems to be in league with Scylla, spouting up great streams of water, high in the air, to draw the seamen's attention away from Scylla, as ships are about to pass her cave. Ulysses had not this warning, therefore six of his seamen were snatched from out of his ship by Scylla and devoured. Sailors say that there are monsters in the deep which can and do destroy the largest ships. They are seldom met with, but when encountered, the ship's destruction is inevitable. When talking about ships it may be said the *Aeolus* is more than a

ship, being beyond all comparison in size to all other ships. The *Aeolus* might rightly be termed a sailing fortified castle, the destruction of which will prove itself to be more difficult of accomplishment by sea monsters and sea serpents than any of the boats they have heretofore destroyed.

"Daring Sea Rovers! This expedition will enlarge your vision so that you will be better fitted for great undertakings. Man's experience and surroundings exert a great influence in the broadening of his views of peoples and things. The experience you will gain in your adventures will undoubtedly conduce to the benefit of our native Athens.

"The beaten path is the safest path. To strike out on new paths and adventures, it requires the strong, undaunted and brave of heart and, I may add, the young—just such as compose the *Aeolus*' voyagers—you who are in the morning of life, with the wide, hopeful future still before you. On strange, distant seas, there is no definite path to follow; and in the interest of advancement it is the strong and courageous who lead and strike out upon new unknown paths—braving dangers untold; and after returning successfully, others then follow. The world is the wise man's country, indicating that distant voyages broaden the mind.

"It was Ithobal's distant voyages that enabled him to impart golden thoughts. In the fullest sense of the word, can the thoughts he imparted be called golden, containing, as they do, the art of obtaining from distant lands, through traffic, valuable wares, precious stones, silver and gold. It is known that Phoenician ships sailing upon the broad seas, have returned with anchors of silver and with balls of gold glistening on top of the ships' mast. Phoenician merchants and seamen keep the lands and shores to which they voyage secret. Any Phoenician who should divulge the destination of their ships would be instantly put to death. After great research the names, it is believed, of two ports have been found out, but their situation, whether east, south or west, is not known. On your voyage, therefore, make diligent inquiry to find out where the ports or cities of Tarshish and also Ophir are located. But it may not be wise to follow my advice on this point, for it would not be honorable, and even if you should discover these ports or lands, Phoenician ships would, beyond all doubt, combine and cause your total destruction. Then all gold and precious metals would be of no avail.

"And here, again, it may be well to recall Ithobal's advice, 'steer clear out of sight of Phoenician ships and ports.' But there are many locations, ports and lands in the vast distant shores of the Mediterranean where gold and precious metals abound, which, with diligent inquiry and search, may also enable you to return with anchors of silver and the tops of the masts of your ship ornamented with glittering balls of gold. It is said that a certain king had a gift of turning everything he touched



into gold. Similarly may we hope that all the shores you touch will add to your ship gold or wares equal to value in gold.

"The object of this voyage is not wholly for wealth, but is for the purpose of wealth, wisdom and power. Not only to establish commerce, but also it is your mission to observe and study and carefully gather information in regard to customs, manners, implements of war and chase; and note the useful as well as the ornamental works of art in whatsoever fashion or form you may find them. Seek storm-sheltered harbors and also fertile lands in which Ceres and Pomona would delight; lands suitable to form Grecian colonies. Upon your return from the large, flat world, over which you will have journeyed, comparing with the limits of your native country, you will undoubtedly direct all your energies to enlarge the boundaries of your own native Athens; 'City of the Violet Crowned Hills,' bathed in purple tints by the rising and the setting sun.

"At the distant ports, make your land known. Do not be a ship without a country. People in distant countries will not fail to perceive that you are of the noble of the earth; and your manners and bearing will convince them that you are the pattern of politeness and every elegant art.

"When and where not to display your jewels, situations must decide. Sailing o'er the bounding ocean in such a ship with such a large number of voyagers, it is meet that the God of Concord be one of its passengers.

"Sailors and all voyagers show their Athenian courage by recognizing and observing the Captain's orders and following the rules of order of the ship. It is certain that under all and every change of situation of circumstances which may take place upon your long voyage, off or on the ship, you will all prove yourselves worthy the name of Grecian in wisdom, courage and honor. Many are the gods whose friendly association with this voyage we pray for; but there is one god who during the time of this adventure we must kindly bid stay away. It is Cupid, the god who delights to mingle in the company of young maidens and men. Cupid—without whom the world would be a cold and dreary abiding place. Cupid—the god who unites the hearts of young maidens and men in honor and love. It is he who fills the world with happiness and joy, akin to fields Elysian. It is he, alas! whose absence you must implore until the completion of your voyage—until you return again to the shore of cultured Athens. If Cupid should alight among you be sure to take his darts away, for his inclinations must suffer delay. The god with whom you are otherwise so closely in touch and in whose presence all maidens and young men otherwise delight to dwell in and whom you ever honor and revere so much; to him you must, upon this voyage, say:



Cupid, please, please keep away,  
But only till some other day;  
Till our ship returns again  
From far o'er the distant main  
To our fair Athenian shore,  
Then we'll love you so much more.

"I may add: on shipboard let not your words have a double meaning.  
Purest thoughts should only find expression in words and glances.

As you sow, so you'll reap,  
Nothing secret you can keep.

"I also may add a couplet, just formed in my mind. It is:

Never should the laws of man  
Smother those of nature's plan.

"And I must emphasize that this couplet is not applicable to this adventure. It may be surmised, however, that thoughts of the same import as suggested by the couplet may find at moments a dwelling place on the ship, but bear in mind the nobility of self-control, and remember that Cupid must not at any time be allowed to alight on the ship. You cannot avoid many thoughts that will run through your brain, as occurrences, situations, times and conditions of body generate thoughts. But banish all thoughts which are not permissible; always keeping the one thought uppermost in your mind, namely: *Commerce!*

"Nothing must be said to cause a blush or cause modest eyes to turn aside. Follow not the shepherd's saying: 'One should kiss and keep the mouth shut.' When you are in doubt as to the fitness of things, remember:

"There's a prompter ever near,  
Listen only, and you'll hear  
What is right and what is wrong.  
Listen—need not listen long."

"This applies especially to the high, intelligent and keen perception with which you are all by nature and culture, so abundantly endowed. And I will emphasize a thought that just flashes across my mind. It is:

*"Pure and Noble Thoughts embellish the Countenance."*

"You have all been endowed with excellencies, so equally, only differing in color of hair, eyes, voice and individual qualities, without which differentiations all beauty would undesirably merge into one type of sameness.

"In regard to envy it may be said:

Envy turneth tongues into snakes.

"And of hate, in the view of your position of refinement and culture, it can be safely said:

The human heart in purest state,  
It knoweth only love—not hate.

"So that envy and hate can find no dwelling place among you.

"Although commerce will ever be uppermost in your thoughts, a large share of your time will also be given to enjoyment, both on shipboard and it is to be hoped, on distant shores; and let me say:

Let no Cassandra's heart feel sad,  
While all the rest are joyous—glad.

"Truly the gods delight to view a scene of brave and happy hearts, therefore, undoubtedly, the majority of the muses nine will accompany you upon your voyage: Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsychore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, Calliope. Clio will be the special guardian of Scriborites, who is the master of rolls of the ship, which are to contain the account and history of the ship's voyage.

"Without enjoyment, this world would be a dry and dreary waste indeed. All human efforts are prompted through the ultimate desire of enjoyment. As to dancing, I may say:

To sweet Lydian measures dance,  
Keeping hearts and loving glance,  
Only for the Gods above,  
None other now, 'tis meet to love.

"On distant shores, your skill and dexterity in archery, lance-casting, discus hurling and the many other games, will not fail to call forth respect and honor. We hope when the ship returns the number of its voyagers will not be less than at its parting."

Here a young man among the nobles on the wharf spoke out in a clear, audible voice: "There is more danger and likelihood of a larger crowd returning on the ship than at its departure."

Philostenes paused, looking at the young man, when the latter seemingly awoke to the situation, saying hastily: "I beg pardon, excuse me, I did not know I was thinking so loud."

Philostenes, without paying any further attention to the remarks made, continued: "The sun is rising higher and higher towards the zenith and the time for the ship's departure is drawing nearer and nearer. The beautiful flowers and garlands with which all parts of the ship are so profusely decorated will soon fade away. Also the flowers with which the maidens have ornamented their beautiful golden blonde, black and auburn hair will fade, but if your adventure ends in success, its mission achieved, the names of each and all of you will never fade from the scrolls of Athenian history. If the expedition returns success-

fully, an imposing monument will be raised on the Acropolis to symbolize Commerce, one hand of the large statue pointing to the sea, as suggested by our Phoenician friend Ithobal.

"On the large base of same, I will suggest that the ship *Aeolus* and each voyager's name be engraven. We know how the fame of the heroes who took part in the Siege of Troy, who battled over nine years to regain for King Menelaus of Sparta his beautiful wife Helen, and also how the fame of the heroes of the Argonautic expedition in search of the golden fleece has resounded throughout Greece for ages. So, too, in like manner, if your adventure is successful, will the fame of your adventure resound throughout your native land for all time to come. If successful, each one of you upon your return will receive a prize of honor equal to those distributed to the winners of the Olympian games; and poets and bards will recite and sing paeans and triumphal odes in your honor. As poets say:

When deeds are done, when Victory won,  
My muse will then O sing of Thee  
In sweetest flowing melody.

"If this venture attains its end, it shall be recited to the youths and maidens of Athens on every festival of the Panathenaea, at the same time with Homeric poems.

The Laurel twigs are growing now  
With which we'll crown each worthy brow,  
Yes, if successful;  
Tongues yet unborn will sing your praise  
With lyre and harp in endless lays.  
Generations will pass to shades below;  
But each generation your names shall know,  
As heroes, each one, the brave "Hundred four"  
Who sailed o'er wild seas, from shore to shore,  
For the glory of Athens, its wealth and its power,  
So that, as in art, in Commerce it tower  
Above all nations, majestically grand,  
Our beautiful Athens! Our Hellenic land!

"Yes! The finest and most durable marble of Pentellicus will hold your names immortal.

"I found it necessary to emphasize the word—*if successful*; for if the gods decree that you shall not return again—*are unsuccessful*—then this event will pass unnoticed in history, as you will not wish, like true Grecians, to have your failure recorded and known to ages yet unborn. If you should not return your adventure will be kept dark and passed into forgetfulness."

Exaltides, one of the young voyagers, who was standing on the ship's bulwark, holding himself by the strands, said in a calm, determined voice: "Excuse me for interrupting:

If we accomplish nothing great,  
Then let oblivion—be our fate.'

(Great applause by the voyagers.) After a short pause, Philostenes proceeded:

"You have spoken in a true Athenian spirit. Your remarks illustrate, as it were, a determination to succeed; to make determined efforts to conquer all obstacles. It is the same noble spirit that pervades Athenians on land, namely: Victory or Death, and has been the cause of the long period of peace without which this great ship could not have been constructed and this event could not have taken place. The remark made by the young man voyager, namely:

If we accomplish nothing great,  
Then let oblivion—be our fate.

indicates plainly that our Hellenic spirit to conquer has also found its place on the sea. Far upon Neptune's swaying realm you will encounter high, powerful waves; but the strongest of all waves are the waves of fate. You, with all of us Athenians, hold:

"Oblivion is nothing, success is everything." (Applause.)

Portrayia, one of the maiden voyagers of the ship, said:

"Noble, venerable Philostenes! We beg pardon for this second interruption, and if you will allow, I will proceed with the task with which all the voyagers have entrusted me."

Philostenes, in a pleasing manner, bowed acquiescence.

"I have been selected to say that it has come to our ears that some of our illustrious artists on shore are painting the present farewell scene of the departure of our ship *Aeolus* on canvas. This we do not object to at the present time, but it is the wish and the demand of all the voyagers of the *Aeolus*, if our ship should not return again—our efforts prove a failure—then, in such an event, the voyagers want it to be distinctly understood that all such paintings and sketches should be totally destroyed. We cannot expect honor from failure." (Great applause by the voyagers.)

"That," continued Philostenes, "is in harmony with the heroic spirit already so clearly manifested; and your commands, in case of failure to return to your native shores again, will be strictly followed, obeyed and enforced. (Applause by voyagers.)

"The true Athenian spirit, which accompanies you along on the sea, augurs well for a successful voyage and triumphal return. It is certainly with great reluctance that all of us here must bid our farewell to this beautiful, fairy-like scene. The very air is laden with the sweet perfume of flowers and garlands. No poet has ever pictured in words, nor the most idealistic artist portrayed on canvas a spectacle so charming, grand

and beautiful as this—the departure of the *Aeolus*, now before us, and upon which the gods have privileged us to feast our eyes. The wonderful proportions of the ship, festooned with an endless array of garlands and flowers, with its artistically painted sails and the large rainbow flags waving from the masts, the incense wafting from the censers on high—all—all conspire to fill the eye of the beholder with a brilliant picture which will never fade from the vision until we are called to the shades below. The highest flights of fancy cannot succeed in picturing a spectacle so majestic, grand and beautiful as this. But of the particular parts composing this spectacle, the most beautiful and of all interesting, is its personnel. Handsome, stately, courageous, wise, manly, young men; beautiful, stately, charming, fearless, womanly young women, are only a few of the many words of laudation applicable. The gods on Olympus high are seldom so partial as to grant more than one special gift to an individual. But the gods have endowed you with all the excellencies and faculties that can be desired by mortals.

“This recalls a prize that was offered by our Athenian philosophers for the strongest ten words in our Hellenic language. In looking over the large number of contestants for the prize we philosophers were surprised that even the winner of the prize had not included the word which signifies so much. But if he is here, a spectator, the blooming beauty and youth before us cannot but help to form the word of itself in his mind, namely: the word *Perfection*.” (Applause by the spectators on the wharf.)

“If you should sail where the Nereides, and also where the mermaids dwell, they will undoubtedly swim along the sides of the ship and look at its maidens admiringly and with envy perhaps. Allow me to say:

Whenever you bend o'er the waters calm,  
To comb your wealth of hair,  
You can not fail in joy to see  
A beautiful picture there;  
Fairer than artists ever dreamed  
Or poets idealized,  
Great nations warred for Helen fair—  
Thus each of you are prized.

“Adventurers! Your grand ship is in the fullest sense of the word a sample ship; holding as it does samples of the most useful and best articles of merchandise for display on foreign shores. And in addition, it also has the honor of harboring the most precious and beautiful of all samples—sample women and sample men. Excuse me—to whatever shores the Fates may waft you, these will be prized the highest, valued and admired the most. If the naming of your grand ship would have been postponed until the present time, I would have been tempted to suggest that it be called *the Beauty Ship*.

"Captain Arteus, as well as all Phoenician seamen, casts his vision in the direction of the constellation *Cynosure*, which contains the ever-present Phoenician star shining in the northern blue vault above. So, too, on foreign shores will the maiden voyagers be—the cynosure of all eyes.

The Gods, themselves, your beauty must admire,  
And sing your praise with heavenly lyre.

"Hebe and Hygeia have showered the blessings of freshness and blooming health upon you.

Loveliest of our human race,  
Your lineage to our Gods we trace.

"Truly sunshine lingers in your hearts and the bloom of youth in your countenances. On whatever shores you may land, it will not be difficult for its ruling people to discern from your stateliness, fearlessness and noble bearing that your ancestors belonged to the noble of the earth-gods and heroes, whose deeds of fame have cast a lustre on your native Hellenic land from time immemorial; many of whom are robed in Tyrranean purple.

"They will also feel that each of the young men voyagers is fit for leadership and command—to rule a kingdom. And the maidens fit to grace the robes and crown of a queen.

"But, after all, on second thought, I should have remembered beauty stands not in need of praise. There is a charming lovely sea goddess whose acquaintance the beauties of the *Aeolus* should seek with all diligence. She has the power, with her sweet, charming voice, to still the fiercest ocean storm. Phoenician seamen invoke her favor with prayer, songs, and sacrifice. To them she is known as:

"Aphrodite, born in the foam of the sea,  
The beautiful Goddess has power to soothe  
With charming, sweet voice, the high rolling sea;  
The ocean's rough face again becomes smooth—  
So love her and praise her in song and in prayer,  
The foam-born Goddess—the Beautiful Fair.  
But Eros, her son, with bow and with dart  
Delighteth to pierce each innocent heart.  
Beware, O beware and stay far away,  
Until you are home again some future day."

"Young men! When I say that the young maidens are all worthy of your company it is the highest praise I can bestow upon you. In all neighboring lands it is known that:

When Greek joins Greek on sea or land  
Their onslaught, fierce, none can withstand.

"That is, in so far as the gods are not unfavorable to our designs. We

have seen that at times the gods do not act in harmony with each other; as in the siege of Troy where some of the principal heroes on both sides were favored with special dexterity, skill and power by certain gods which delayed the return of our Grecian victors over one hundred moons. In all undertakings, unless our designs are agreeable to the gods, success is impossible.

**"Those who stand in the fear of the Gods, the Gods will bless."**

**All things come of the Gods. Behold!**

**How wonderful all things are wrought**

**By some designing power—some thought.**

"You have grandly invoked the favor of Aeolus and Neptune, the two ever active powerful gods who are in immediate touch with your fearless adventure. You will now, before concluding the ceremonies, offer further sacrifice to Neptune.

"Queenoria will now pour into the sea, from the ship's bow, one skin of Grecian wine, followed by a skin of olive oil into the sea, indicating that your mission is one of good will and peace, not turbulency.

"From the extreme outer end of the bowsprit Hillienthos will now lower the small, miniature ship *Aeolus*, baked of Hymettus honey and flour, artistically rigged with masts and sails by some of the ship's sailors. The triremes and large number of small boats in the bay will not interfere with its course. The miniature golden anchor suspended with an invisible thread over the rostrum in the center of the ship appears to the eye like a gilt spider. This tiny golden anchor, wrought by one of Athens' skilled goldsmiths, you will sacrifice to Neptune by casting it into the sea as soon as you are fully out of the sight of land. At the same time you will cast as an offering to Neptune ornamental gifts of flora on the great waters—beautiful wreaths and flowers.

**Neptune, Monarch of the sea! We implore Thee,  
May the Greek wine be as nectar unto Thee  
And the miniature honey-flour, Aeolus, as ambrosia.**

"The beautiful perfumed gifts of flora to be cast upon thy wide waters, please accept as ornamental sacrifice; and the tiny gold anchor, may it glitter like a star down in the deep blue sea to the end of time!

"Voyagers! Look upon the mission upon which you are embarking as though it were an ordinance of the gods. In that spirit which is akin to the divine, your designs and actions will, in the natural order of things, conform more readily in harmony with the wishes, pleasure and wisdom of the gods. Look upon your message as divine, and the spirit attuned with that acceptance will move your actions in harmony with the wishes of the gods.

"Before the ceremonies close it is meet, in view of the greatness of

this undertaking, to invoke the favor of all the gods that on high Olympus dwell.

"Ye gods that on high Olympus dwell—Zeus (Jupiter)! Hera (Juno)! Poseidon (Neptune)! Demeter (Ceres)! Apollo Artemis (Diana)! Hephaestus (Vulcan)! Pallas Athene (Minerva)! Aeres (Mars)! Aphrodite (Venus)! Hermes (Mercury)! and Hestia (Vesta)! We humbly implore you all, vouchsafe to the worderful ship *Aeolus* a fair voyage and a safe return. O ye gods! Would that I could speak in a thousand tongues. I would praise you in them all. The incense extraordinary, the smoke of which is now wafting toward the sea from the high tripod, erected on this Phalerum sea-shore near by—may its sweet odor, O gods, be acceptable and agreeable to you all!

"Adventurers! Upon your voyage you will implore the favor of each and all of the Olympian gods, according to your needs and surroundings. Hermes (Mercury), whose good will I shall now implore, should, on your voyage, receive your special prayers and sacrifice.

"Hermes (Mercury)! Foot-feathered messenger and herald of the gods of men! Hermes! Whose wand is a golden caduceus. Hermes, god of Trade and Commerce! O we humbly invoke thy good will and aid in the furthering of the grand commercial adventure of the ship *Aeolus*. Oh, thy wisdom in matters of trade is akin to the wisdom of Athene (Minerva). Oh Hermes! brother of Apollo, guide the ship to shores where wealth and gold freights the ship. In its trades and barterings, O Hermes, favor the ship, we pray, with signs to know the profit thereof. Impart to its voyagers, we pray thee, the spirits of trade, which thou holdest in such great abundance. All those, O Hermes, whom you favor with the true spirit of trade, turn all things into gold or to that which has its value in gold. Your name and fame are known where wealth and luxury abound. Upon this voyage the young maidens and men will implore your favor through prayer, song and sacrifice. O Hermes, we pray to thee, O listen in the spirit of friendship to their supplications.

"And to cloud-compelling Jove—O we invoke thee, let not the clouds obscure the moon and stars when dangers lurk around."

Philostenes informed the Captain that the Tear Test could now be proceeded with, after which he would conclude his address with a short invocation to the god of gods.

Two maidens and two young men formed the committee and walked around to scrutinize the faces of each voyager, none of whom moved from their places for the time. The voyagers were not allowed to hold a cloth of any kind in their hands for the time being. It was a condition agreed to, and thought necessary, that any voyager who shed tears upon the departure of the ship, was not fit, and not strong enough to participate in an undertaking, the results of which were so important.



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THE AEOLUS SAILS ON ITS COMMERCIAL VOYAGE. (See page 115.)

After the selected committee had looked closely in all faces to find red, crying eyes or tears, they reported that they found no indication of tears, excepting in the case of Andronia, which was doubtful.

Upon the committee hesitating in regard to her case, she said in a light-hearted manner:

"You'll never see me cry. I'd rather die." Whereupon the committee reported that they had discovered no tears in the eyes of any of the voyagers and that all were fit to accompany the expedition. Which announcement was followed by loud cheers on the ship, wharf and shore.

Captain Arteus said: "'Tis well; 'tis proof that none were nourished in wombs agitated by fear."

At this point a young maiden voyager ascended the rostrum on the wharf and presented a beautiful wreath, with the thanks of the voyagers, to Philostenes for his address, so far delivered. Philostenes replied:

"Adventurers! I accept and appreciate your thanks, and also the beautiful wreath you have presented to me. This wreath I shall hang in my study. The sight of it will ever form an agreeable association of ideas to the end of my days. This wreath will fade; but the pleasurable remembrance of this day's event, and of the honor and kindness you have bestowed upon me this day, will fade never!"

Upon a sign from Philostenes, known to Captain Arteus, all of the censers with incense were taken down from masts and yards, so as to be ready upon the next and last sign, to hoist the sails.

Philostenes continued: "In sailing from this wharf, out towards the open sea, your ship will pass through a sea bestrewn with wreaths and flowers, placed on the bay from the numerous triremes and small boats, manned by Athenian friends and populace. Thus, at the beginning of your voyage it can be said in reality that your path is a rosy one, which we all hope may be said in another sense, of the far distant remaining part of your voyage—that your grand ship has passed, figuratively speaking, through a Sea of Roses.

"With our invocations for your return, there will be with the first fair wind a tripod with incense, sent out on the sea, upon every full moon. Frequently many of us will ascend the Acropolis, and from its west end—look out to the sea, anxiously awaiting your return. He who sights the *Aeolus* first shall receive a prize."

(Philostenes explains paintings on sails.)

Upon a signal by Philostenes, Captain Arteus gave orders to hoist all the ship's sails.

Upon the last sail being hoisted, Philostenes proceeded:

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens! Brave Sea-rovers! The *Aeolus* now, with all its sails set, seems grander than ever. What a magnificent, highly artistic scenery spreads itself before us. The painting on each

sail would be fit to adorn the walls of the richest temple. Each painting has been executed by a separate artist. The names of each of our Athenian artists are well known to you. The beauty of these paintings shows that they were not only executed by the most skillful artists, but that they also must have been inspired by lofty patriotism and love of their native Athens, coupled with a true comprehension of the importance of this commercial undertaking. Let me first retrace. These sails—the large spread of sails and beautiful flags also, were spun and woven, requiring very many, many days and evenings of toil by hundreds of our beautiful industrious, clever, skillful Athenian maidens! (Great Applause) Yes, not only men, but women also have been found necessary to aid in the completion of the *Aeolus*. Yes, it is the seemingly thin, frail thread, spun by the dextrous hands of many of our beautiful maidens, that formed the unit of those large sails, which threads were also, after many tedious days and evenings, woven into sails.

“The building of the grand ship required not only strong arms to drive the oaken bolts or to handle and fashion the heavy timbers, planks and spars, but it also required, as a finishing touch, we may say, the deft, skillful, knowing fingers of the beautiful maidens. All! All! All! have toiled with a spirit of love of country, and I have been asked to state that not one name entitled to be recorded shall be overlooked, but all who have in any way striven to make the building of the *Aeolus* possible will be indelibly inscribed on the scroll of honor in a durable and very artistic manner.

“The scene before us, also, as in many other important enterprises, shows that all great undertakings cannot be well accomplished without the aid of women and the aid of the gods, always. Woman’s aid, at times, may seem trivial, but it seems to be necessary in order to complete the circle of success. So it was ordained by the gods.

“But to refer to the sails: Each sail has a hole in its center. This hole causes the wind to press stronger against the sail; as the wind, finding an opening, rushes with concentrated force against the sail and increases the speed of the ship. Such a hole in each sail was suggested by one of our Athenian philosophers. He is a landsman, but is noted for his profound speculations. Captain Arteus and all the sailors also agreed with him; that when a sail has a certain sized torn opening, the wind is eager to rush towards and through it, which creates a greater pressure against the sail. The wind is impatient and eager to rush towards a hole.

“It is hardly necessary for me to explain what the magnificent paintings, upon which we are now feasting our eyes, represent. But upon request from many quarters I will allude to same, taking the least possible time.

"The first sail, in front, extending over the ship's bow, Captain Arteus has named The Dragon Sail. The fierce dragon represents only one of the endless kinds of monsters that rove in the ocean, near the end of the world. Its size and power are such that any seaman who driven by storms near it is devoured and the ship left to pass over the edge of the world, down—down the dark abyss—to destruction! No ship, the seamen say, has ever sailed so far; and when ships have been driven far out to sea, and have not returned, it is beyond all doubt that the fate of the seamen and the ship was as described. The *Aeolus* is going to sail only a small fraction of such a vast distance. As to the end of the world, it will sail in a different direction, as its outlined destination shows, and will never encounter the rage of these powerful sea monsters. You may meet monsters on your voyage; but according to the Phoenicians' description of them, the size of the *Aeolus* may protect you from harm.

"The large whale on the fore topsail, illustrates one of the many kinds of powerful whales that delight to upset boats of good size—high in the air; its occupants sinking helplessly down to a watery grave.

"The sail below the whale sail, Captain Arteus has named The Iris (Rainbow) Sail. The seven colors of Iris' beautifully blended hues embellish this fore topsail, true to nature, as we see it after the subsidence of a storm. It also indicates that Hope is at the prow of the ship, which is related to courage, and which in turn leads to success. It also indicates that, whatever storms and obstacles you will have to encounter, the rainbow will arch over your voyage at its successful termination.

"The topmost sail on the second mast is named Diana (Artemis). Goddess of the Moon. She who has such a great influence with the moon is certainly entitled to your special worship, and worthy of being so beautiful an ornament of the *Aeolus*' topmost sail, so as to be as near the moon as possible. Much more could I say in honor of our fair Goddess Diana if the fair breeze and the flight of time did not bid me hasten.

"The next sail below Diana is named the Albatross. All the sails have been named by Captain Arteus, for there never was, nor never again will be, a ship with so many sails. To seafarers, the Albatross is a sacred bird and whenever one alights on a ship it is a good omen. To kill or disturb an albatross is punishable with death.

"The next sail below the Albatross, as we cannot fail to note, is the ship's largest and principal sail and has been appropriately named Neptune (Poseidon). Neptune! With what reverence must all who sail out on his billowy liquid blue, speak his name. Neptune—the God of the Sea! This god of the endless, restless realm, over and through which your *Aeolus* must cut its way. Truly, it was meet that the largest and

most important sail be named after his honored name. Never before has Neptune been portrayed so grandly—so magnificently, as on this large sail before us. Yes, Neptune has been truly personified as known to our heroic forefathers moons and moons ago—with raised trident, leading his steeds over his billowy realm, standing on a finely curved, thin sea-shell (conch). How beautifully and realistically the blue waves seem in natural motion.

“The topmost sail on the third mast is the Phœbus (Sun) Sail. The fine painting on that sail illustrates Athenians greeting the rising sun with the burning of incense. Phœbus, the great orb of day, it is who warms and lights up and makes it possible for us to live and see the countless beauties of the world. Phœbus, who imbues and endows things with warmth and life. Wisely do we worship our god who lights us upon our way—the god who is the heart of the world, from which warm life and light-giving rays dart over mountains, sea and plain.

“The sail below the Phœbus sail has been named the Incense, indicating that on your journey incense is kept burning in a small tripod incessantly to the honor of all the gods, so that its sweet odor may rise unceasingly.

“The next sail is the Mermaid sail, embellished by our artists with a beautiful mermaid, of which, brave adventurers, you can consider yourselves confederates of the sea. On your voyage, you will undoubtedly have the pleasure of gazing upon their handsome forms and their graceful movements in Neptune’s realm.

“Argo is the name of the sail of the last mast at the ship’s stern. We all know that many, many moons past, Jason, a prince, accompanied by the most renowned heroes of his time, to the number of fifty, sailed in the ship *Argo* in search of the Golden Fleece. The adventure was a success. Our artist has depicted the ship *Argo* and its heroes with matchless skill and beauty.

“Yes, the Argonauts sailed in search of the Golden Fleece; and your valiant adventure—your voyage—is also in search of the Golden Fleece. *Commerce* is what you have named it instead. Commerce with distant shores, as the Phœnician has plainly informed us, will waft precious jewels, metals and gold to our shores.

“To quote Ithobal: ‘The ship bringeth abundance from afar.’ Yes, you are also embarked upon a voyage in search of the Golden Fleece, to the honor, welfare, power, greatness and glory of our beloved Athens. Your helmsmen, as they look on the bending sail, just ahead and above them, seeing the painting of the *Argo*, in search of the Golden Fleece, cannot fail to be reminded of what they themselves are also steering for—the Golden Fleece.

“Oh, we implore all the gods; may this expedition also prove as successful as was that of the *Argo*.

"Having feasted our eyes on the wonderful beauty of each of the paintings of the various sails singly, let us now widen our vision and look at all the paintings and sails and ship *Aeolus*, including its noble adventurers; but do not expect me to further describe the grandeur, beauty and nobility of the scene, for all language is too weak to give adequate expression to the feeling of solemnity, beauty and grandeur it creates in the heart of all of us God-favored beholders. On distant shores, you cannot expect to find connoisseurs of art; but even to the untutored, such a scene as is before us—art, true to nature, cannot fail to move the beholder's curiosity, delight and appreciation, mingled with a feeling of awe for the country from which such ship must have sailed. Behold the *Aeolus* with its sails all spread; truly it is a grand canvas-winged chariot! At a far distance, its brilliant sails will make the ship appear like a large, gaudy butterfly, wafted o'er the waters."

Philostenes continued:

"Zeus! In thy majesty, god of gods, oh may we humbly implore thee, move all the gods that dwell on Mt. Olympus high, to lean favorably towards this grand commercial undertaking. O Zeus!—

All Nature sings thy praise  
In multitudinous ways.

"O Zeus, thy power and wisdom extendeth as far as the north is from the south and the east is from the west.

Zeus above, below, around—  
Where'er the spaces do abound,  
You are here—you are there,  
Your power and love is everywhere.

"We humbly implore thee, O Zeus, may this great adventure receive your favor and may we humbly hope that the sweet odor of the incense extraordinary be acceptable and pleasing unto thee.

"O Zeus, our hearts are in all our sacrifices and our humble prayers to thee, O Zeus, are in our hearts also."

It was high time that the ceremonies came to an end, for through the increasing breeze the ship's moorings were giving way, and as all was in readiness, the ropes were loosened and the ship sped on its course toward the open sea, like a huge wing-raised swan, before the breeze. As the ship tore itself away from the wharf, the ship's voyagers sang an invocation, accompanied by the voyager's musicians, as follows:

O Poseidon! O Poseidon!  
Thy favor we implore,  
O Monarch of the deep blue seas,  
Combine with *Aeolus'* favoring breeze,  
So we may all return again  
To this our Attic shore.

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*The Original Four Hundred*

A general stirring and running to and fro and cheering on land and sea, attended the grand ship's departure. Philostenes shouted out:

"Speed on, fair ship, o'er the waters blue!  
Farewell—farewell—to all of you,  
May the Gods, the helmsman guide  
Safely o'er the waters wide!"



## CHAPTER VI

### *RECORDS OF THE SCRIBES ON THE SHIP*

"On the wharf, loosen all the ropes!" was Captain Arteus' command. The *Aeolus* moves! She sails! Endless cheers on wharf, shore and on the triremes and small boats greet our departure. Majestically the grand ship passes through the sea, bestrewn with wreaths and flowers, faster and faster. Ahead of the ship many small boats are still throwing wreaths and flowers on the waters. The invocation to Poseidon (Neptune) sung by the voyagers upon the loosening of the ropes on the wharf, is just finished. It was sung with deep earnestness and wonderful power, resounding above the cheers on shore and wharf. A number of the voyagers were taking a farewell look from the cross-trees at Athens, on the Acropolis of which a large number of people were viewing the departure of the *Aeolus* from a distance.

Captain Arteus, who had thus far stood within close speaking distance of the helmsman, went over to the prow of the ship. A sailor watch on the front cross-tree, called down: "Ship ahead;" but as the *Aeolus* had left all the other boats behind, no ship was to be seen. But the Captain, who understood the watch, made it known that the miniature sacrifice ship *Aeolus*, of honey and flour, had been sighted.

The *Aeolus* sped along, cutting the waters to foam at a great speed. The creaking of the yards, masts and rigging seemed to vie with the singing of the wind. The miniature *Aeolus* was in plain view on the leeward side of the ship, with all sails well set; it sailed as if under command on its course, with the wind. It is a pleasing picture for the eye to behold, and being a sacrifice to Neptune, makes it doubly so. The captain, as well as all the voyagers, are pleased that the sacrifice ship has been honored by being allowed to pass through the large number of small boats unmolested. In time the sacrifice ship, *Aeolus*, will be dissolved by the water and consumed by the God of Waters, Neptune, who, it is hoped, will relish the flour and honey ship, equal to Ambrosia. Onward on our southerly course, pressed by fair winds, the ship is dashing through the splashing, sizzling, rising foam at the prow, at a tremendous rate of speed. Several of the maidens have ventured to ask the second officer whether the ship was not sailing too fast. He replied: "The two men who are below, inside, at the prow, feeling whether the planks are getting warm from the ship's great speed through the water, have reported that they can not feel

warmth on the planks. The planks do not feel as cool as when the ship was lying still at the wharf. The ship," continued the second officer, "is sailing as fast now, as it ever will, all sails being set and a fair breeze. It is flying through the water. We will soon know whether there will be any danger of the ship burning from sailing through the water at too great a speed."

The ship's masts and sails are certainly under a great strain. There are two men at the helm. Captain Arteus is standing beside them. All on shipboard also seem to be under a great strain, in harmony with the ship, for very little moving about or talking is taking place. The Captain's orders are being repeated from the second to the third sailor at the prow. The orders also are repeated down by the sailors up in the cross-trees. The two highest sails on each mast are being taken in. This seems to relieve the strain all around, ship and voyagers.

"How beautifully we are now going, going—where?" I hear one of the officers say. "The hole in each of the many sails draws the wind against the sail in great force. We seldom need to carry the topsails, for the draught, suction through the holes in the center of each sail increases the pressure against the sail."

"Tripod, tripod, to leeward," calls down the watch from the cross-trees. All are looking in the direction pointed out and now we see the tripod with its four small rainbow flags waving in the breeze and the incense still faintly smoking. I hear Utopas say: "That tripod knows whither it is drifting or sailing about as well as we know. The only difference is, it is drifting onward and we are rushing onward—whither?"

The numerous boats at Phalerum are growing dimmer and dimmer. Our course lies along the Attic shore to keep away from Aegina as far as possible. The Isle of Aegina lies plainly visible to our right. Again from the cross-trees, we hear: "Triremes ahead."

Captain Arteus calls out: "Marstenes!" Marstenes holds a conversation with the Captain. Marstenes gives orders that all the maidens on the cross-trees and all on deck should be ready to go to their quarters under deck. The several boats and triremes ahead are surmised to be Aeginian ships, whose enmity to our commercial endeavors we must expect beyond all doubt. Marstenes' orders resound: "Man the catapults at bow and stern; draw out the dolphins on all the lower yard arms; overlap all bulwarks. Warriors all arm." The hurrying, rustling of bronze shields and the donning of armor resounds over the ship.

Cynthia appeared on deck, informing Marstenes that she had been sent up to inquire whether their assistance was desired. Marstenes replied: "You have nothing to inquire; you must obey and await orders."

The bulwarks are overlapped; wide planks extending over their edges, so as to make it difficult of climbing up on the ship.

Marstenes commands: "On each side, fall in line." This brings the warriors standing in line on each side of the ship facing the sea. Each warrior is armed with shield, spear, stone war club, and several with bows and arrows. Three large boxes, filled with stones of various sizes are placed equidistant apart on the deck. Marstenes and Captain Arteus hold a conference. The ship is turning out of its course to pass the Aeginian ship to the east.

"The helmsmen," says Marstenes to our warriors, "will not again change the course of the ship to avoid the Aeginians. If the Aeginians sail and row on our ship's course, we will take no notice of them, excepting to guard against any attempt to board our ship or to interfere in any way."

There are six boats and two triremes, larger than any of our Athenian boats in the Bay of Phalerum. The Aeginians do not seem to realize the size of our *Æolus*. They imagine, perhaps, that numbers may count. The Aeginians are sailing as if to intercept our course. The watch on the front cross-tree is calling down: "The two largest triremes have a long, strong, sharp pointed mast extending from their prow, just below the water."

And again from the watch above: "The men on the boats are armed for battle." Marstenes, after a consultation with Captain Arteus, says to our warriors: "Slay no Aeginian except in forced combat. At this starting of our voyage, while still in the sight of Aegina and our Attic shores, our spears, clubs and stones should not thirst for blood. We must reserve our shields, slings, stones, catapults, spears for far-off seas, yet unknown. The Aeginians in front of us have placed themselves in a position as if we are to sail between them." "Our course will not be changed," shouts Captain Arteus to Marstenes. Our great ship is flying onward, nearer and nearer to the Aeginians. To them, it must be a great sight to behold. Our young men warriors are facing to the prow of the ship. A young warrior is standing at each of the eight ropes, ready to pull and untie the slipknot by which the heavy rock dolphins are suspended over the waters at the ends of the lower yard arms.

It is my privilege to be all over the ship. I am now on the prow of the ship. Our ship is so close now that we must sail toward one side or run into them. How small the otherwise great Aeginians must feel at the sight of our *Æolus* looming far above them!

It seems to me that they would drop their shields, spears and bows for wonderment. On each side in front of us, a trireme with a lateen sail and about forty rowers, is making heroic efforts to run into our ship. A long, sharp pointed tree, projecting from the prow of each, is just visible under the waters. One trireme has just sailed in front of

our prow. The force of our *Aeolus* has turned it on its side and it is filling with water. Our ship is sailing on unimpeded on its course. The capsized trireme is passing along the ship's side. Some are swimming and others are clinging to the side of the ship. Marstenes calls out: "Slay none." Our warriors shout out in hearty huzzas. Our Nestor shouts to the Aeginians clinging to their ship: "In vain! In vain! Attempt not to destroy the ship the Gods have built." Rionotis, standing at the stern of the ship, with war club in hand, shouted to the Aeginians:

A nation, to be grand,  
Must rule on sea and land!

"I hope," said Nestor, "they haven't heard that. That fact should be kept a secret and should not be made known to other peoples."

Marstenes, in order to show to all the ships and boats just passed what crushing blows our dolphins could have dealt, ordered one rock dolphin to be dropped by the pulling of the slipknot from one of the yards. The tremendous force and weight with which the ponderous rock struck the sea plainly indicated that the dropping of these dolphins into a boat would surely cause a great leak, or more likely crush through the bottom of a boat.

Our *Aeolus* is sailing on. The boats that were too slow, or did not venture to run into our ship, are all rowing to the capsized trireme.

Marstenes orders: "Warriors, disarm." The maidens are called to appear on deck. Upon ascending the rostrum on the center of the deck, Marstenes said: "The Aeginians must certainly have heard of our great ship and its purpose. Philostenes, in his farewell address, was right, when he warned us to keep out of sight of the Aeginians. Their presence on our course along our Attic shore indicates how determined they were to capture or sink and destroy our great ship. The two large triremes were built with long sharp pointed trees projecting under the water from the prow for the purpose of sinking our ship, regardless of their own fate. To the east loom still our Attic hills; but after the next rising of the sun, we will be in waters strange. Hereafter many a time may come when the assistance of all on shipboard will be needed for defense against pirates and sea rovers. In such times, none need to inquire, but all will have to be on the alert to act in harmony with the orders given, so as to secure the greatest effectual results. Little will the Aeginians say of their attempt to destroy the *Aeolus*." Euphon, pointing, said:

"Take a look at the Attic shore,  
For we may never, never more,  
Behold our native hills again."

Hellonia spoke up and replied :

O Pessimist ! O Pessimist ! Why speakest thou this way ?  
'Tis meet that thou shouldst rather sing an optimistic lay.

Marstenes, who was standing near, walked up to the garlands and flowers which are to be strewn upon the ocean as an ornamental sacrifice to Neptune, plucked a small red flower and green cedar twig and returning, presented the same to Hellonia, saying: "Your answer to Euphon embodies the true spirit necessary to the success of our voyage."

Many of the maidens and young men gathered around Hellonia to inquire what she had said. Her answer was: "Ask Euphon."

Aristotlus, viewing our fast fading native shores, composed a farewell song. A large number of our maiden and men voyagers gathered at the stern of the ship to sing it to a charming, well known Grecian melody, which they sang with deep feeling.

Farewell, our hills, farewell, our rills,  
Farewell, our Attic shore !  
We are sailing now, with foaming prow,  
To lands not known before.  
Where'er we land and take our stand—  
Where'er O that may be !  
There we will show and men will know  
Our love of liberty.  
Undaunted, brave, on land and wave,  
With spirit ever free,  
With heart and hand, O Attic land,  
We love and honor Thee.

Diagorax, of the committee of rules and orders, ascended the rostrum, struck on his bronze shield and said :

"Our committee believes that in order to preserve our strength and dexterity, which we all will be in need of so much on this voyage, that in addition to our warriors and athletic drills, there should be a daily mast-climbing, regardless of storm or weather. Our committee will start at the ratlines of the third and fourth masts on the leeward side and descend from the cross-trees to the windward side. The maidens will ascend the first and second masts on the windward side and descend on the leeward side."

Upon striking the shield, followed by orders, the shrouds of the masts were soon filled with climbing voyagers. Diagorax, who was in the lead, shouted from the cross-tree: "This is not a rigging chase, Haste is not desired." The maidens seem to be in a greater hurry to reach the cross-trees than are our young men. The wind is whistling through the rigging and the ship is plowing through the splashing, heaving waves at a great speed. The white-crested waves on either side are gaining in size. The mast-climbing is finished and all are on

deck again. From the watch on the front cross-tree we hear: "All land is out of sight," which is echoed below by one of the officers. The committee of rules and orders are holding a consultation.

Orato ascends the rostrum. Orato, after having lighted the incense at his side, said: "We are now out of sight of land. There is nothing that meets the eye, except the rising and falling white-crested billows around and the golden orb of day in the clear deep blue vault above. O, Neptune! To Thee, we burn this incense and to Thee we place as an ornamental offering, wreaths of fairest flowers and greens upon Thy wide, restless, heaving bosom. Here upon the waters where the golden eye of day and the squint-eyed moon may behold them in their beauty and loveliness. May their perfume be a delight to Thee, O, Neptune.

"At the bottom of Thy great waters, O Neptune, which extend to the ends of the world, we know, secreted from our view, lie scattered in great variety, precious glittering metals, gold and silver, rare pearls and sparkling gems. In offering also, O Neptune, this golden anchor to Thee, as an ornamental sacrifice, we know that it will be incomparably small in quantity to the gold secreted under thy waters. But this tiny golden anchor, which I now pass over to Leone, who now casts it over the ship's bulwark, far out into the sea, is the handiwork of one of our most skillful goldsmiths of Athens. At the bottom of the sea, O Neptune, may its glitter be pleasing in thy sight and may it remind Thee of the need our great commercial adventure has of your favor and assistance. Endless moons—generations after we have passed to the realms of darkness, may its bright presence, O Neptune, also incline you to favor our Athenian race with propitious tides and seas where'er their ships may row, drift or sail upon Thy ever-heaving waters. Sea-monsters, sea-serpents and the finny tribe, roving within the bounds of thy glassy swaying realm, will eye the shining anchor with strange curiosity and mermaids will crowd around and behold it with longing admiration—to time without end, O Neptune."

The honor of casting the golden anchor out into the sea was bestowed upon Leone, because she had won the first prize at Athens for long distance pebble throwing. "Our ship," says Captain Arteus, "is sailing in a southerly direction. The wind has lessened in force. If it were not now nearing the close of day, I would have given orders to spread all the top sails. Phœbus (Helios) has lighted our ship well upon its course this day."

The sun is sinking down the deep abyss at the west end of the world. When set far enough, it will immediately begin its southerly course around the world's side, to rise again in the east in the morning. How beautiful our first sunset at sea! One should think the western waters would sizzle from the nearness of the sun's heat. The living western sea glitters in gold-like splendor. The sun is lowering down—

down—down out of sight. But the western vault above is still beautifully aglow from the flood of light streaming up and from the sun in the deep abyss at the world's side. At his setting Phoebus lights up all the stars with his torch and also the moon, until it burns out, when he relights it again and again endlessly, all of which, as darkness draws nearer and nearer, brighter and brighter their light comes to view. Thus the torch of Phoebus lessens the darkness of the night.

What a charming close to our first day on the broad open sea! All the voyagers seem to be delighted. The gentle clucking of the waters against the ship's prow indicates that the breeze has slackened. Complete darkness would now hold sway if it were not for the myriads of lamps in the vault above and Diana (Artemis), Queen of night, who is now looking down upon us with her face partly tossed to one side, her orb not being fully rounded, for the Oracle of Delphi set the day of our departure: "On the first day following the first full moon after night and day were equal in the spring time of the year."

Here comes on deck Anaxogeros and Militos, my assistant scribes. Anaxogeros records the events during the night from sunset to sunrise. Militos will only be required to act as scribe in case of the illness or death of myself or Anaxogeros. Anaxogeros now succeeds me for the night.

Anaxogeros: "The sun has set in the west and the moon and stars are increasing in brilliancy overhead. The ship is sailing in a south-westerly direction. Captain Arteus says that in the morning he expects to land at Gythium, our first stopping place. Gythium is the farthest point to which Captain Arteus and all the other seamen ever sailed. Pindarus, one of the members of the rules of order, is striking his shield with his clinched hand, at the same time informing the maiden voyagers that it is two sands of time after sunset, at which, in harmony with the rules of order, the maidens are to return below deck to their hall or quarters. 'Now,' Nestorius says, 'it is kind of looming up to me that our landspeople, who made most of the rules of order, were not well enough informed as to the condition of things out on the sea. They were not upon the grounds, or upon the water rather, so to speak, and can hardly be expected to make rules of order to suit the surrounding conditions out upon the sea. One old saying says: 'A king can not well make laws suitable to the conditions of subjects living in far-off distant lands.' We will undoubtedly, find changes desirable as we proceed upon our journey. In groups, the men voyagers are also gradually retiring below decks to their halls and quarters. Now only the second commander and seamen are on deck.

"It has been a long day, beginning even before early dawn. How majestically and quietly the *Aeolus* is sailing on its course over the waters with moon-gilt wavelets glistening on all sides! The single soli-



tary steersman at the helm guides the ship on its course with the least of effort and with ease. What time can be more beautiful, soothing and restful upon the great waters than a clear, quiet moonlight night? Over the ship's prow nothing meets the eye but lively, leaping, glistening wavelets. From the watch on the front cross-tree is heard: 'Sea-monsters to leeward.'

"The second commander sends a seaman to call up Polybus, the ship's magician. The magician claims that he can discern objects at a much greater distance than any one on ship board; he can see things night or day or in a fog that others can not see. Polybus ascends up to the cross-trees. Upon descending to the deck again, he said that he would go down to his dark room at once, return and again ascend the cross-tree.

"The ship,' says the second commander, 'will not sail towards the sea monsters, but will keep on its course towards Gythium.'

"Polybus calls down: 'It is the old man of the sea, leaning on the roots of a large floating tree. The same old man of the sea, I believe, that talked in a sea-roaring voice to us from the prow of our ship early on the morning of our departure.'

"We can hear a sea-like roaring voice in the distance. It is very likely intended as a greeting. He is holding his long dark sea green hair aloft in one hand. It is hoped that he has no desire to come to us. Our ship is leaving him in the dim distance.

"The second commander sent a seaman down to inform Meander and the other committees of rule and order that it was nearing midnight, so that preparations could be made for the worship with giving of sacrifice to Diana, Goddess of the Moon.

"Meander, accompanied by Orato, priest of ceremonies of the Gods, appeared upon deck. Meander returned below decks to inform all the voyagers of the approaching midnight, at which time, upon this first night on the sea, all are to participate in the worship of Diana. Not a more propitious time could be desired. A clear sky, and gentle midnight breeze.

"The voyagers appeared on deck in groups of maidens and men. They are all now on deck, arrayed in their most costly garments in honor of Diana, Goddess of the Moon.

"Orato now ascends the rostrum. After lighting the incense in the tripod at his side, Orato said: 'Tis midnight's mystic hour, when man's weakness and fear is highest; his courage, strength and helpfulness the lowest. Things we look at smilingly, with a light heart in the day time, at midnight burden the heart. 'Tis meet that upon this, our first midnight upon Neptune's heaving realm, we humbly implore Diana, Goddess of the ever-changing moon. Diana! Goddess of the moon, by imploring Thy silvery moon, we also honor Thee. Our sacrifice, O Diana,



is for Thee and Thy silvery moon. Thou art, O Moon, the landmark of time. By Thee, we measure and set the passing and coming of events. The Oracle at Delphi, O Moon, in setting the time for our ship's departure, referred to Thee, O Moon, prominently. From the repeating roundings of Thy orb, O Moon, the duration of our lives also are measured. O Moon! Lit by the torch of Helios, Thou glowest and glowest until full-rounded is Thy orb, gradually lessening and lessening only to be re-lit again. O Moon! The sun, whose torch touches Thee to glow, is always only visible in the day time, but Thou hast been privileged, O Moon, at times, to roam in the blue vault above, by day as well as by night; Thou art, therefore, O Moon, a privileged character, as it were. O Fair Diana, behold, on our topmost sail, a god-inspired artist has portrayed Thee; may Thy portraiture on the topmost sail be pleasing to Thine eye and our fair ship, proudly unfurling the same to the breeze, may we humbly implore Thee, O Diana, may it receive Thy favor as Thou journeyest over the blue vault above whether Thou waxest or whether Thou wanest, O Diana. The wavelets of the sea, O Diana (Artemis), receive Thy silvery glances with leaping joy. O Moon, enemy of darkness! As Thou lightest the lonely traveler on his way, so too, we invoke Thee, light us upon our watery pathway, from dangers free. Queen of the Night! O, we implore Thee! Please accept as a sacrifice, the large full-orbed cake with fourteen lighted candles stuck in same, which has just been placed upon the waters by one of our precious maidens. May its lights remind Thee of thy waxing and Thy waning glow and may the sacrifice be pleasing in Thy sight.' All the voyagers joined in singing a short

#### INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

Fair Diana, may your light,  
So silvery clear and wondrous bright,  
Shine down on Neptune's liquid realm,  
So that the steersman at the helm  
May guide our ship on courses right  
Through all the dangers of the night,  
Diana fair, queen of the Night!

"In the quiet midnight hour, the musical invocation harmoniously floated out over the waters.

"From the watch on the front cross-trees: 'To the leeward! Mermaids! Mermaids!'

"All eyes turned in the direction announced. There in the distance, as if sitting in the water, appeared plainly to view, a bevy of mermaids. Taking a long leap over the water, they all dove out of sight. Not only their arms and heads, but their full tails were plainly seen. Remaining only a short time under water, they all appeared to view again as if standing waist-deep or sitting in the water. Their silvery scales from

waist down glistened beautifully in the bright moonlight. Polybus, the magician, who by himself, took observations from the stern of the ship, said: "They are beautiful mermaids; their heads are covered with a wealth of long, dark, sea-green hair. Their large beautiful eyes, even from the distance, sparkle as if they live for love."

"Captain Arteus, expecting that he would be asked to sail the ship towards the mermaids, said: "The ship will not change from its course to Gythium."

"It was suggested that the ship's voyager musicians with harp, lute and lyre, should play a swaying air in honor of the mermaids. Almost immediately upon listening to the music, they showed a lively interest in same by dancing up and down in the water in rhythmic time. Several of the young men stood upon the ship's bulwarks and joined hands. The mermaids, noticing them, also all joined hands and as well as mermaids can, moved around in a circle in rhythmic time.

"The young men unclasped hands and acted as though they were dancing separately. The mermaids soon followed, dancing around and around, holding their long hair aloft with one hand. As the music on the ship ceased, the mermaids again resumed their sitting position in the water. "They are singing, they are singing, they are singing," was upon the lips of our voyagers.

"Surely they were singing, their unintelligible song striking our ears softly, sweetly from over the waters. The soft water-tingling sounds were agreeable in a novel way to our ears. The quality of the voices was difficult to define, the music being a sweet, agreeable combination of soft, water-tingling tones, wholly different from the sounds of the human voice.

"Perfect silence prevailed on our ship, all listening attentively, trying to catch the exquisitely charming liquid notes as they floated o'er the waters in the quiet midnight air. All highly enjoyed the singing of the mermaids, especially the maidens, seemingly going into ecstasies over same.

"In the meantime our ship is sailing on. The mermaids were evidently not inclined to follow us, to the disappointment of all the voyagers. The mermaids were soon lost sight of.

"Meander announced from the rostrum: "It is time for all to retire for the balance of the night, so as to be up fresh and bright upon beholding our first landing place in the morning."

"As a night scribe, little in comparison with the day scribe, will my opportunity be to note down events of interest for the ship's record rolls. In stormy nights, with darkness all around, what is there to be seen?

"We scribes have taken an oath not to draw on the imagination.

"Only such events as are true and have actually taken place shall

be noted down by the scribes for the ship's record rolls. It has been emphasized to us scribes that this particular clause should be read over by us often, so as not to allow our imaginations to come into play. Actual facts, and only facts must be recorded.

"It seems to me, I, as a night scribe, ought to have been given a little leeway, for in the darkness of night, things can not always be seen so distinctly and positively. I note all this down, so that the record rolls themselves will explain why my contributions to the events of the voyage cannot be as entertaining or voluminous as those of the day scribe. But, whether night or day, bravely do your duty—well—there all the honor lies!

"I now find that it is necessary for me to add the ability of writing in the dark to my accomplishments. We scribes sacrifice to fair Clio, the muse of history, and pray to her to aid us in recording facts, only actual facts.

"Captain Arteus is on deck again. His first glance is at the sails above. He is coming from the helmsman to the prow of the ship. I shall interview him.

"'Captain Arteus, I believe there will be very little to do for the night scribe, hardly enough to keep one from going to sleep. What can there be to note down with the stars above, sea all around, and the voyagers all asleep?'

"'I do not know the duties of the scribe,' replied Captain Arteus, 'but might it not be well, as when the conversation lags, to fall back on the weather? Record the situation of the stars rising and phases of the moon; the strength and direction of the winds and ship, clear or cloudy sky, rain, etc.?'"

"'Thank you, Captain,' I replied, 'there is nothing like having the ever-changing sea, sky, calm, storm, sunshine, rain and moon to dwell upon. So I can add: The *Aeolus* is sailing with a soft northeast wind, in a southwesterly direction. Not a cloud covers a single twinkling star; the light of the moon is gilding the leaping wavelets far and near, its glittering, golden, tremulous path, laid on the waters by the moon, always leads right to the ship. It is a beautiful night at sea. As to the names and positions of those countless stars roaming over the blue vault above, that baffles me.'

"'The names, and changing positions of the stars,' replied Captain Arteus, 'are known and noticed by three classes of men: astrologers, for the purpose of divination and prophecy. Secondly, shepherds, from observations while resting in clear nights on their backs in the grass, they do not fail to wonder and behold and become acquainted with the positions of the stars at the various seasons of the year. Thirdly: the seamen study the stars for the purpose of guiding ships at night.'

"'The Pleiades,' said Captain Arteus, 'upon their rising in the east,

are taken as a sign by us sailors to venture out upon the sea.' 'Shepherds,' continued the Captain, 'resting on their backs on the uninterrupted clear Egyptian nights, fancied many groups of stars as animals, and in their observations, formed a wide path on the blue vault above, over which the animal star groups wandered in recurring order, which in consequence has been named by our astrologers, the Zodiac (Animal path). The stationary star in the Northern heavens is known to seamen as the Phoenician star, because Phoenicians look to it for guidance on long sea voyages. Our astrologers call its constellation cynosure and to seamen on long voyages, it is the cynosure of all eyes.'

"'The Phoenician Star (North Star)' said Captain Arteus, 'to our eyesight, is the only star that is fastened to the vault above and does not, like the other stars, wander like flies on a ceiling. It happens at times that a star falls down. Being ashamed of not being able to hold itself to the vault above, it extinguishes its light upon its fall, so it can not be found by mortals. Yes,' said Captain Arteus, 'the Phoenician star (North Star) is looked upon by all seamen as their most steadfast friend.'

"I asked Captain Arteus, in thick, foggy weather, when no sun, star or shore is in sight, by what means is the direction ascertained in which the ship is sailing? Captain Arteus replied: 'When sailing in a dense fog, night or day, the seamen can not know in what direction the ship is sailing. If we should now be surrounded by a dense, impenetrable fog, we could for a short time know the direction by the wave motions, which, as we know, has been formed and directed by the northeast wind. But wave-motion can be relied upon for a very short time only, as at the change of wind, the direction of which can not be determined, it also changes the motion of the waves. The Phoenician Ithobal, said to me that it is a Phoenician seaman's saying: "There lurks far more danger in the soft fog, than in the hard wave concealed rock." Also in dark nights, when the stars are completely covered with clouds, the seamen out of sight of land can not know in which direction the ship is sailing, nor the direction of the wind. The seamen, therefore, must make strenuous efforts against being blown too far out of the sight of the shore. The Phoenician seamen, merchant-ships of Tyre, have sketches of shores showing inlets, lowlands, hills and mountains of seashores. These seashore pictures have been painted by artists, accompanying the merchant ships of Tyre.'

"Such pictures of the shores are in the possession of the captains of ships. Death is the penalty of divulging them to seamen of strange lands. Our young men voyagers, Orthocles and Graphitus, will paint sketches of all the shores along which we will sail. These sketches will be preserved for the use of Athenian seamen.

"The *Aeolus* is sailing very close to and around the mountain cape

**Malea.** The changing of the ship's direction and the hauling closer of the sails seems to increase the speed of the ship. The light of the stars is fast diminishing and Rosy Aurora is majestically looming up at the world's east end. Golden Phoebus is now fully above the waters. It is a glorious day. Scriborites, the day scribe, is here to relieve me."

**Scriborites:** "Anaxogeros, the night scribe, has, like the stars of the night, silently stolen away. And it is now for me to record events while the orb of day holds sway. The breeze is still northeast. The ship is sailing west. All sails set. 'We are now,' says Captain Arteus, 'sailing between the Island Cythera and Onugnathus.'

"How proudly and majestically the *Aeolus* is sailing o'er the swishing sea! Hilicarus, the second officer, is now in command. The *Aeolus* is now sailing in the Bay of Laconicus. Hilicarus informs me that we may arrive at our first landing place, Gythium, before the sun has reached the Zenith. Hilicarus points out to me, on the left towards the northwest, the mountains of Taygetus. The breeze is gaining in force. Captain Arteus is on deck again. All sailors have been ordered on deck. The voyagers are delighted with the mountain shore scenery.

"The look-out is calling down: 'Gythium, Gythium,' which is situated in the northwest corner of the Bay of Laconicus. 'Gythium, Gythium, is the passing word among the voyagers.'

"The voyagers are all clad in their most beautiful social costumes. The maidens are dressed in flowing silk costumes, with rich bracelets and jewels sparkling in their hair, presenting a lovely scene.

"The young men are clad in dark blue raiment, with burnished helmets, carrying short polished swords at their sides. They present a fine appearance. Marstenes commands: 'Fellow warriors! Form lines!' Upon which the young men and maidens formed in four lines on each side of the ship. The committee of rules and order: Diagorax, Sophon, Pindarus and Meander have ascended the rostrum.

"Diagorax said: 'Fellow voyagers, knowing full well that all of us, belonging to the same exclusive set as we do, holding the same superior Athenian excellencies, all are equal in ability, courage and wisdom; the only difference being that you have placed upon us the duty of giving special attention to special matters, during our voyage. Marstenes has addressed you as "fellow warriors," for it is he whom we all have appointed to form us into military line and to command us as warriors in conflicts with pirates and, if necessary, also at landings. We are appareled in our most refined raiment—raiment that denotes peace and friendship. The peoples of Laconia (Lacedaemon by Homer called) are at present our allies and friends. The Laconians of the city of Gythium are the only people who were informed many moons ago of the building of our large ship and that on its voyage, it was intended

that Gythium should be selected as its first landing place. Therefore, the arrival of our monster ship will not wholly be a surprise. With the people of Gythium and also with the people of Pylus, our next landing place, we can converse passibly. But from thence onward, it will be our study to understand and make our thoughts known to peoples whose tongues we are strangers to. We can now see fishermen rowing their boats towards us. The people of Gythium are gathering in large groups along the shore. The advice given by one of our most wealthy and successful Athenian peddlers and tradesmen, is: "It is generally profitable to humor and entertain, if possible, before entering upon the project of barter and trade." Therefore, before turning our attention to commerce, the great object of our voyage, we will follow the advice given by our experienced tradesman.

"'After the committee of landing has seen the ruler of Gythium and obtained his consent to our presence in his waters and city, and after we have all gathered at a place selected or set apart for us in the town by the ruler, Sophon will, in the presence of the ruler and his people, in the name of the voyagers of the *Aeolus*, hold an address. Your committee of landing will, upon its first visit to the ruler, present to him and his immediate retinue, several neat cases of our famous Hymettus honey. Other presents may be offered by our committee of commerce in such measure as circumstances indicate would be profitable. The Laconians are a plain, short-spoken people and brave. It would be the part of wisdom if rudeness or even enmity should be displayed by a few Laconians, to allow it to pass by unnoticed, as acts of unworthy persons should not be worthy of our notice.'

## CHAPTER VII

### *THE SHIP LANDS AT GYTHIUM*

"At all landing places a contingent of us men voyagers will remain on the ship, fully armed, but out of view; so if the unexpected should happen, action can be taken without delay. I also recall the rule: 'Voyagers should not proceed inland so far as to lose sight of the ship's masts and flags.' Events may make it necessary for the ship to depart in great haste at any time.

"The committee of rules and order are again mingling among the voyagers. Marstenes calls out: 'Break ranks.' The voyagers all seem eager to inspect the sights and condition of things on shore. The wind being very light and coming from the northeast, leaves the waters of the bay quite smooth. Large crowds of Gythians are gathered on the shore, shouting and gesticulating in an excited manner. Marstenes has ordered a certain number of voyagers to don their armor and form into a warrior's squad in the ship's hull and remain out of sight. The ship's sails are lowered. Four large stone anchors are dropped to the bottom of the bay and our ship lies close to the shore. Thus we have landed at Gythium.

"The ship's long, narrow raft has made a pathway from the ship to the landing. The floating of the wharf is accomplished by the friendly aid of Gythians in small row-boats. It is the duty of the landing committee of four to go ashore, visit the city's ruler, and to return and report on the condition of things. The landing committee, Greetus, Strabo, Fatallus, Terrafirma and Theognis, the last mentioned being our ship's most accomplished linguist and gesture interpreter, have climbed down the ladder to the wharf. With a scroll in hand, Strabo and the rest of the Committee of Landing are passing through the dense crowd beyond the wharf. The scroll, which was embellished by Scriborites with great care, reads as follows:

"'King Gythio, Gracious ruler of Gythium! ordained by the Gods: The ruler of Athens, and its friendly people send greeting. And beg of you the privilege of anchoring our great Athenian ship, *Aeolus*, in your seas and ask that its friendly Athenian voyagers be allowed to sojourn in your famed city for the period of several risings of Helios. With the honor due to your exalted station, we remain to this day, as were our brave hero-warrior forefathers in the Siege of Troy, your friends, *The Four Hundred of Athens*, of the Ship *Aeolus*.'

"It can be seen from our ship that it is with great difficulty that the Committee of Landings is passing through the crowd to where an isolated group of apparently prominent personages are standing. Our Committee is accompanying the most prominent of the group to the ruler's palace. The regular time for meals is at hand and there will be little to note until the landing committee's return. Hypnothoon, the Nestor of our voyage, says: 'Our committee of landing is really entitled to a more important sounding name. It,' he says, 'requires deep insight and quick perception to note the various ways and situations of the rulers, and a fine, inborn and acquired tact. Besides, their duties place them in the most perilous positions.'

"No flag is waving from our ship's mast. The displaying of a flag, 'tis said, indicates that a ship has been allowed the right of port; or has acquired the right by force.

"The forest-clad mountains of Taygetus present an imposing scene. Four large catapults are standing on the shore wharf and several warriors can be seen in the vicinity of same. Their catapults do not seem to be as powerful as those we have on our ship. Small rowing boats are clustered around the islands near by, on which are many fishermen's huts. The people on shore are gaining in numbers. Slingers are throwing stones far into the sea. A large share of the people are bowmen and spearsmen, the latter carrying shields of hides, and a few of burnished bronze. A number of the strongest warriors have graceful plumes flaunting from their helmets. These are apparently commanders. There do not seem to be any hostile movements or demonstrations. The grandeur of our ship seems to claim their whole attention.

"A number of hunters, who have returned from a chase in the mountain forests, are on the wharf, pointing to their quarry of wild boars and stags. Whether they wish to barter the game or to present these handsome wild stags and boars to us, we fail to understand.

"Several small boats with lateen sails are coming close to our ship.

"A flag of green and red has been hoisted on the flagstaff of the palace. The palace is a massive, but not imposing or sightly structure. The builders of it expended no effort when erecting it toward the beautiful.

"A large number of warriors, including bowmen, spearsmen, and a number of horsemen, are now forming into regular lines near the palace. Six war chariots are following the horsemen. All the members of our landing committee—are they the king's guests, or are they the king's prisoners? That is the question holding us in anxious suspense.

"The raiment of the Laconians appears much simpler and coarser than ours.

"A long line of horsemen, chariots, bowmen and spearsmen are marching down to our wharf with drum and music. Marstenes on ship,



has ordered: 'All warriors arm for conflict.' The maidens are all armed with bows.

"Heavy stone dolphins are gotten ready to haul up to the several yard arms. The long procession has halted not far from the wharf. They are striking their shields in unison with their hands. The bowmen are holding unstrung bows aloft. They have come without spears or arrows. Marstenes gives orders to lay aside, out of sight, all the implements of war. Marstenes says: 'Warriors, the demonstration of the Laconians, without arrows or spears, indicate and can be accepted as an assurance of friendship and peace.'"

Strabo, Greetus, Terrafirma, Fatallus and Theognis are among the horsemen. The king and his retinue are in the chariots. Our landing committee has dismounted and is now coming toward our ship. Strabo is carrying a scroll. Can it be that our scroll—greeting of friendship—was rejected? Captain Arteus orders the lowering of the rope ladders on the ship's side, leading to the shore, connecting the wharf. The Laconians are shouting in unison: "Athenians! Athenians! Athenians! We greet you, and welcome you to our wide, hollow shores."

On our ship, silence still reigns. All the people of Gythium are at the wharf beholding our big ship in wonderment. Our landing committee is back on the ship again. Upon a conference with the Committee of Commerce, the portable rostrum is moved to the center of the deck. Strabo, Fatallus, Terafirma, take position on the same. Strabo unfolds a scroll, which was received from the king of Gythium, by the landing committee, and reads:

"Illustrious Athenians! Descendants of the noble friends of our forefathers, who bravely fought side by side on the Trojan Plain, to regain fair Helen for Menelaus, King of our beloved Sparta, we welcome you to our hollow shores, and feel honored by the presence of your noble selves and of your wonderful ship in our waters. In peace and friendship,

"Gythio,

"King of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta."

Hereupon, Marstenes led in giving seven rousing cheers for King Gythio, the people of Gythium, and Sparta; at the same time the ship's flags were hoisted on each of its masts.

The people on the shore are also answering our cheers with cheer upon cheer. Strabo, of the Landing Committee, continued speaking from the rostrum: "The crowd looked daggers at us, as we passed through on our way toward the distinguished persons standing in front of the palace. It was the scroll I held forward, in the direction of the prominent group, that opened our way through the crowd. The scroll was rightly looked upon as a message to the king. The scroll had more power than spear or dart. Several of the distinguished group were

dressed in bright armor, with plumes waving from the crest of their helmets, similar to those belonging to our helmets for the battle array. We addressed several of the most distinguished of the group, as follows:

"'Brave Gythians! We are Athenians and come on a mission of peace and friendship. This scroll is a message to your noble king to whom we would be pleased to hand it in person.'"

Several of the nobles with waving plumes stepped forward, drawing short swords from their sheaths and then sheathed them again. We plainly understood it meant peace. Several of the nobles said: "Athenians, welcome, welcome. Our noble King Gythio, and ourselves have noticed your ship while it was still far out at sea. Upon coming closer, our noble king said that he was certain that your ship was the wonderful Athenian ship which he was informed many moons ago would, upon its first voyage, land at our city, Gythium, if it was agreeable to him. He simply answered: 'Laconian Spartans, welcome Athenians.'"

"King Gythio, by virtue of the King of Sparta, has informed us," spoke up one of the Laconians, "to make it known to you that he is in the palace, awaiting your honored presence."

We were escorted to the massive palace yonder, and presented to King Gythio, who sat on his throne in the large palace hall, well lighted and arranged, containing many massive oak tables and benches with strong, elegantly carved legs. King Gythio sat upon his throne, made of massive oak, handsomely carved. A large number of nobles had gathered in the palace, sitting at tables near the throne. As we passed through the center aisle, following one of the nobles towards the throne, all of the nobles arose from their seats. Upon a sign by one of their number, the nobles became seated again. We made several deep bows, with our helmets removed.

Prince Gyphodus, who was one of the nobles who had escorted us to the palace and before the king, said:

"Most High King Gythio of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta! Your palace is graced by the presence of a committee of noble Athenians—Greetus, Strabo, Fatallus, Terrafirma and Theognis, who have been delegated by the Athenians of the grand ship now lying in your sea to present the scroll they bear to you in person."

King Gythio bowed, and upon receiving and untying the scroll, after reading the same, arose and said:

"Welcome, welcome, brave Athenian friends!" after which the king said to the nobles: "Nobles, this scroll contains a friendly message from the dauntless Athenian voyagers on the ship which is so majestically gracing our native bay by its presence. The message reads: 'King Gythio, gracious ruler of Gythium, ordained by the gods! The

King of Athens and his people send greeting, and beg of you the privilege of anchoring our grand Athenian ship *Aeolus* in your spacious bay, and the privilege of its friendly voyagers to sojourn in your city for the period of several risings of Helios. With the honor due to your exalted station, we remain to this day, as were our brave hero-warrior forefathers in the Siege of Troy, your friends, THE FOUR HUNDRED OF ATHENS, voyagers of the ship *Aeolus*.' "

Upon the king resuming his seat the nobles arose from the benches with swords and arms clashing against the oak tables, and joined in a hearty seven-times repeated cheer of "Welcome Athenians!"

King Gythio arose again and said: "Fellow nobles, Prince Gyphodus will introduce each of you to our Athenian visitors."

At the conclusion of the introductions King Gythio stepped from the throne and seated himself at one of the massive, elegantly carved oaken tables close by, to which he invited us to be seated in company with Prince Gyphodus and several of the other nobles. One seat at this table was left vacant.

After we all were seated, Terrafirma arose and said: "Brave King Gythio! We ————," at which point, Quarito, the king's scribe, arose and said: "Interruption is necessary. Be it known and make it known to all mankind that whenever addressing Gythio as king, it must, without fail, be added: 'of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta.'" "I must explain," continued the king's scribe. "The King of Sparta is ordained by the gods. Our noble King Gythio has been appointed by the King of Sparta as King of Gythium, Sparta's seaport."

"Terrafirma," said Quarito, "you have not committed an affront, as you were uninformed."

King Gythio arose and said: "My scribe, Quarito, has performed his duty, in harmony with a decree of our most high King of Sparta, ordained by the gods."

Terrafirma proceeded: "King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, the men and maiden voyagers of our grand ship *Aeolus*, upon the time of leaving our beautiful Athens, transferred their thoughts of your highness in tangible shape in the form of gifts. To me was conferred the honor of presenting to you one of the gifts, not the most valuable one, for it is said: 'Tis not the value of a gift that shows the heart's true friendship;' but the gift which the voyagers present is the sweetest and purest product our Athenian land is able to offer. Please, your highness, King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, accept this small skin full of Hymettus honey from our voyagers, as an introductory mark of friendship. May our sojourn in your famed city be as agreeable to you as the taste of our renowned Hymettus honey."

"This skin of honey," said the king, "inform the voyagers, is accepted as a gift from a friend to a friend."

At this juncture, a queerly clad and odd looking man rushed into the hall, shouting in loud tones: "We've got 'em! We've got 'em! We've got 'em! Besides stags and wild boars!"

"Wolves have devoured sheep; these and other game have been hunted in the forests of Mt. Taygetus." "But oh!" the jolly man continued, "have you seen that large ship in the bay and its load of beautiful women?" "Oh," he cried out, "I will sail with that ship, when it sails away. Well, here's my seat," he cried, as he fell unceremoniously into the chair along our side, left vacant.

"This," said Prince Gyphodus, "is the King's jester. He has just returned from a wolf hunt in the Taygetus mountains. Whether he and the other hunters have really killed any wolves, we cannot tell as yet, for he, the king's jester, is allowed to do and say almost anything." The king spoke up, to the jester, saying: "Nixus! Our noble Athenian friends here, and those on the ship, have presented to me, this skin full of pure Hymettus honey."

"We never," said Strabo, "saw any human being who could change his attitudes and the expressions of his face from earnestness to joyfulness, or from sadness to gladness, as can Nixus."

"Athenians! Friends!" said the jester, in a very slow, observant manner, reclining carelessly in his seat. "Athenians, handsome men, and you can't deny it. Strangers, are all the other men on your monstrous ship down in the bay, as handsome and good looking as you are?"

Fatallus answered: "Nixus, the only answer we can give, it would not be natural for the maidens on our ship to allow the handsomest men to go ashore first among strangers."

"Oh look here," said the jester, "why don't you say that they have sent the homeliest men on shore first?"

"Where there are a handsome four,  
There may be many more."

"Gythio, never a handsomer or a finer looking race of men graced your palace hall. And the maidens on the ship—only take one glance from shore and it needs no more. Sunshine and Honey! Why, they'll make the homeliest man feel funny. He that has not comeliness, values beauty none the less. Because I'm homely, very so, think not I not beauty know. Gythio! Upon returning from the chase, we beheld the large ship in the bay below and went to the wharf, carrying our game of wild boars and stags along. We placed one of the largest of the boars we killed on the wharf, close to the ship so that the voyagers could see it plainly. It is a monster boar. We offered again and again

to exchange, to give them that boar for one of their maidens, but they acted as if they could not understand what we wanted. We even told them we did not ask the privilege of selecting the maiden which they should give us. You know," continued Nixus, "they all, each and every one, are beauties, more fair than Spartan eyes have ever beheld, so we did not ask the privilege of selecting one of the maidens in exchange for that grand boar. There is one thing certain, they will never make good barterers, merchants or traders, for, maidens they have many, but boars, not one. And if they had been true barterers they would not let such an opportunity pass of making a profitable exchange. But, Gythio, that grand ship is named *Aeolus*; that's all wind! It should have been named 'Beauty Ship,' for it has a cargo of beauties."

Looking down thoughtfully, holding a finger to his nose, as if measuring its length, he proceeded slowly: "Now, now, I've got it! I've got it! If the Athenians here, will, as if under oath, promise not to listen, I will proclaim in loud tones, to Gythio and all the nobles here, what I've got." We promised not to listen, and this is what Nixus said: "Fools, 'tis said, never come in touch with the gods. But at this moment, in this place, on this spot," pointing to his forehead, "I feel the touch of some god."

In a very earnest-looking mood and an attempt at thought, Nixus proceeded: "Look you! From no one city or country could so many beauties be gathered, as on that grand, windy-named ship. No one land has so large a number of beauties; and to tell the truth, not one of our beauties is equal to any of those on the ship. Now, listen! All listen! Excepting you Athenians be deaf. I've got it, I've got it! That large ship was built for a purpose! It was built for a purpose."

Placing his finger on his nose again, assuming a deep, thoughtful mood, Nixus continued: "Athenians, I have often heard and believe that they are a far finer people than all the other people of the world. They give great attention to beauty. To perpetuate and to still further enhance the noble good looks of their race, that ship was built. With it, and the handsome men, they land at many distant shores. The handsome men attract the handsome maidens and they select the most beautiful of many lands; and with their gift of manly beauty, glances, sweet words and presents, they allure them on their ships. Yes, charm them, like snakes do birds. Yes, kidnap them—leaving those on land looking after unconsolated.

"Or it may perhaps be different. Now listen again. One can see, at the first look from a near distance that the voyagers are also a superior race of people. They look like the children of kings—the sons and daughters of kings. Now it may be also this way: Athens cannot entertain, she has not room or place for so many kings and queens. Now

listen! As each and all of the ship's noble sons and daughters are fit to rule, to grace the throne of a kingdom or queendom, they are sailing out to discover, yes, conquer lands whose people are untutored, and thus they establish new kingdoms and thus become and fill the positions of kings and queens. Listen! In such a voyage of discovery and conquest, their eagerness and deep longing for holding noble titled positions among men, will easily be attained. Spartans! Let the wish and plans of the voyagers be what it may, but I say that the very bearings and noble looks of each man or maid, plainly says: 'We're out to conquer the world.' Oh war! war! war! Athenians, close yet your ears, for I have only a few more words to shout. O Gythio and all you nobles! Each one of those beauties is equal in charms to the beautiful Helen who lived in the time of your grandfathers. The Helen who caused a nine years' war of nations. If one Helen provokes a war, what can hundreds of Helens provoke!"

In a very excited state and loud voice, he continued: "I predict war, war, war! In which men kill each other. O Gythio, by times, command your commander to command his warriors. War! war! war! In the vicinity of such a gathering of beauties, O Gythio, something must happen.

"War! O, how it makes me shiver to think of it! In war, O they say catapults, darts, spears and even stones thirst for blood. Men are killed—heads cut off and used in play for a discus. War is no place for a jester. I shall prolong my chase for wolves in the forest of Mt. Taygetus. To have a spear thrust through one's body, or a dart pierce one's brain—O, I see the spurting blood and feel the dying pain. What is the use of living, if you are going to be killed?"

In a great fit of excitement and fear, he cried out: "Oh war! war! war!" and throwing up his arms, he collapsed under the table.

"Be it known," said Herotius, one of the Spartan nobles, "that Nixus is the greatest coward the moon ever shone upon."

Upon this remark, he jumped up and said: "But I am still among the living."

"Happy that we can truthfully say," spoke up Prince Gyphodus, "that Nixus is no Spartan; he does not belong to our Spartan race. Nixus, when a child, as you can see at this late date, was not fair to look upon. And so his native country tied him on a large cedar log with a small cedar tree for a sail, and so he was wafted and was found on our seashore. Wonderful must have been the land he came from."

"Nixus," spoke up the king, "hereafter do not allow yourself to come in contact with the wisdom of any god. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It almost annihilated you."

"Seeing that I am still among the living, in spite of all this war scare, O Gythio, I have regained my second breath. And, O, there is no

danger of war, come to think of it, because the Athenians will not attempt to allure any of our maidens to their ship, because they are not nearly up to the standard of beauty sought after by the Athenians. Thus the homeliness of our maidens in comparison prevents a war. So, too, plain looks can enjoy the sunshine of the world unmolested. But Beauty—all the world is willing to escort her, even against her will. Beauty, O what a fiery magnet art thou, leading men by an invisible halter, throwing them into war."

"Nixus, Nixus," spoke the king. "The skin of honey has been presented to me as a gift by the brave, noble Athenian voyagers, including Strabo, Fatallus, Terrafirma, Theognis and Greetus."

Pointing to the skin of honey, Gythio said: "Nixus, thou knowest thy duty."

"Gythio, I know my duty. I beg only a few more words. Hearing Herotius say that I was the greatest coward, brought me to life again. He who is killed in battle will never see the sun rise again, but must go down to the shades below. War! War! War! O, mention it not, or I must collapse again. Great fool as I am, the hero is often a greater. Ask the one in battle who has his head cut off and the one who did the cutting, after he is killed by another, and both would like to answer in angry tones: War? War? War?—No! No! No! Then why do people kill each other?—because they are fools! fools! What's the use of living if you are going to be killed? If all people fear war, why do they have war? If all peoples don't want it, why do they want it?" Again placing his finger on his nose, Nixus continued: "Because they allow themselves to be touched by the wrong gods, who delight in their foolishness. Even a coward, in the heat of excitement, may appear courageous and become a hero."

Spartonio, one of the nobles, arose and laughingly said: "We have besides, as a jester, got Nixus here to show how great a coward can still be alive and kicking under the sun."

Nixus, bracing himself, replied: "Revenge, O the hour of revenge has come! Revenge in showing (pointing with outstretched arms to the small skin of honey lying on the table before the king) that I am a hero, dead or alive.

"Nixus (pointing again to the skin of honey), duty, duty, points with outstretched fingers—and he who lingers—no I'll linger no longer. Fellow mankind! Every word I now speak may add to the length of my life. Why is it that the king's jester must first examine, test, taste and eat of all gifts brought to the king (edibles)—before he is allowed to taste or partake of the same? It is, because if the jester dies, he can be replaced at once, it being the easiest thing in the world to replace a fool. King Gythio, of Gythium! Fellow Nobles! Fellow Countrymen."

"No! no! no!" shouted the nobles, "not countrymen."



The jester replied: "Ain't I living in the same country? If we ain't countrymen, what are we? They say I was wafted here from some foreign shore, tied in a lamb's skin, on a large cedar log. Upon an early morning, a young Spartan couple strolling along the shore, heard a baby crying, tied on a cedar log. The young man said: 'I'll get it; it will save us some trouble.' They fed me on goat's milk and 'tis said they let me run around because there was no danger of my being stolen on account of my good looks! When I said I doubted the story, they said: 'What does a baby know?' That's the way they fixed the story on me.

"Duty! Now I will show you the hero that I am," upon which he ran out and immediately returned with a neatly pictured bowl. While emptying the honey from the small skin into the bowl, Nixus said: "Spartans and Athenians, your heroism and valor on the fields of battle is known over mountains, seas, rivers and creeks. But the duty I am to perform now—to partake of this honey—which has been sent by strange people as a gift to our king; that, in the face of possible slow, or instant death, requires heroism, courage and valor above that of the warrior. Who is the greatest of heroes? It is I; ready to do and to die for my king, and incidentally for the glory of the Spartan nation! I have a wonderful appetite, as I have not eaten since my return from the wolf chase. With this spoon and with this bread, O how soon may I be dead! But this honey does taste fine.

I've saved our king's life once before,  
By testing wines from foreign shore.  
It tasted sweet, but death did lurk  
In every drop—it made me jerk  
And jump and holler long and loud,  
Which scared away the scheming crowd,  
Who friendship feigned, but sought to kill,  
But knew not of this jester's skill.

This honey, too, does taste quite queer,  
If it should kill I have great fear  
That war—war—war would rampant rage."

In the meantime, while Nixus was eating voraciously, Terrafirma stood up and said:

"To Nixus, O the only brave, we wish to say we clove the wave,  
And landed on your Spartan shore, in peace and friendship—what is more,  
To play the games our fathers played with Spartan heroes, man and maid;  
And when we sail the shore away, brave Nixus then will surely say:  
O stay, O stay; why not prolong the days of joyful sport and song?"

Nixus, still eating voraciously until it seemed as though no honey would be left for the king, said:

"I'm going now to be right proud,  
A noble Grecian spoke aloud  
To me direct, with great respect."



Still eating in great haste, Nixus further said:

"I never knew such thing as fear,  
My eating honey proves it here  
From distant shores, far o'er the main,  
Who knows but what it may contain  
Some sleeping potion—unto death,  
Some mixture, cutting short one's breath?  
But I must to the bottom get,  
I've eaten not enough—not yet,  
For on the bottom often lies  
The fatal mixture in disguise."

Theognis interrupted: "I suppose that jesters always believe in going to the bottom of things."

Nixus says: "O, O, I am through testing and I can safely, O Gythio, recommend this delicious Hymettus honey, such as is presented from friend to friend."

Upon a sign from the king, Nixus departed.

The king ate some of the honey and said: "Hymettus' honey is truly delicious. I shall also, later on, partake thereof."

"The truth is," continued Strabo, speaking from the ship's rostrum, "the jester ate up most all of the honey."

All of the voyagers laughed and the Nestor of the ship said: "You allowed the jester to get the best of you and the king." Strabo replied: "What could we do?" "Why," said Nestor, "on seeing what would become of the honey, if the jester kept on eating with his ravenous appetite, you could easily have risen and said: 'King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, we overlook the custom, when bringing wine or eatables to a king from a foreign shore, that we should first ourselves drink and partake of same.' Then you could have eaten just enough to show that it contained no deadly mixture and there would have been a goodly quantity left for the king."

"Good Nestor," replied Strabo, "why did you not tell us all such things beforehand?"

Strabo, of the Landing Committee, continued: "The king had ordered a skin of wine from which the goblets at all tables were filled." King Gythio arose, all following likewise, and said: "We relish this wine in the spirit of friendship existing between Athenians and Spartans," which was followed by rousing cheers from Athenians and Spartans. Fatallus arose and said:

"In sacred remembrance of the friendship of our heroic forefathers and in view of the present still continued friendship between Laconia and Attica, I also propose seven cheers," which was followed by rousing cheers. We asked the king to inform all his people that we came in peace and friendship, so that no misunderstandings could occur, to which he agreed." The king said:

"Noble Spartans! Phoebus is sinking at the world's west end and our Athenian friends are about to return to the ship for the night. Spartonius, gather all the horse, chariots and warriors in line and we'll escort our friends to their wonderful ship." Upon proceeding upon the line of march, Spartonius asked us to take our choice of riding in the chariots or on horse. We preferred to ride on horseback, as you noticed on our return. The king has been informed that all the ship's voyagers wish to mingle freely among his people, and that Sophon will, in an address, explain more fully the object of our voyage. We said that we would be pleased to have the king and nobles and tradespeople visit our ship. Whether the king will come on our ship in person, is a question. Those around him seemed to warn him not to place too much confidence in the peoples of other lands. The jester talk that we must have kidnapped our beautiful maidens from many shores may be taken as a warning hint. We informed the King that the ship's voyagers, men and maidens, would come on land tomorrow morning early, and would be pleased to join in games and sports and dances in which all the participants could contest for prizes of honor. The King said he would be pleased to witness such games on the Plain sacred to Hercules, which is not far distant from the palace. Spartonius said he would early on the coming morning, march with the warriors and chariots, followed by a large number of Spartan men and maidens to the wharf, where we could fall in line and march to the Plain of Athletico, sacred to Hercules, near the King's palace. Your Committee of Landing has now, up to the present time, completed its duties."

The landing committee has descended from the rostrum to the deck. No voyagers are to go ashore this evening, as the shades of night are falling fast. Plans for the morrow will be arranged early in the morning. A large number of Spartan boats are rowing around our ship.

"Scriborites, I am here to relieve you," says Anaxogerous, the night scribe.

Anaxogerous: "The sea is still quite calm and the wind is still northeast. Captain Arteus is informing our sailors to make it known to the numerous boats not to bump against our ship. First and third mates Hillicarus and Aristides are now in charge of the ship for the night. All the voyagers are retiring early this evening, lulled to sleep likely by the unaccustomed sea air. A large rock just flew over the ship, close to Aristides' head. It must have been a powerful slinger to throw such a rock out over the ship. The town and wharf are quiet. Numerous boats are fastened to the shores. The bright moonlight turns night into partial day. Some animals are howling on shore. The watch calls down: 'Wolves are howling in the hills toward the Taygetus mountains.' An arrow has just struck and fastened itself in the first

mast. Hilicarus orders a seaman to get it down. It is a heavy, strong, death-bringing dart. The wolves are howling near the shore. The Spartan night watchman in the town is heard to call out at intervals in the Spartan Greek: 'It's night; all's right.'

"Oh, the nightingale is singing in the dark foliage on shore. How mellifluously sweet, clear and indescribably beautiful is its song! Oh thou needest not feel sad, Philomela, because the gods have changed you into a nightingale. Although your dress is plain, of thy song poets vie in its praise, admitting their inability to do full justice to its indescribable beauty and sweetness. Even the sailor watch on the high mast above is moved to call down in the stillness of the night: 'How beautiful the nightingale is singing.' Philomela! Wherever an Athenian hears thy lay it reminds him of night in the olive groves of Attica, especially sweet and sacred is thy song, to Athenians, for thou wert the beloved daughter of Pandion, King of our native Attica. Sing on! Philomela, bird as thou now art, thy lay leads us to heights above; to the regions of love, touches the heart to rapture, ecstasy, delight unutterable! The soft night-breeze causes the wavelets to gently pat the ship's side. Second commander Hilicarus is looking aloft to the flag. I asked him: 'How are you satisfied with the sailing and ways of our big ship?'"

"Very well," he answered. Continuing, he said: "But we have so far only sailed in fair weather, with a fair breeze. I hope," he said, "that we will not remain in this port any longer than necessary, so we can proceed on our journey before we encounter a real storm. That will give us time to learn the many ropes, handle the large sails, and know the ways of the ship. The most experienced seamen cannot talk of experience when he comes on this ship, because its rigging and sails, in size and number are so very different and out of comparison to all other ships that ever plowed the seas or ever will." The fishermen on the small island are already getting their boats in readiness for the sea. Rosy Aurora is majestically looming up over the mountains on the distant eastern shore. It is day. Scriborites is on deck for the day. Thus am I relieved.

Scriborites: "Many small boats with lateen sails and boats with oarsmen are moving around on the water, beholding our wonder ship. The breeze is still northeast and the sea calm. The voyagers have all finished their morning meal and are coming on deck." Captain Arteus says: "Voyagers, we should not loiter on our way. We should hasten from port to port, so as to round off the grand ship's first voyage in the shortest possible time." Marstenes, standing in the center of the deck, commanded: 'Voyagers, form in line,' the ladies forming in columns on one side of the ship and the men likewise on the other side.

Orato, priest of Athene, and all other Athenian gods, ascended the rostrum. Incense is now burning in censers, up at the end of the large

yard arms. Orato, upon lighting the incense in the tripod at his side, said: "Athene, sprung from the brain of Zeus, the all-wise ruler of the world! Thou, who aided the Argonautic expedition, in its search of the Golden Fleece! Thou, O Athene, who has aided us in arriving at this, our first landing place in safety! O may the sweet incense arising from the golden tripod, standing at my side, and the incense from the censers at the yards ends aloft, be acceptable to thee as an acknowledgment of our appreciation and thanks for thy kind favors. Whenever and wherever, we may offer thanks and sacrifice to any of our other special gods of Greece, a part is always to be shared by you in like manner, as a prayer to thee, O Athene, is always shared by Zeus, who rules over all."

Orato again mingled among the voyagers and the Committee of Rules and Order took position on the rostrum.

Meander said: "Agreeable to the wish of Captain Arteus the ship will not remain at any landing longer than necessary, so that the ship can complete its first voyage in the shortest possible time. The object of our voyage is Commerce. This, we have been told, cannot be repeated too often. The advice given by Bartorius, a trader of Athens, 'The path toward selling, buying and barter should be paved with games and entertainments, so as to humor into friendship those with whom one wishes to trade and do business with,' should be well borne in mind. Friendship dispels suspicion, creates confidence and opens the way to profitable barter. Therefore, not only the games and dances, which will be presided over by Gracio, will be for our mutual enjoyment, but will also, at the same time, lead in an agreeable manner to profitable commerce."

Spartonius, commander of the King's warriors, we can see, is now marshaling his forces into line, including horsemen, charioteers, maidens and men, a large number of whom will, at the festival, contest for prizes of honor.

Diagorax, speaking from the rostrum, said: "If, in the contests for prizes, it should be found that we would easily secure the first prizes, efforts should slacken, so as to allow most all of the first prizes to be won by the Spartans; our main object being commercial friendship.

"On the other hand, we should exert ourselves to win some of the prizes to show that we are worthy contestants. The procession on the shore is now beginning to march from the palace. We will refrain from mentioning the boat race, chariot race, boxing or wrestling contests, but will suggest pole climbing, lance casting, archery (including the maidens), hurling of the discus, foot racing (also maidens), athletic exercises on the bar (maidens and men), and dancing.

"As soon as Spartonius and the column arrives near to our landing those of our voyagers, highly gifted by Euterpe, the Goddess of Music,

will, at the command of Marstenes, follow the first division of voyagers to the wharf, after which the second division will follow, all marching in couples of man and maid. Fifty men and maiden voyagers, clad in armor and ready for action upon shortest call, will remain on the ship until relieved by a like number who are to return from the festival at a stated time. Upon arriving at the plain, sacred to Hercules, Orato, our priest, will, on the stand near the king, light the golden tripod in honor of Hercules. Our artists, Graphitos and Oristotle, will sketch the king and his retinue, and also the scene of the festival. Upon arriving at the Plain of Athletico, sacred to Hercules, Sophon will hold an address to the Spartan populace.

"Sophon's address concluded, Rosania will ask the Spartans to join in the well-known song.

When Greek joins Greek on festal day,  
The watchword is: Fair play! Fair play!

"After the songs there will be contests in the games and sports, also dances and songs, as arranged by Gracio, and one of the Spartans will also take place. After the presentation of the prizes, of which we will offer a finely carved bowl, a helmet with plumes that nod, worthy to adorn a god; a buckskin quiver, beaded finely, a painted bow of rare design, etc. The other prizes will be olive wreaths and oak wreaths. These are all the preparations made so far for the festival. The procession of the Gythian populace, as we see, has arrived near our wharf, where we are to join them. Marstenes will now command us."

Under Marstenes' command, the first division was formed into couples and passed down the ship's ladder onto the wharf. The maidens, clad in dark green athletic gowns, their wealth of hair scintillating with brilliant jewels. Each maiden wore a beautifully ornamented buckskin quiver on her back and an unstrung bow in her hand. The men are clad in gray athletic dress with bronze helmets, with nodding horse hair on their heads.

The second division of warriors, under command of Rosania, is now also descending to the wharf in like manner. Spartonius is holding a conversation with Marstenes. Our voyagers are placed in the front position of the marching line. Anaxogeros, Militos and Scribrites, the scribes, are allowed to be all over and anywhere, as long as we attend to our duties of noting down facts and facts only.

'Tis said that King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, is awaiting the voyagers and populace at the Plain of Athletico, accompanied by his principal nobles. Spartonius' order moved the large marching column forward to the step of the Spartan musicians. The music of the Spartan musicians, as does all spirited music, inspires the limbs with strength, the countenance with a joyful expression, and cre-

ates a feeling as if one could march to the end of the world without tiring. The city's houses are of stone and of burnt brick, plain, but durable. The city, at places, is partly surrounded by a stone wall. The procession has now passed the palace. Marching on, the procession is now moving out of the city under the stone arched gate near the palace. The field of Athletico, sacred to Hercules, extends one stadium from the left-hand side of the gate. It is a large, level, open, grassy space, well situated for chariot racing and athletic sports. The King and his retinue are seated under a gracefully festooned canopy on each side of which are long rows of terraced seats for the spectators. On the field, in front of the King, is a decorated stand for the judges who are to decide the contests and the games and to award the prizes. The view of the spectators is towards the north. The procession has now arrived and is standing in long columns before the King. Spartonius announces that all of the populace who do not wish to enter into the contests may proceed to occupy the terraced seats. Special seats are reserved near the King for all taking part in the contests. All those who intended to take part in the games and contests remained standing in their lines, including all of our voyagers. Spartonius and Marstenes hold a conversation. Spartan maidens are passing around fastening a tiny cedar twig on the garment of all of us voyagers. One of the Spartan maidens announced to Prince Gyphodus that it took three hundred and fifty-two cedar twigs. In this manner, the Spartans informed themselves as to our numbers. The young maidens had counted the cedar twigs used correctly, as twenty-five young men and the same number of maidens remained on the ship, to be relieved by a like number in the course of time. Thus the three hundred and fifty-two twigs required, and the fifty voyagers remaining on the ship, made our four hundred and two.

The Spartans express themselves somewhat differently to the Athenians, but we can converse and understand each other readily. Short sentences seem to be peculiar to their language.

Marstenes, with raised sword, commanded seven cheers for King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, saying: "Long may your majesty enjoy the light of the sun and long remain from the shades below."

The cheers were given with great enthusiasm by the voyagers.

The King arose and with a flourish of his sword, commanded the Spartan warriors, athletes and populace to give seven cheers for the Athenians, which resounded far out over the mountains. Our priest, Orato, not far distant from the King, has lit the incense in our golden tripod, thanking Zeus for the friendship existing between Sparta and Athens, and invoking the power of Zeus for the continuance of such friendship for all time to come.

King Gythio arose and said:

"Noble Athenians: Prince Gyphodus, who is a young man and has more pleasure in speaking than has an old man, will address you."

Prince Gyphodus, standing near the King, said: "Brave Friends, Athenians, in the name of King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, I again formally address and welcome you to our land and to this festival, which has been instituted in your honor. Your friendly visit pleases us all greatly. We can see you are—must be—the Flower of Athens. We now feel and know why you Athenians are noted for making fine statues and fine works of art. It is all plain to us now. Nothing else could be expected—surrounded, as you are, daily by beautiful living goddess-like models, both men and women. Our jester spoke the truth in the presence of your Committee of Landing. He drawled in his own manner: 'On first sight, it can be seen that each of the voyagers is fit to be an heir to a crown, kingship or queenship.' No title of nobility can be too high or exclusive for men or maidens such as the grand ship *Aeolus* has brought to our shores. Athenians, you see what I have to say here has been traced on this birch bark by our scribe, as spoken to him by me. I was told that Sophon will hold a lengthy oration, not from an inscribed bark, but from his mind direct. It may be, as in archery or in throwing the spear, continued efforts strengthen. So, may it be with the mind. It is said that our Spartan forefathers, at the Siege of Troy, were known to the other contingents as 'the men of few words.' So you are now in the land of few words, Laconian Sparta. If I had known of your coming, I should have tried to gather more words for this festival. My Spartan, Laconian countrymen claim that I alone use too many words in speaking. So you, Athenians, can know that we Spartans are today, as were our forefathers at the Siege of Troy, men of few words. (Applause.)

"Your god-like ship, you named *Aeolus* in honor of the God of the Winds. *Aeolus*, with his soft, wide arms, has pressed you safely to our shores, unharmed, your ship appearing just as if it had been launched from our shores this day. Wisely have you honored *Aeolus*. But the peoples, on whatever shores you may land, will all think it ought to have been named The Beauty Ship.

"I asked one of your voyagers how such a large ship could be built by human hands. He replied: 'With the assistance of the gods only.' I should have known that. For upon the first beholding of the ship, I felt it. The gods—may they be favorable to you Athenians upon your daring adventure to unknown lands. (Great applause by the Spartans.)

"Your grand ship will be wondered at on all shores. But upon its departure, the god-like grandness of your ship *Aeolus* will not only be rehearsed, retold to coming generations, but so also will be the beauty of its noble Athenian Four Hundred. (Great applause by Spartans.)



I cannot tell you how greatly we admire the beauty and strength of your manhood and womanhood. Words cannot express the delight of our eyes, the wonderment of our mind and the feelings of our hearts. Charming beauty, united with nobleness, strength, courage and wisdom. (Wild applause by Spartans.)

"The fresh, pure, blushing countenances, large, sparkling, friendly, fearless eyes, noble bearing, stately, well-rounded forms, show that Hygeia has favored you all with superior exclusive excellencies. Also we can see and feel that the high goddess Athene (Minerva), sprung from the brain of Zeus, has favored you with superior insight of mind. The work of your most god-inspired artists can never be more than a faint imitation of the real noble beauty of our Athenian visitors. (Great applause by Spartans.)

"Would that your grand ship would remain in our waters several days instead of one day. (Applause by Spartans.) Then our horsemen would speed to Sparta and try to find and inform our great King of Sparta, who is hunting the wild boar and stag on the distant mountains, of your visit here. He would surely be glad to meet you and greet you Athenians, descendants of the brave Athenians led by Menestheus at the Siege of Troy, to assist Menelaus with the other Greek contingents, to regain his fair spouse Helen again. Our forefathers' noble King Menelaus felt heart broken when he learned that Paris, a prince of the house of King Priam, of Troy, had, during his absence on a hunt in the mountains, induced his beautiful wife to elope with him to distant Troy.

"The brave, fearless Menelaus was King of Sparta at the time of our great grandsires. From the shore where your noble ship *Aeolus* is grandly floating, there where we now see her huge masts and beautiful rainbow flags waving, there from our shores, Paris sailed in the stillness of night, eastward to far-off distant Troy. Poets have vied in writing of the beauty of Helen; poets have labored to record the deeds of heroism and bravery displayed by the Trojan, as well as by the Grecian warriors. But none have recorded their noble deeds as well as Homer. (Great applause by Spartans and Athenians.)

"All of us Spartans, from childhood, generation after generation, eagerly listen to our elders on telling of the heroism, daring and victory gained by the united Greek contingents after a nine years' war at the Siege of Troy, and we all, to this day, thankfully express our thanks to you Athenians present here this day, for the heroic aid given by your noble forefathers to our Spartan King Menelaus, ending in the victory—the destruction of Troy and the return of Helen under the roof of our King Menelaus. (Great applause.)

"The blood of fair Helen and King Menelaus is still coursing through



the veins of many of our noble Spartan men and women at this day. (Great applause by Athenians.)

"Every Spartan youth and maid is taught that to be noble is to emulate the daring bravery of our heroic forefathers. We are told that the implements of war of the Athenians at the Siege of Troy were fashioned finer and ornamented more beautifully than those of any of the other contingents. Only was there one grand exception, namely: the strong, beautiful shield of Achilles, and that, by the wish of Thetis, Achilles' goddess-mother, was fashioned by the god-artist Haephestus (Vulcan), who, in company with fire and flame, forges the hardest, strongest metals most beautifully. In all besides, the Athenians excelled in their ornamentations of war clubs, catapults, spears, bows and arrows, ships and oars, even in their ornamental stones. Thus showing an eye and longing desire for the beautiful. This longing for the beautiful, we see, has made it possible for us to behold this day the most beautiful of Greeks. Whenever we thought of Athens, we thought of beauty; and we shall now think even more so. Although, noble Athenians, you have just about placed your feet upon our shores, we cannot fail to note the symbol of your beautiful rainbow-colored flags, which is reflected in your joyous, hopeful, eager countenances; and that you delight in all things noble and beautiful. Thus, in your admiration, love and thankfulness for the countless beauties with which our gods have so profusely decorated this broad, flat world, you have, it seems, by the favor of our Olympian gods, inhaled the same realization, your beauty, courage and nobility stamping you as an exclusive higher race among mankind.

"Noble thoughts can only, it is said, be entertained by such as revere and admire the noble works of our gods. Beauty and nobility delight to dwell together. There is a saying in other lands, 'tis said, that:

"Upon this world's broad, wide, flat face,  
None equal in beauty, our Grecian race."

"Prompted by curiosity and impatience, early before Aurora heralded the coming of day, I rowed singly in a small boat alongside of your grand ship *Aeolus*. Upon the rising of rosy Aurora, I looked up, and beheld standing on the ship's bulwark a beautiful, stately maiden looking up towards our city. I sat quietly, overcome by her exquisite beauty. I sat unperceived. Standing, as she did, with one hand grasping the rigging and looking thoughtfully toward the shore, she appeared like a beautiful statue. Free, erect, unconscious of being observed, she represented her true self. Her wealth of light blonde hair, large, heavenly blue eyes, beautiful, classic features, form clad in heavy pure white, hanging down in heavy folds, and her motionless pose

made her appear as a beautiful white marble statue, sculptored by none but the gods themselves. Your beautiful, light blonde maiden with a slight tinge of blushing Aurora on her countenance, clad in heavy pure white garments with heavy hanging folds drew forth from the depths of my rapture and ecstasy intuitively, the words: 'Marble beauty.' Although she looked for all the world like a pure white marble statue, illumined by Aurora's blushing light, I knew that I beheld a living, breathing woman; for no sculptor or artist could design or construct her equal in beauty. I sat below in my boat still unobserved. She still stood in her majesty and spotless white beauty looking studiously up towards the town.

"Upon my again uttering feelingly in a stronger tone, the words: 'Marble beauty,' she suddenly threw a glance down towards me with a mingled look of astonishment and scorn at my presence there, saying in a commanding but sweet tone of voice: 'What do you want there?' upon which a blush, equal to Aurora's rosy glow, flashed over her countenance. The sudden, startled glance thrown down at me, large beautiful, haughty eyes and bewildered fair countenance, angered at my intrusion, it seemed to me, could never have been beheld by mortal man without having been favored by some god. And such a one favored by some god, I felt myself to be.

"I can openly say that whomever the gods should favor with the sight of such purity of beauty, and open, innocent, haughty glance, will pray to the gods, not to let time erase the image from memory's vision, but to allow it to remain with him to the shades below.

" 'The Marble Beauty,' as I shall call her, after looking down at me for a short time, in my small boat, dropped a rose into my boat and then immediately stepped down from the bulwark to the ship's deck, out of sight.

"Immediately several of the ship's watchers and several young maidens mounted the bulwark and looked down at me. Aurora was still heralding the sun's rising. Thus in the light of morning's first glow stood in line on the ship's wide bulwark a number of handsome men and charming maidens.

"Looking up, I said: 'Noble Athenian friends, in my singleness, I take the liberty to greet you in the name of all Spartans. May you receive the favor of the Gods!' "

" 'Welcome, brave Spartan,' answered a manly voice from the ship. 'In friendship, we hope that the meeting of Spartans and Athenians in festal array will be a pleasing sight unto the gods.'

"The maidens laughed and talked down to me, but I failed to catch their mingled words fully. My eyes, it seems, weakened my ears on beholding the beauty standing on the ship's bulwark above me. Of the handsome men, I will not tell, but on the charming maidens, dwell. I

beheld not only the Marble Beauty, but my eyes feasted on beautiful beauties, of blondes in varying shades and nut-brown and brunette maidens, showing the grand ship was partial to none. Noble Athenians! The grandness of your ship was, and is of great interest to me, but the interest in the heavenly voyagers is exceedingly more so. Just as I was thinking of rowing back to shore, an Athenian, known to me, arose on the bulwark—Noble Strabo, of your Landing Committee. He called down: 'Gyphodus, Gyphodus, Prince Gyphodus! I greet you with the warmth of the rising sun. May the gods preserve you.'

"He asked me to climb up the ladder to the ship, but the coming day's festival required my attention.

"While talking with noble Strabo, who stood on the bulwark among the men and maidens, a charming brunette, who stood just above my boat, said: 'Prince Gyphodus, in the name of the maidens of the *Aeolus*, we greet thee with the warmth of Aurora's rosy glow!'

"I immediately answered, not in a manner worthy of the occasion, for, in my bewilderment, I did not know what I was saying. I only know that I spoke about the favor of the gods. In fact the sweet, rounded voice and the beauty above made my own speech deaf to my ears. What I did answer back is still a mystery to me. I am afraid it was void of sense. The more I think of it the more it seems to me that it was no more than uttering or stammering a few disconnected words. Instead of wishing the gods' favor in their welfare, I should have implored Minerva's assistance to aid me in giving an appropriate answer.

"Looking up, I beheld a stately brunette looking down at me. Looking down and up again, it seemed as if she alone filled my eyes; I hardly noticed the others around her.

"Turning around, on hearing something soft fall into my boat, I saw a large, beautiful water lily with leaves and stem. The maidens and men laughed. One of the maidens said:

" 'Prince Gyphodus, accept the lily as a gift of the ship *Aeolus*.' I looked up at the stately brunette and she looked down at me. I looked down again, feeling uneasy in looking so deeply into the large beautiful eyes of the brunette above.

"I gathered courage and looked up to her again, and although we uttered not a word, still we seemed to be speaking to each other, so loud as to create a fear that the others might hear it. Remarks were made by some of the others on the bulwark, but in my bewilderment, I understood them not.

"In looking up again, the beautiful brunette dropped another lily into my boat. I intended to accept it with thanks; but how stupid a charming maiden can make one! I looked up again and she had departed from the bulwark to the ship's deck, out of sight. The sun, just arising above the hills, it was time for me to row back to the

shore. The stately brunette's beautiful wealth of hair seemed at first glance perfectly black, but as the sun's light increased, a very dark, fire-like tinge seemed to nestle in her heavy head of hair, which was short and curly around the forehead and sides, and knotted into a high crown on the top of her head, reminding one of a picture of the most beautiful of women—Pandora. Her hair, although appearing black, was greatly beautified by its almost invisible dark, fiery tinge. It seemed as though, at the setting of the sun, upon loosening it the dark sunset rays remained lingering there.

"Like the Marble Beauty, I knew not her name, but to me she is the maiden with the beautiful, dark, black, sunset hair.

"While my boat was still under the ship's sail, all at once there stood upon the bulwark, just above me, the blonde maiden again, draped in heavy white folds—'The Marble Beauty.' She dropped a rose down from the ship; I caught it by the stem, with thanks. I looked deeply into her large blue eyes and she looked down directly into my dark eyes amply long for our eyes to speak together in a language beyond the power of speech. I at once felt the gods had decreed it shall be so. I do not know her name.

"At this point, a number of our maiden voyagers, laughingly in clear tones, spoke out: 'Agathia, Agathia, Agathia!'

"'Agathia,' Gyphodus proceeded, it will not be necessary to be informed of her name again, for I shall remember it forever.

"Agathia, Agathia, may she never sail away from our shore—  
Roaming unknown waters o'er."

"This rose which adorns my bosom, this rose which I now hold aloft in my hand, this rose may fade, but my admiration for her never! To run a manly hand through her wealth of blonde hair in loving caress is only accorded to him who has the favor of every god that dwells on high Olympus.

"I would keep talking to you, Athenian friends, without end, so as to have you remain in our midst several days instead of one; and so that our brave Spartan King would have time to come and greet you. He would come accompanied by a large number of noble men and maidens close to the kingly house—beautiful men, women and maidens, through whose veins courses the blood of King Menelaus and the beautiful Helen.

"But there is one reason why I shall not keep on talking. I long to speak and become closer acquainted with our noble voyager guests, and incidentally with the Marble Beauty—we who conversed with each other as if we had known each other or should have known each other for moons, although we spoke not a word."

At this point, old stalwart King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, rose and said:

"Noble Athenian Friends! It is only natural that our tall, athletic, dark-eyed youth, Prince Gyphodus, longs for the company of your charming blonde-tressed Marble beauty."

King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, sat down again, followed by tremendous applause of Spartans and Athenians. Hereupon, the queen, King Gythio's spouse, stood up and said: "Brave Athenians! I, too, wish to express my admiration and wish to say:

Your men are more handsome than Paris of Troy,  
Your maidens as beautiful as Helen, his joy.

"And beholding the various types of beauties, I can also say:

Whether hair golden, blonde or brunette,  
Cupid could form a lovable set.

"Noble, handsome Sons of Athens! Beautiful, divine Daughters of Athens! Your noble fathers and mothers must often, when looking at you, give prayers of thankfulness from the depths of their hearts, to the gods for the greatest of blessings vouchsafed unto them."

Whereupon the queen sat down 'midst loud applause.

Stalwart old King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, arose again, and stepping slightly forward, said:

"Brave Athenian Four Hundred! A solicitous and earnest thought brought forth by my admiration for your whole noble race has just passed over my mind, and I shall relate a story often heard in my youthful days.

"Once upon a time, a prince fell deeply in love with a maiden who was not to the liking of the king, his father, nor to the queen. Death should befall the maiden upon the first discovery of the Prince's continued infatuation. Such was the unalterable decree of the kingly house. The Prince Terminos and the beautiful maiden Elopia, knowing that there was no hope, knowing that the King especially prided himself in being able to say that no decree of his had ever failed of being carried out to the most extreme limits, Prince Terminos and his love Elopia determined to die in each other's arms rather than to be doomed to live apart on earth. They both determined to die in each other's arms, but they wished to enjoy each other's company just for a short while yet, unmolested, on this world. And so in the stillness and darkness of night Prince Terminos and his love Elopia carried a large quantity of food and goods into one of the Prince's strongest boats ready for a long voyage.

"In the morning the boat, with one mast and lateen sail and four oars, was found missing from the shore, and so were the lovers. Several

days after, a parchment roll, suspended from a tree near the shore, was found. It was taken to the King's scribe and, unfolding the same, the scribe and King saw that it was the lover's farewell to the king, queen and all human beings. The parchment began by saying: 'We will not lead you on to discover this parchment roll until we are seven days distant from our native shores; then with the golden, glaring eye of day rising and looking over the east end of the world as the only witness, we will stand up in our boat, kiss each other seven times, pat the liquid blue seven times with our oar, and in prayer, asks Hermes (Mercury), swift-winged messenger of the gods, to lead members of the King's castle to find our farewell parchment roll.'

"And on the seventh day they discovered it.

"It said they did not want to live if they could not live as prince and princess, and later as king and queen. They would not therefore land on any foreign shore, but would row and sail, and row and sail toward the setting sun, thus gaining some time for themselves to enjoy life together in Elysian bliss and happiness, unmolested until the Fates decreed a watery grave or their food was exhausted, or until they sailed down over the end of the world, whirling down the dark abyss into destruction. This is the fate, they believed, that awaited them; for they were in the swiftest boat and they would continually burn the sweetest of incense with their prayers to Aeolus for favorable breezes to speed them to the end of the world.

"'Whatever,' the parchment further read, 'or wherever destruction shall overtake us, we shall die in each other's arms. That is our daily prayer to Aeolus. We certainly have enough food with us to sail to the end of the world. That will also allot to us the longest time to live together in heavenly bliss in spite of all kingly decrees and commands. How long or how short a time, we shall live on Neptune's blue liquid realm—to us its happiness, love, Elysian bliss, will be more than is the happiness and joy to such that live on earth to a good old age. Our hope and wish is to sail and fall down over the edge of the world; and when our boat is just on the brink of the world, we will arise, kiss each other seven times, clasp each other so tightly that even in death there shall be no parting—fall down the dark, roaring endless space in each other's arms.

"'Not being allowed to live on the world, we, even in death, do not wish to dwell in the shades below, but wish, over the world's end, off of the world, to be whirled unto destruction. Off, off from the world, is our wish, for we love it not. It allowed us not to dwell upon it with our love and happiness."

"The King called all of his vassals and his best seamen and gave instructions to follow on sea and shore. But a large part of the moon had elapsed before the parchment roll suspended from the tree had

been discovered, so the lovers, with fair breezes with which Aeolus had favored them—must have wafted them far out on distant unknown dangerous seas and perhaps over the end of the world. If, by Aeolus' fair breeze, they sailed over the edge of the world, they may be still falling, in the endless abyss, clasped in each other's arms in death. The attempts made to follow the direction by the parchment were almost always baffled by stormy adverse winds against which the King's strongest rowers could not contend. The lovers were never overtaken and returned nevermore.

"The King built a castle in his old age, on a high promontory overlooking the sea, at a window of which he sat with a faint glimmer of hope in his heart, looking for the Prince, his son, to greet him, and his Elopia, as King and Queen of his proud realm. But in vain! Before him unrolled, hanging against the castle wall, was that part of Prince Termino's farewell parchment, at the lower end of which was a picture of the lovers, Prince Terminos and Elopia, standing up in their boat in close embrace, just as it began to plunge over and down the end of the world—down into the dark, endless abyss, beneath which stood written, in large, plain script:

#### OFF THE EARTH.

Like an iron band  
Are the laws of the land;  
But boundless and free  
Are the laws of the sea.

"The King could not look at that picture, drawn so true to life by his son, without moistened eyes, 'Tis said he often muttered:

"Two loving hearts will dare and do  
Braver acts than the brave ever knew."

"Athenian Four Hundred!" continued King Gythlo, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta: "I did not intend to speak this day and Prince Gyphodus will again proceed to address you; but as I said before, an earnest thought passed through my brain, called forth by your noble beauty, recalled that long-forgotten story I have just related. You, adventurous Athenians, I am told, are also going far out on unknown western seas. I only recalled and related the sad story of the unhappy lovers, Prince Terminos and Elopia, to call your attention to the fact that they returned nevermore. Therefore, dauntless Athenian Four Hundred! Although your *Aeolus* is godlike and wondrous large, I implore you, Athenian Four Hundred, be not too venturesome for it would be an irremediable loss if you, Noble Four Hundred of Athens! should pass over the world's edge—off from the world—into destruction, never to return. The favor bestowed upon you by Hygeia, and it seems by all the gods that on high Olympus dwell, ought to be



transmitted to increased generations yet to come; for such are a delight in the eyes of the gods and men. You not only exemplify beauty of person, but also: 'A sound mind in a healthy body,' which is in harmony with our Spartan teachings.

"It is well known to you, as also is to all Spartans, that upon the fall of Troy, a number of King Priam's household, including a noted prince who had escaped the Grecian spear and dart, set sail in several ships westward bound. They never returned, nor were they ever heard of again.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! My silvery beard and hair show that the many moons that have passed over me have brought me into touch with experiences of countless kinds.

"Young Athenians, you are in the full flush of the loving period—a period in which all are liable to be too venturesome. I repeat it—you can be too venturesome; for I am told you may even sail westward, far, far westward, even to the Pillars of Hercules.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Your loss would be a great calamity to your fair, renowned city of Athens, yes, a loss to our whole Grecian race. Your large ship, floating majestically, like a wonderful large, high castle with masts and sails, looks as if it were thinking: 'I can ride over whirlwind and storm—I defy the God of Storms.' No human being ever beheld such a big ship and it is likely that your ship can override great storms. Nevertheless, be it known, the gods in their anger are all powerful.

"Fearless Voyagers! You are all in the bloom of the loving period of life. Being accompanied by such maidens, it seems only natural that the noble young men will vie with each other in the most reckless display of daring, courage and heroism. Young maidens worship and admire manly, valiant young men—warriors. And it is this heroism in defying storms, in the companionship of the fair maidens, that I fear may lead to disaster.

"I, too," continued the King, "as a Spartan, love, admire and praise nothing more than courage, bravery, daring and gallantry, adventure, fearlessness and lion-hearted heroism. 'Tis true, I'm old, drifting closer and closer to the shades below and soon can I expect Charon to touch me on the shoulder, saying: 'Time's up.' It is only natural that our Spartan Prince Gyphodus, who is in the first bloom of youthful manhood, should express his admiration of your striking excellencies. But I must admit that even one of my age cannot remain unmindful of them. An earnest thought has passed through my brain: 'Man of many moons, step up and save the noble Athenians from possible destruction by timely warning.

"Only, therefore, have I arisen to speak; for my voice no more reaches to the distant mountains as does that of Prince Gyphodus. But



my eyes, old as they are, cannot fail, at the first glance, to see that you all are high born descendants of the divine, wise, noble Athenian race of heroes. Your inborn and trained noble bearing tells me plainly that you have received the favor of the graces, Euphrosyne, Aglaia and Thalia, governed by the spirit of fearlessness and heroism.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Your ship is large and has monster stone anchors. But the favor of the gods and goddesses: Athene (Minerva), Aeolus, Poseidon (Neptune), including Zeus always, are the only anchors that can in all situations protect you from danger. That you sacrifice sweet incense with song and prayer to the gods, I have seen from my castle and it has filled my heart with hope and expectations for your safe return from your voyage to your city, sacred to the Goddess Athene.

"Brave Voyagers! I am old and it may be that I look too far ahead, over too broad and vast a field for possible disaster. This looking far ahead is one of the many signs that I am old. Yes, it may be that if young dauntless adventurers listen too attentively to the warnings of the old, it might curb many valiant deeds of noble heroism. Athenians, I have only spoken in harmony with the feeling of preventing disaster, as it dwells in an old man;

"One who would feel sad, if the sea should erase  
The Noble Four Hundred from off the world's face."

King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, stepped back and resumed his seat. His speech was listened to 'midst deep silence with great reverence; loud applause following.

Prince Gyphodus arose again and said: "Adventurous Athenian Four Hundred! The advice and warning you have listened to is the advice of a friend—advice and warning from one who delights in the renown of your famous city of Athens. (Great applause.) One of my age cannot be a man of experience, but even I, upon listening to the voyage you are to undertake to far distant unknown seas, cannot help but think and feel that your voyage is a very adventurous one. Brave Athenian Four Hundred! Wherever you may sail, it is our prayer: 'May the gods return you all to your native shores again.' (Applause by Spartans.

"Brave Athenians! Upon this day which is adorned by your presence, my thoughts (as I know do the thoughts of my fellow Spartans) revert to the Siege of Troy, in which the Athenian contingent took such a heroic part. The question has often been discussed to and fro, endlessly among our Spartans, as to who caused and who was the fault of the war—a man or a woman; Paris or Helen?

"Another question also never rests: Whose fault was it that the

destruction of Troy was not accomplished many moons sooner—Agamemnon's or Achilles'?

"Long and earnest orations have been held by the adherents of the different sides, and both seem to be determined not to walk away from their point of view, and to look at the question from different directions. And the result? No acceptable answer for all.

"On these two questions it is well understood among us Spartans that during our debates, no orator shall speak longer than the turn of two sand glasses. I do not wish to bring these questions up for discussion; no, no. Time is too limited, but I only wish to say that if noble Sophon, in his address, would also include and relate the heroism of the Greeks in the Trojan war, as related to you by your noble Athenian forefathers, we Spartans will never tire of listening. It is always pleasant for us Spartans to remember that Menelaus, King of our Sparta, rightful husband of the fair Helen, was one of the heroes secreted in the large wooden horse which proved itself to be a key, as it were, to the principal gate of the walls of Troy, and which made the Fall of Troy possible.

"Daring, heroic Four Hundred of Athens! King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, requests me to say that it would be a great pleasure to him and the Spartan people if you would extend your stay several days longer and that the key of the city's gates will be delivered in your possession during your stay, thus indicating our unbounded confidence and friendship. We all hope that this auspicious day's festival will be a festival of joy for all our Athenian friends. The sun will set upon this day's festival as it sets upon all human events; but may the pleasureable remembrances of this joyful Athenian-Spartan festal day never set, but be a source of joy, pleasure and friendship until the sun sets to our eyes forever."

Prince Gyphodus, 'midst great applause, after a short pause, introduced Sophon to the Spartan populace 'mid endless Spartan cheering and the striking of their shields.

Sophon said: "King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, Gracious Queen, Noble Prince Gyphodus, and brave, valiant Spartans! Friends! In the name of the Four Hundred Athenian voyagers: We thank you all for your friendly reception and the many words of praise spoken. (Great applause by voyagers and Spartans.)

"Noble, Invincible, Dreadnought, Brave Spartans! This roar of applause sounds to me like an echo of the past, as an echo of the mingled shouts of our heroic Spartan and Athenian forefathers, before the walls of Troy (great applause); as an echo passed down from generation to generation up to this day, resounding with a new energy at this, our Spartan-Athenian festival. (Great applause.)

"The sound of your voices, brave Spartans, is sweet and a delight to

mine ears; sweeter than the Siren's charming songs could ever be; as the Spartan shouts and cheers were a delight to the ears of our Athenian forefathers on the battle fields of Troy.

"I hardly know how to address you, as noble Spartans or as noble Grecians. You are both; but I shall address you as brave Spartans; for the special endurance, strength and valor of the Spartan as taught to all youths and maidens throughout Greece, is admired and praised even far beyond the borders of our beloved Greece. Mine eyes are pleased to behold the strong, stalwart, valiant Spartans. Valiant Spartans! First I shall explain the building of our great ship and its mission. It is only to you, valiant Spartans, that we divulge our ship's mission; our forefathers having fought side by side in battle for a common cause. Your offering of the keys of the city is also proof of unbroken confidence and friendship. An experienced Phoenician merchant seafarer who was ostracised for an offense against the King of Tyre sojourned for several moons in Athens. On request of our most noted philosophers, he held a lengthy address on the value of commerce, ending with:

A nation, to be grand,  
Must rule on sea and land.

"And also: 'The ship bringeth abundance from afar.'

"All Athenians were highly enthused with the value of commerce in ships, such as those of the Phoenicians. Athenian enthusiasm ran to such heights that it was determined to build one wonder ship, which was accomplished by the high pitch of enthusiasm furnished by our bards, philosophers and poets and the willing, untiring hands of thousands of earnest maidens, women, youths and strong men. The builder, upon being asked how the great task was accomplished, answered, 'By the favor and aid of the Gods.' Never again will it be possible to secure such united enthusiasm and willingness of thousands—united with the favor and aid of the gods, to build another ship even half as large as the *Aeolus*. Our mission is one of peace, Commerce; not combat.

"The question of taking maiden voyagers along was discussed to and fro until it was decided that maidens could, in equal number to the young men, accompany the adventure. The condition was that only such of our Athenian maidens would be accepted who were of noble birth and who could pass what we called, in Athens, the Spartan Examination. All our noble maidens of Athens are given what we call a Spartan training, including athletics, riding, swimming, running, rowing, archery, and so on; all men and maidens being required to remain out of doors for at least the greater part of a day. It is understood that the men are out of doors the whole day and part of the nights also. All of our young men and maidens the ship could not take. So such whose standing was the highest were selected.

"I have been informed by the Committee on Commerce that they have exchanged a large number of articles with your Spartan traders to the profit and benefit of Spartans and Athenians. Thus, already is illustrated the value of commerce.

"Our mission is to sail westward as far as the Pillars of Hercules possibly. That is said to be the limit of the Phoenician traders. Our next landing place, it is intended, shall be on the coast of Elis near Pylos, native city of Nestor, of sacred memory, who was the aged counsellor in the Trojan war. From thence we will sail westward from the shores of Greece to unknown lands of unknown tongues. And as to unknown tongues, we have Theognis, the interpreter of gesture language. He can understand what people say by the motion of their bodies, eyes, hands, legs, feet, head, mouth, nose, etc. We must take his words as being the words of those whose language is strange to us. Theognis is one of us.

"It is true, as has been remarked by your noble King Gythio of Gythium by virtue of the King of Sparta, that at the destruction of Troy, a prince of the House of Priam, with a number of Trojans, escaped in the darkness and confusion of the night in ships and set sail westward bound.

"The experienced Phoenician merchant of Tyre warned us not to sail near or in sight of the new city named Rome, which the Phoenician merchant ships had found to be very aggressive. The merchant seafarer from Tyre said it was the general saying among Phoenician seafarers that the city named Rome was founded by a descendant of the Trojan Prince named Aeneas and his Trojan followers who had set sail westward bound upon their escape on the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. Our ship will not sail in the direction in which that city is said to lie.

"At the Pillars of Hercules, if we should sail that far, we will return on our homeward voyage and shall, if the fates allow, land here again. (Loud applause.)

"Prince Gyphodus has kindly intimated that our Spartan friends would be pleased if I should relate the events of the Trojan war, The Siege of Troy, as related to us Athenians by our fathers. When two friends meet who live at a great distance from each other, conversation naturally will turn on matters in which they are both interested, in which they or their forefathers have taken an honorable active part. We know, if our heroic Spartan and Athenian forefathers, who fought side by side in the Trojan war, could be here this day, they would greet each other with embraces and kisses with eyes bedewed with tears of joy. They would converse with deep feeling of the heroic days of the past, of the events of the war in all its minutest details. They would again vividly recall encouraging words spoken by brave, suffer-

ing, dying comrades; recall the shout, the charge, the clash and clamor of the blood-stained battle fields strewn with the maimed and dying foe and friend. They would in silence recall the many thousands hastily dug, wide, sod-covered sepulchres, the last resting place, far from home, of their brave comrades who consecrated their lives to the glory of Sparta—to the glory of Greece. (Deafening applause.) They would recall the heroic scenes when the principal chiefs and commanders of each side would at various times challenge each other to single combat on the field between the armies. How every sinew, every nerve of every comrade was tensioned to its utmost upon beholding the God-like warriors stepping forth singly out upon the field, from among the long arrayed armies, to meet each other midway between the armies, first shaking hands, then stepping back a few paces—when the conflict began, whole armies looking on! How each side shouted encouragingly, and when the vanquished fell, how, in silence, he was carried back to his army; how the victor, retiring to his ranks, carrying the shield, weapon and helmet of the vanquished, was greeted with uproarious, endless shouts and cheering by his warrior army! How the armies would charge in battle, all along the line, or how the victors would hold a feast of revelry and joy; the vanquished, a funeral feast of sorrow!

“Yes, if our heroic Spartans and Athenian forefathers could meet here this day, their recollections of the scenes and brave deeds at Troy would make them for the time being, strong and young again; with elastic step, eager for the conflict as in the days when they stood in the flush of manhood in battle array.

“There is no friendship so earnest and deep, no feeling of brotherhood so strong, as exists between brave warriors—warriors who fought side by side against a common foe for a noble cause under the hail of deadly javelins, lances, stones, war clubs, swords, flinted arrows, in hand-to-hand combats, or charging the catapults. The friendships formed in feasts, luxurious ease and sports are as nothing compared to the friendship formed between warriors on the bloody, deadly fields of battle. The feelings of joy, of sorrow, of hope, of fear, despair, of defeat, of victory, fell and rose in their hearts in unison, like the ebb and flow of the ocean, all eager for one great cause; creating a grand brotherhood—lasting, enduring. Their shouts of victory rang out in one glad chorus. They laughed, cried, were sad, glad, suffered, feasted and joyed together. Such warrior friendship or comradeship thus formed between the Grecian contingents in the famous Trojan war, between our brave Spartan and Athenian forefathers does not only form a lifelong bond of friendship between comrades, but endures and passes from generation to generation.

“Such is the friendship between us brave Spartans and Athenians this day. A friendship which we have inherited has passed down to

us through generations from our heroic ancestors who fought side by side in the battlefields of distant Troy.

And when we are dead and gone  
May that friendship still live on  
Forever!

(Great applause.)

"Friends are we, a friendship inherited from our heroic forefathers. Your Gods are our Gods; your pride, our pride. The same blue-eyed Goddess Minerva counselled our forefathers in the Siege of Troy. So we can talk of an event of mutual interest to which we can point, and rehearse with mutual pride. It is for us, the living, to relate the brave, heroic deeds of our forefathers and pass them on to future, unending generations. (Applause.) And it is for us and all future Grecians to emulate their brave deeds in words and actions. Yes, whenever occasion demands, we Athenians and Spartans will fight side by side for victory against a common enemy, in a manner worthy of their descendants. (Great applause.)

"And now, as your noble Prince Gyphodus has suggested, I shall attempt to rehearse the principal events of the Græco-Trojan war, the Fall of Troy (of Ilion) as passed down to us over three generations from our illustrious Athenian forefathers. (Great applause with striking of shields, decorated lances and feather-ornamented arrows flying in the air.)

"In the spirit of that greatest of all wars and in the name of our warrior Spartan and Athenian forefathers, I address you as comrades. (Great applause.) We all know that the God-gifted Homer has gathered and related the greatest number of events of that greatest of wars, over all other historians and bards. But to each contingent of that war were known many deeds of valor unknown, undiscovered even by Homer. So I shall rehearse the story of The Fall of Troy (Ilion) as handed down to us from our own heroic Athenian forefathers. If ever there is a place more fitting for the rehearsal of the story of the Fall of Troy, that place is here—here in beautiful, hollow Lacedaemon. It is here from Spartan Lacedaemon, here from your shores from which fair Helen eloped or was carried away in one of a number of ships, by the handsome appearing Paris, prince of the house of King Priam, son of Queen Hecuba of Troy. But I must proceed. I must admit I hardly know where to begin and where to end. For our Captain Arteus has just sent a message saying that in no case can the *Aeolus* delay longer than the time allotted, so that our ship may sail forth on the wings of the coming morning.

"So it will be possible only to rehearse the principal events of that great conflict. If I had known that I would be asked to relate the story of the Fall of Ilion, I would have refreshed my memory by gathering such accounts as are known by my fellow Athenian voyagers.

"Each of us, in our youth, upon every seventh day following the seventh full moon, were questioned as to our knowledge of the Fall of Ilion. Being required to recall to memory the history of that war of wars, I can not proceed with my accustomed speed. One of our Grecian bards at Athens said that history is a spirit language of past centuries, talking of events of the past, emphasizing such events as it considers among the most important and preserving them to generations without end.

"And so the principal events in the Siege of Troy will pass in review before our mind's eyes this day. Now, comrades, I will begin:

"Paris, Prince of the house of King Priam of Troy, noted for beauty and strength, was upon a certain occasion, selected as judge to decide who could claim the apple belonging to the most beautiful: Hera, Athene or Aphrodite. Paris decided on Aphrodite (Venus), who, in return, promised through her powers as a Goddess, to lead him to find and secure the most beautiful woman of the world, as his wife. Paris sailed forth from Troy in several ships westward, until he arrived at these shores, near which our ship *Aeolus* now lies—the rainbow flags of which we can see from here.

"Aphrodite (Venus) invisibly led Paris to visit your grand Spartan King, Menelaus. Beautiful Helen, wife of King Menelaus, had had many princely and kingly suitors. The suitors all admired and loved her dearly, each one of whom were willing to die for her welfare, as events proved. The princely and kingly suitors agreed that Helen should be allowed, unmolested, to choose her husband from among her numerous suitors. They were honorable men.

"Helen's choice fell upon your valliant Prince Menelaus for her husband. (Great applause.)

"Many of these noble suitors were present at the wedding feast; and they agreed and insisted that in the marriage ceremony, the high priest should state: 'Whoever hath, or harbors reasons why Menelaus and Helen should not become man and wife, let him come forth now—or forever hold his peace.' The suitors were honorable men.

"Not only this, but they made a compact by which they bound themselves that at any time, should King Menelaus be disturbed in the possession of his beautiful wife, they would as one man, join in battle for King Menelaus' rights. They were honorable men.

"Their love and admiration for Helen was coupled with a respect and a truly deep, earnest desire, hope and wish that Helen should enjoy true happiness with whatever husband she might choose. They were honorable men.

"Helen stood so high in the admiration, respect and love of the suitors that none of them would allow themselves or any one else to stand in the way of Helen and her chosen Menelaus. Although they had



all loved her dearly and the hope of finding favor in her eyes had often, like the flow and ebb of the ocean, again and again, risen and fallen in their breasts, they submitted to her decision, all agreeing that she was worthy of the fullest happiness the world can give to a beautiful woman, mated to one of her own choice—to her, *the man of men*. (Great applause.)

“Such was the noble love of the princely and kingly suitors—a love that was above and beyond the common understanding.

“And the event proved that their exalted love and admiration were not in words only, but in deeds of heroism. They were honorable men.

“At the time of Paris’ landing here, Menelaus had become King of your Sparta. Paris was invited to partake of the hospitality of Menelaus’s castle at Sparta as a guest. Feasts were instituted in his honor and he was royally entertained. Paris was a brother of Hector—most brave and powerful of the valiant Trojans. During Menelaus’ absence, Paris, with the aid of the Goddess Aphrodite (Venus) succeeded in enticing Helen to sail in one of his ships from these shores to his native Troy to become his wife. ’Tis said:

Paris was, in faultless form and haughty grace,  
The loveliest youth of all the Trojan race.

“The kingly house of Troy greatly valued and admired sparkling jewels; and it was by his display and offering of such jewels and the glowing description Paris gave of the city of Troy and its wonderful palaces, that aided him, assisted by the favor of Aphrodite, to move the fair Helen to allow herself half-assenting, half-hesitating, to be driven in a chariot from Sparta to these strands and to be carried away on Paris’s ship.

“Paris’s ship, on reaching the open sea, after sailing over two thousand stadia in a northeasterly direction, arrived at the Trojan shores at Troy (Ilion). The castle of King Menelaus also harbored jewels, but your Spartan King did not value jewels as highly as a sound mind in a sound body. That was the Spartan ideal of the most desirable of all jewels; such which Hygeia had favored, with teeth as white as pearl, with eyes noble, haughty, sparkling, hair heavy, silken-tressed. These were the jewels, living jewels, which your Spartans strove to bring and have brought to the highest point of excellence and perfection of strength, nobility and beauty, of which Helen herself stood forth as the most beautiful jewel of Spartan culture and strenuous bodily training.

“To find and secure the most beautiful woman in the world, Prince Paris had to come to your Spartan shores. (Great applause.)

“Upon King Menelaus’ return, no time was lost to herald far and wide the news that Paris had carried away the beautiful Spartan Queen Helen to his native city, Troy.



"And right here, as an answer to the question which noble Prince Gyphodus says has never been agreed upon by you Spartans, as to who caused, or through whose fault, the Græco-Trojan war was called into being—a man's or a woman's fault? I would answer 'a man's fault.' For if Paris had not landed on these shores in search of the most beautiful woman in the world, there would have been no war. The applause here was strengthened by all the women joining in the same.

"One of the Spartans, who seemingly belonged to those who contended that the war had been caused through the fault of a woman, spoke up in a clear, strong voice: 'Noble Athenian! Allow me. Helen had taken an oath that she would be true to Menelaus for life. She broke her oath. Paris was not bound to an oath; so it seems clear to me that a woman was the fault of the war.' (Slight applause.)

"Sophon continued: 'It seems that that question can never be agreed upon by fair-minded men.'

"But as for me, I shall hereafter call that war: The Trojan-Græco War, instead of the Græco-Trojan War, because it was started by the dishonorable act of a Trojan—Paris—a man. (Renewed applause.)

"All of the kings and princes who had formed a compact and agreed to assist Menelaus in upholding his rights as to his fair wife Helen, were notified of the act of the base deceiver, Paris. All the great kings and chiefs came forward with large contingents of men and ships. O, would that I could name each one of the many thousands of brave warriors who fought and those who fought and died for your brave King Menelaus' cause.

"Our bard and philosopher at Athens, who taught us the story of the Fall of Troy, once said that it was too bad that we could not know the names of each one of the brave warriors who fought at Troy. Only the principal chiefs were named to history and the thousands who bled and died for Menelaus' cause were barely named by numbers.

"But it occurs to me that it could have been answered that all of the many thousands, besides bearing their own proud names of Boeotia, Aspledon, Phocis, Locriis, Euboea, Athens, Salamis, Argos, Mycenæ, Corinth, Pylos, Myrmidon, Aulis, Arcadia, Elis, Ithaca, Aetolian, Argos, Thessaly, Achaia, Lemnos, Oechlia and many other proud names of their immediate country, they all bore one name that is honored, respected and feared far beyond the boundaries of our own common land, namely: they all bore the noble name 'Grecian.' (Applause.) The individual names which I can recall can necessarily only be a few from among a multitude of men. And of the many thousands of incidents and occurrences which have taken place in that war, many will be overlooked. But I shall begin, as well as my memory can, to name the great chiefs that ruled the various contingents, singly and combined, which I have just before named. First, the two brave sons of Atreus, Agamemnon

and Menelaus. (Great applause.) Next, Diomed, the son of Tydeus, and with him, Sthenelus, Nestor, son of Neleus, a wise counsellor of experience who had outlived three generations of men. Ulysses, wise and brave, son of Laertes from Ithaca, Thoas, the Aetolian, Idomeneus, King of Crete, Tlepolemus, son of Hercules, Eumelus from Thessaly, Menestheus of our own Attic Athens (great applause); and lastly, but not least, the most valiant of all, the God-like Achilles, and with him, Patroclus. (Great applause.) And then let us at least also call to mind, Ajax, the fearless. (Applause.)

We can't expect that any one brain,  
All those heroes can contain—  
Those who fought on Troy's wide plain;  
Although I can not name them all,  
History doth their names recall  
On hardest marble!

"All the Grecian states sent large contingents of warriors in the cause of Menelaus from their shores in ships, varying in number from four to one hundred ships from a state. The various Greek contingents numbered a hundred thousand warriors and eleven hundred and four score and six ships. Rocky Aulis, in Euboea was their gathering place. Here Menelaus and his elder brother, the great Agamemnon, visited all the chiefs, recognized their bravery and assistance and agreed upon a united plan of action. In harmony with the order of natural selection, Agamemnon, King of Mycenae and Argos, was chosen commander in chief of the united Greek contingents. From Aulis, the ships sailed down the bay, out into the sea and crossed in a northeasterly direction over to Troy. Troy was the capital of Troas in Asia and was situated near Mt. Ida, not far from the sea; so there was a plain between the walls of Troy and the sea.

The names of the Trojan leaders—I know them not so well—  
Our forefathers, who fought at Troy, they wished them all to H——,\*  
Until such time as they again fair Helen could restore,  
Back to your own King Menelaus—to this, your Spartan shore.  
(Applause.)

"Noble Spartans, we all know from the history which has come down to us, that among the Trojans, there were not as many heroes as among our Greeks, and the most valiant Trojans were not equal in arms to those of our Greeks. The Trojan heroes who are worthy of renown and who I can at present call, are Antenor, who at least, was the wisest of the Trojans, Corebus, Glaucus, Memnon, Pindarus, a skillful archer, Sarpedon, Anchises; Acestes, and the sons of King Priam; Paris Polites, Diphobus, Helenus, Troilus and Prince Hector, the strongest and bravest of Trojans. Paris, at times, stood forth; but not as often as one of such athletic, beautiful, strong, shapely form should have done;

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\* Hades.

especially as he was the real, first cause of the war. Paris was looked down upon and despised, not so much for inducing Helen to elope and become his wife, but it was for his cowardice in keeping aloof from the field of battle as much as possible. Whenever he did join the conflict, it was through Hector reminding him of his cowardice. His heart was out of harmony with his strong, noble appearance. When fully arrayed with helmet, shield and lance, he stood forth as a God of War, but he had not the heart of a true warrior.

"Thus have I named, as best my memory can, the principal Grecian and Trojan heroes of that war of wars. But two more Grecian heroes come to mind—they proved themselves to be equal to many men, two brothers, Podalirius and Machaon. They were divine surgeons, professors of the healing art. They not only healed many wounded, so that they could return to the field of battle again, but curbed a pestilence that would have devastated the whole army. Machaon also, praise to him to this day, it was who, when your brave Menelaus lay dangerously wounded by a poisoned arrow, aimed by the great Trojan archer, Pandarus, cured and fully restored him to battle with his accustomed vigor on many a well fought field.

"But, as I must hasten, the Greek contingent arrived at the Trojan shores, formed in battle array, sent a messenger to King Priam, demanding the surrender of Helen within a certain time, or they would proceed immediately to storm the city's walls. The messenger returned with King Priam's answer contained in a sealed scroll. The messenger appeared before King Agamemnon, who was standing in his chariot in the center of the long array of warriors. The King asked the messenger to unseal the scroll and immediately read King Priam's answer aloud.

"The answer read as follows: 'Proud defiant Grecians! Coming to our distant shores in long battle array, we can not call you friends. My answer to your demand for the return of Helen is also the answer of every Trojan worthy of the name. Great Agamemnon, my answer to your message is:

" 'Wealth can not buy her!  
Force can not take her!' " Signed Priam.

"Upon the warriors being informed of Priam's reply, loud shouts of defiance moved through the long line of warriors. Every spear, dart, stone, sword thirsted to drink the blood of the Trojans. The great war with varying success lasted nine years, which at the end of that time, ended in the complete destruction of Troy and the victor's return with the Fair Helen to the Spartan shores, after which Menelaus and his Queen, Helen, lived in peace and happiness to the end of their days.

"In haste I would add the Trojan war lasted nine years, but it would have come to a successful close much sooner if a quarrel between

the principal chiefs, Agamemnon and Achilles, had not taken place. Briseis, a beautiful maiden captive, was taken from Achilles by Agamemnon, his superior in command. Therefore, Achilles skulked in his tent and with his valiant myrmidons remained aloof from battle. Achilles later again joined the Greeks against Troy, killed Hector and dragged his body behind his chariot to the Greek camp in sight of the Trojans, including Andromache standing on the walls. Andromache fainted at the sight.

"Great honors Ilium to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

"We will remember that Achilles' body was invulnerable excepting his one heel. This the Goddess Aphrodite (Venus) made known to Paris. Paris, with the horse hair of his helmet nodding as he strode, suddenly stood still and awaited Achilles. On Achilles' advance, Paris, with his bow strung to its utmost, aimed deliberately and pierced Achilles' heel with a deadly arrow, from which Achilles died. Upon his death becoming known—how the Grecian camp did mourn! Paris was killed by Philoctetes, a skilled archer.

"The Trojan war still waged on. At last stratagem was resorted to. Sinon had successfully succeeded in passing into the Trojan walls, claiming that he had deserted from the Greek army, in which:

The cunning, feigning Sinon  
Played his part so well  
The Trojans could but wish him  
In deepest, darkest h——.\*

"A large wooden horse was built and in the night hauled near to one of the city's gates. Ulysses was one of its originators.

Ulysses, that resourceful man,  
Well 'tis known, was born to plan.

"Six Grecian warriors, well armed, were hidden in the belly of the monster horse, including Ulysses and also your brave Spartan Menelaus. (Great applause.) On the morning, the Trojans discussed what to do with the horse.

"Cassandra, from the walls on high,  
Beheld the horse with tearful eye.  
She spoke:  
'That horse, that reaches high in air,  
For Troy's good, 'tis not placed there;  
O touch it not, beware! beware!'

Alas! Whate'er Cassandra said,  
Was like speaking to the dead."

"Some thought that to treat the horse roughly might call down the

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\* Hades.

vengeance of the gods and said, 'Don't act too rashly.' But from among the crowd, Laocoon rushed and said:

"O wretched countrymen!" he cries,  
What monstrous madness blinds your eyes?  
Think you your enemies removed?  
What'er it be, a Greek, I fear,  
Though presents in his hands he bear.  
He spoke; and with arms full force,  
Straight at the belly of the horse  
His mighty spear he cast."

But the fate that o'ertook Laocoon  
It followed, oh, so soon, so soon;  
He and his two bright boys must die  
By serpents, groaning to the sky.

"Toward evening the Trojans decided to pull the monster horse through the gate, inside the walls. At midnight, Sinon, who had feigned he was a Grecian deserter, unlocked the opening of the horse; the Grecian warriors issued forth, killed the warders at the gate, and upon a light signal, Agamemnon and the whole Grecian army rushed in and the fall and ruin of Troy became complete.

"Ten years of fighting could prevail,  
Nor navies of a thousand sail."

The wooden horse—great strategy  
Secured for Greece its victory.

"And in closing, I may say:

Thus sank proud Troy in ashy-dust,  
With all its wealth and glory—  
But let us Grecians all be just—  
Forever 'twill live in story!

"Brave Spartans! As necessity demands, I have rehearsed the story of the Fall of Troy in a very condensed form, as taught to us at Athens. Valiant Spartans! Our Committee on Commerce presents these two beautiful vases to his majesty, King Gythio of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta. This vase, which I hold in my hands has, in artistic workmanship, illustrated on its side the figure of Menelaus and Hector in combat over the body of Euphorbus.

"The other vase displays the figure of Menelaus assisted by Meriones and the Ajaces fighting against the Trojans to obtain the body of Patroclus, which they bravely succeeded in doing. Upon beholding the vases, long after we have sailed from your fair shores, we hope they will recall pleasant memories of the Four Hundred of Athens, who are here this day in beautiful Lacedaemon.

"King Gythio arose and said: 'Valiant Four Hundred! These exquisitely fashioned vases presented to me, I accept with deep-

felt thanks. They will not only be a pleasure to the eye, but their sight will speak of the brave deeds of our Athenian and Spartan ancestors and also of the very agreeable visit of our noble Four Hundred of Athens' friends on this day.' (Great applause.)

"Sophon replied: 'Valiant King Gythio of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta! The kind appreciation of the gift is a great pleasure to the giver. As to gifts—since our forefathers placed a monstrous wooden horse before the gates of Troy and captured the city thereby, the saying: "Beware of the gift-bearing Greeks," is known beyond the borders of our Grecian land. But a gift from Greek to Greek, as presented this day, is different. In our youth, at Athens, we have heard said of a gift:

" 'Tis not the value of a gift that binds true hearts together;  
 'Tis not the weight of gold always—it may be light as feather;  
 But it must have that, though in words 'tis seldom spoken,  
 Must come from true and noble hearts to be a heartfelt token.  
 The simplest flower, from heart to heart, great wealth may never  
     equal,  
 Especially so a lover's gift, with wedlock as a sequel."

"As to the gift which we presented this day, we might intimate:

" 'Tis not the value of the vase which we to you have given,  
 It is not made of weighty gold, or of white silver even,  
 But is a piece of Attic's soil, to us the dearest ever,  
 Where'er we sail, where'er we roam, forget it, we can never;  
 Made of the finest Attic clay, with thoughts of Grecian glory,  
 Portraying skillfully the deeds of Trojan—Grecian story."

(*Applause.*)

"Valiant Spartans! Your gracious, noble Queen has complimented us highly, saying:

"Your men are more handsome than Paris of Troy,  
 Your maidens, more charming than Helen, his joy."

"As to 'Helen, his joy,' it was not of long duration. If we are entitled to that compliment, surely it was achieved through your Spartan teachings, which were made known to our Athenian ancestors over three generations ago by a philosopher who had sojourned in your lovely Lacedaemon, as Homer calls your land, to us better known as Laconia or Sparta.

"Our Athenian philosopher who was an authority on art, especially sculpture, concluded an address which he held on art, by saying in substance: 'Although the ennobling, elevating study of art should certainly never receive less, but more and more encouragement, so that every citizen of Athens would become acquainted with its fundamental principles and find delight and pride in maintaining Athens as the home of Art, as well as of Oratory and Philosophy,' he nevertheless did not fail

to observe, during his sojourn in your land, a teaching which struck him as being highly important to a state, as it aimed at improving the excellencies of the human race—its men and women.

"Your Spartan teaching and training brought the thought to him: 'Which is the most important to a state, a beautiful statue, representing a model man or woman, made of fine Parian marble stone, or the living form divine of blood, flesh, bone?' He observed that your Sparta had given that matter deep, profound thought and study, followed by teaching and training, to secure and maintain the human form divine, men and women, to the highest possible strength and perfection. Your motto being: 'A healthy mind in a healthy body.' He pictured your Spartan as leading an ideal life; not giving great attention to ornaments or enervating comforts, unworried by many of the unnecessaries of life; but living a simple life, such as advocated by many noted philosophers. He came to the conclusion that Spartan courage was the result of strong, healthy bodies with fearless souls. He said that the Spartans would never have handed earth and water to a foreign foe, as a sign of submission, as did another Greek state. The Spartans, to a man, would have chosen death first. (Great applause.)

"He said that all the beautiful things in nature, as well as our Athenian art, can not be fully appreciated by the weakly and sick. The faculties of genuine appreciation are benumbed in proportion to an individual's weakness. The philosopher said he could not but come to the conclusion that your Spartan teachings should really be the first above and beyond all other teachings. Up to that time, no special attention had been given in Athens, as is the case still in all other lands, to the laws in regard to mating, and to the training of its youth and citizens with a view towards improving our Athenian race. In all other lands such matters as a state giving thought to the improvement of its race were unknown, and they were left, without restraint to chance, unmindful of results.

"Our venerated Athenian ancestors, who were always ready to set aside error and adopt truth in its place, recognized your Spartan teachings as the most exalted and sacred of all teachings, achieving for mankind the most valuable results. Since that time forward Athens adopted your laws of mating and training, and we are pleased in justice to say that if the compliment so generously bestowed upon us by your worthy, noble Queen is well taken—if we stand forth as samples, models, of perfect manhood and womanhood, the credit in first order, is due to Sparta. (Great applause.)

"At times, your Spartan marriage laws cause much heartache, but only temporarily in comparison with such cases where the laws are disregarded, resulting in sickly offspring who live a life of suffering, aches and fear; causing constant fear and anxiety to their parents.



"To show you how strictly your Spartan system is observed by our nobility in Athens, I will relate a case that came to pass some moons since. One of our lovely Athenian maidens of noble, healthy parents, and a prince of one of our near by states were deeply in love with each other. They applied at the Athenian health office for a marriage right. He, also, was from an honored, worthy family, and there was no objection, but rather it was the wish and hope of their parents that the young people should join in wedlock. Indeed all Athens was pleased with the intended alliance.

"The health officers, in looking over the records of the maiden's birth and training, saw that she belonged to the nobility; that she could dive, swim, spin, hurl the discus, spear, in short, was able to pass through all athletic games with strength, dexterity and grace. In addition thereto, she was found perfectly healthy. After passing through her examination, she stepped forth smiling.

"The health officer, after examining the Prince, asked him in regard to his birth and training records; but he said that his country required none such. He was asked whether he could swim and dive, how far he could hurl the spear, and so on. In regard to all feats, such as your Spartan training requires, he was questioned. To most of the questions, he replied 'no.' He was asked to hold out a certain weight. Upon trying, it was seen that he could not hold it out for any length of time. The maiden had easily held it out for an extended length of time. He was asked to run up to a certain point on the Acropolis and return to the health officer in the shortest possible time. Upon his return, it was noticed that he could not run the full distance back, but that he walked with a panting breath.

"Upon examination, it was found that the moderate distance was more than he could run, without showing the feeble condition of his heart and whole system. The health officer asked him to name the ages of his parents, who were still young, and also the ages at which his grand and great grand parents had died. His reply showed that they had all died comparatively very young. After a prolonged deliberation, the health officer informed him that the so-named Spartan laws of Athens would not allow him to issue a right to him to join in marriage with any of the noble maidens of Athens.

"He stepped forth from the health office a very sad young man indeed. Rejoining his loved maiden, he could not speak to her, in the fullest sense of the word, as a man. While expressing her deep sorrow, she knew from the Spartan teachings, that it was best for her, best for him and best for Athens that they should not join in wedlock, but allow time to gradually soothe their wounded hearts with the belief that the Spartan teachings should be looked upon as a blessing to all who observe and obey them. The young prince threatened to kill him-



self, which only exposed and emphasized his weakness of body, heart and mind. The noble maiden reasoned wisely in allowing time to soothe her heart.

"It was greatly regretted by the citizens of Athens that the alliance could not take place. Although sad, they knew that the health officer, regardless of the Prince's station, had done his duty as becometh an Athenian. (Great applause.)

"Many Athenians said 'twere well that the alliance was not allowed and that the greatest efforts should not be spared in upholding the Spartan standard for a noble, stalwart race. (Great applause.)

"Our nobles, they said, must be strong, because it is from among them that we select our rulers. And rulers should be strong so as to receive recognition, acknowledgment and also so as to be able to bear the great cares and weight of state, easily, ably and nobly. A strong, brave, fearless, stalwart ruler is a bulwark and an ornament to a state. Athenians oftentimes called attention to the blessings of your Spartan System in after years, results having proved its worth and wisdom.

"Before landing here, we were wondering whether our Athenian lecturers and philosophers had held up to us an imaginary Spartan system as an ideal for us to strive after or emulate; claiming, as they often did, that even striving after an imaginary ideal, was ennobling; a good ideal leading to good results—even if the ideal had no existence in fact. But when we arrived upon your shores, we, at first glance, saw that the Spartan race is in every respect all and even more than our lecturers claimed.

"It may not have been noticed by you, but, Valliant Spartans, you have been under critical eyes and not found wanting. (Applause.)

"Sophon, turning toward the King, said: 'King Gythio of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, being on Spartan ground, it would please us Athenians to hear one of your health officers explain in brief, the duties which his position impose upon him.'

"Hereupon the King asked Prince Gyphodus to call one of the health officers. Hygieontos, tall, stalwart, handsome, stepped forward and said:

"'Noble Athenian Four Hundred! You say we have been under critical eyes, but I can assure you that you have also been under scrutiny. The duties of a Spartan health officer makes of him a constant habitual critic. He can not look upon any person without settling and grading the degree of health he possesses. To us health officers, the word "living" means persons who are in perfect health. All others live only in part. A person who can not hear is not fully alive—is not living fully. A person may even be in the possession of all his senses and faculties, but if he is weak and below our Spartan standard of health, he lives only a fractional part of life.

"In looking at a person, we health officers, almost unconsciously, grade individuals as seven-eighths living, six-eighths living, five-eighths living, four-eighths living, three-eighths living or perfect—fully living.

"Persons graded below six-eighths living are called sick persons. All persons who are graded below seven-eighths are not up to our Spartan standard of health. Of course sudden illness may come over the strongest, if the gods so will it. Our health gradings refer to the average standard of health possessed. All healthy beings are permeated with a feeling of happiness, the very blood running through their veins seems exhilarating. But in the sickly and weak, real happiness is banished in proportion to the degree of ailments.

"As to sickness, "prevention is the best cure." And it is not necessary to say to you that our Spartan laws of mating and strenuous training are the most effective means of prevention. On the battle fields of Troy, it was noticed by the other Greek contingents that our heroic ancestors were not affected, even by pestilence, sent by the gods, who were friendly to the Trojans. The secret lay in our strenuous Spartan laws of health. Luxurious ease and comfort enervates and enfeebles a nation. We and our brave ancestors for centuries have been taught that sickness is a crime—a sin.

"I may say to you, noble Athenian Four Hundred, that sickness is held in such odium with us that each individual does his utmost to prevent it.

"A true Spartan will not talk of his troubles, and is careful not to make his ailments known, unless in dire need. For no pity will he find, but rather will he be told "That serves you just right." Pity encourages complaints. Rebuke, on the other hand, sometimes even cures and turns a weakling into a man. That two-thirds of all human sicknesses and ailments are a crime is accepted as a truth by all Spartan health officers. If not a crime of the person himself, then it has passed down from the second, third or fourth generation. Therefore, it requires generations of right mating and training to secure the highest human excellencies—"a sound mind in a sound body." In a humorous mood, we Spartans say: "Every person ought to be particular in the selection of his parents, even back to the fourth generation." Alone a man comes into the world and singly he passes away. Between his coming and his going, he must fight the battle of life—a strenuous battle, where the weak are at a great disadvantage with the strong. The gods frown on and mortal man despises sickness and weakness.

"When a state is in danger of attack from an outside foe, it is the strong who must defend it. And so in all conquests and triumphs it is the strong to whom credit must be given, who bear the brunt of battle. Therefore are the strong honored and admired—the most wise and daring chosen to positions as rulers of men. For such is the necessary imperative natural order of selection.

"When it happens that a weakling, through the aid of some god, accomplishes something—vanquishes some hero, the world wonders. Such wondering, in itself, indicates the wisdom of choosing the strong as rulers. We were taught that a state is composed of a less or greater number of men. Every man being strong and courageous makes a state strong. As with individuals, so with a state; the strong may demand; the weak must submit. Thus one of the principal objects of our Spartan system is strong warriors; which means the courageous, valiant, daring, leading to victory in battle, and when peace is desired the strong can demand it, preserve and establish it.

"Our health officers' duties I shall now explain in short: At a child's birth, it is the health officer who at times must decide whether it is to live or not to live. If it is deformed so that the future would find it helpless and a calamity unto itself, the officer's duty is plain.

"From the first to the seventh day, the lives of the children are in the hands of the health officers. After that time, the life of a child is secure against further interference on the part of the health officer. It is not the number of offspring in particular. Quality is, above all, of importance to a state. It is not always the weight of the newly born offspring that tells of its size, strength or courage as a future warrior, oh, no!

"After the first two examinations, all citizens are examined by the health officers in their seventh year, fourteenth year, twenty-first, and so on, every seventh year undergoing an examination until death. Advice and warning, if necessary, are given at each examination. It is the pride of every Spartan youth, maid, man and woman if the health officer certifies that they have lived correctly, are well preserved, and so on.

"These examinations through life also inform the state as to its full number of able warriors. When young men and maidens become of age, we do not object to Aphrodite (Venus) sending her son Eros (Cupid) as her messenger to mingle among them, to inflame their hearts to love. We worship Aphrodite (Venus) the beautiful Goddess born in the foam of the sea, and we welcome her winged messenger at all seasons of the year. We hold a feast with prayer and the burning of incense in the honor of Aphrodite (Venus) every seventh moon. Here, in Sparta, Aphrodite's little winged messenger seems to be the most active with his bow and arrows in the spring and fall times of the year. It must have been so in brave Odysseus' time. Odysseus, the wise Ithacan, the sailor of sailors, who so greatly honored your Athenian Four Hundred by condescending to answer your question from the shades below, as to the most favorable time your wonderful ship should sail upon its journey. His answer, was in part, I was told, "In the spring time of the year, when all nature sighs for love. 'Twas ever thus." But we know

from experience and observation that Venus' chubby winged messenger of love armed with quiver, bow and arrows, doth not always aim his darts with forethought and discretion. In his great eagerness and zeal to serve, he seems at times, to see as with the eyes of an owl, only the immediate present, but is totally blind as to the even near future. He is of a highly impassionate and impulsive nature, and his darts are often aimed through impulse, rather than by reason and forethought, which should be a complement of love. Cupid, at times, seems so engrossed in his mission of inspiring hearts with love, as to become reckless in regard to future results.

He who looks only the length of his nose,  
How may it end, do you suppose?

"I am only dilating on exceptional cases; for to his great credit be it said, the majority of his well directed arrows result in healthy offspring, the greatest happiness the human family knows of. In many cases, the love-laden messenger's darts have a more or less blinding effect. Therefore, we Spartans say "love is blind." And because at times its blindness would lead to undesirable results to our state—sickly, weakly citizens—health officers are appointed, the result of which is well known to you Athenians—a nation of stalwart, strong, brave, unconquerable hero warriors, whose beautiful, stately, healthy women are in every way worthy of their warrior's infatuation and worship.' (Great applause.)

"Our Nestorius, from among our crowd asked: 'Would stalwart Hygelontos tell us the name of the great philosopher who first suggested and planned your strenuous Spartan health system?'

"Hygelontos said: 'I may first add that Aphrodite (Venus) with her son Eros (Cupid) and the fair Goddess Hygeia are the principal goddesses to the health officers, to each of which we offer special sacrifice and prayer. As to the Goddess of Love, I may say:

Venus, Fair! Goddess above  
Sends her messenger of love,  
Winging through the ambient air;  
'Mongst young men and maidens fair.  
Chubby Cupid with his darts  
Stirs young men's and maiden's hearts.  
But the hearts, they do not bleed—  
Not to injure, he takes heed;  
Only warms them up, you know,  
So, with love, they are aglow.  
Cupid's arrow, in its flight,  
Lends to all a rosy light—  
Spreads a halo, wondrous fair,  
Round each charming, loving pair.  
Love-beladen from his bow

On their flight the arrows go,  
And how happy is each heart  
That is pierced by Cupid's dart!  
All of such—they dwell in bliss—  
Seal their vows oft with a kiss.  
In the moon's bright silvery ray  
Oft his pranks he loves to play.  
Silently an arrow flies  
Through the dark'ning evening skies;  
Oft 'tis then that vows are spoken  
Which, through life, are never broken.

Nothing sweeter in this world  
Than to have an arrow hurled  
From fair Cupid's little bow,  
Setting loving hearts aglow,  
Sights and sounds are charming more  
Than they ever were before;  
Love to mortal man was given  
As a foretaste of sweet heaven.  
O what would our lives all be  
If fair Cupid, O, should flee,  
Never to return again?  
Earth would be a dismal plain,  
Hate would stare and stalk around,  
Joy no more on earth be found.  
Love, that Venus, man hath given,  
Turns our earth into a heaven!  
Love—it makes the heavens shine  
With a sacredness divine.  
Makes all things more radiant, fair,  
All, all things, on sea, earth, air.  
Endless, O, is Love's great power,  
Therefore also at this hour  
Come and let sweet incense rise  
From the tripod to the skies.

“Hereupon, the Spartan priest of Hygeia lit the incense at his side  
and said:

“(Aphrodite)

Venus, foam-born of the sea!  
We revere and worship Thee;  
Worship Thee, with mind and heart,  
Thank Thee for thy loving part  
Thou, as Goddess, man hast given,  
Making of our earth a heaven;  
High above the clouds, Thy seat,  
Where the Olympian Gods do meet,  
May the incense burning now  
Circle round Thy radiant brow;  
Its perfume—O may it be  
Sweetest odor unto Thee!

*The Original Four Hundred*

To Thy Son, we also pray,  
Welcome Him by night, by day,  
For the happiness he spreads  
'Mongst young loving hearts and heads,  
With his arrows, great delight  
Doth he spread by day, by night.  
As by magic, does each dart  
Change to happiness each heart,  
That for want of love's warm ray  
Sadly mourns or pines away.  
Welcome, Venus! Cupid ever!  
May you leave us mortals, never.  
Thus Athenians, Spartans pray  
With our thanks, this festal day."

"After the Spartan priest's invocation, Hygelontos resumed and said: 'Fair Athenian Four Hundred! We Spartan health officers must also have an acquaintance with the past, in regard to matters pertaining to our sacred duties. Your noble Athenian's question as to the name of the philosopher who first suggested our strenuous Spartan system of health, I must answer in brief: We are told, many generations ago a large number of Asians, Arabian horsemen, warriors rode far away from their native homes, passing north of our country, on conquest and plunder. One of the Arabian horsemen became separated from his comrades and crossed within our Spartan boundary. His horse was transferred to a Spartan chief. It is only necessary to say that the Arabian horse was in all respects so far superior to the common breed of horses, as to command general wonder and admiration.

"'At first it was thought that it was even to the Arabians an exceptionally beautiful horse. But the Arabian horseman, who himself was only an ordinary nomad, said that the horse had no exceptional excellencies over other Arabian horses; that in Arabia, the horses were all as beautiful as that one, and some were still even more beautiful. He said that any breed of horses can be improved by long years of intelligent breeding.

"'Arabs value their horses almost above themselves. Being nomads, making raids into foreign lands, strong, fleet, spirited steeds are to them often life itself. The Arab's greatest pride is his horse.

"'Noble Athenian Four Hundred! It is further said that one of the Spartan philosophers who was bodily weak and consumed his time by musing on all possible and impossible theories, one beautiful spring morning, called on the king, saying as he approached, "Eureka! Eureka! Eureka!"

"The king, who was an intimate friend of the philosopher, replied: "Well, if you have found it, and it is of great value, it belongs to me, you know; whatever it may be."

"'Yes, yes!" replied the philosopher, "if your majesty accepts it, it

will redound to the greatness and glory of your kingly house and of your Spartan kingdom; yes, it will even, in a greater degree, redound to the glory of the thrones of your son's sons' sons. Beyond all wealth—beyond all castles, is that which I have to offer to you. Is a horse above man?" he asked.

"The king replied: 'No; the rider generally sits on top of the horse.'

"'Excuse me, your majesty,' the philosopher is said to have replied. 'I did not begin right.'

"'It seems,' said the King, 'you haven't begun at all.'

"'Now let me explain,' said the philosopher, 'all I said is the truth.'

"'The truth of what?' asked the king.

"'Excuse me, your majesty,' said the philosopher, 'I see I can not, in a few words say what I have to say. It is of great importance—very—of great importance to your throne.'

"'That's what you claimed before,' said the king.

"'A great thought was given to me by the Gods,' said the philosopher.

"'The King is said to have replied: 'It seems too great—greater than a human brain can stand.'

"'Your majesty,' replied the philosopher, 'I have come this early to relate a dream.'

"'I thought so,' replied the King.

"The philosopher continued: 'I will now try to explain. In my dream I could see plainly over mountain and seas, in far off Arabia, large herds of beautiful horses. I turned in all directions and could see over the whole flat world; but no land had as fine a race of horses as the Arabs. Looking studiously at the beautiful, proud, strong, high-spirited steeds, there resounded in my ears plainly the words: "Breeding! breeding! breeding!"

"The Arabian vision vanished and another vision appeared to my view. A soft hand seemed to pass over my eyes, so as to open them, and I saw in the air, close before me, the beautiful Goddess of Health, Hygeia. She moved away a distance, always facing me, and using her outstretched hand as a wand, there appeared to my vision here in Sparta, a highly improved race of men and women—a new, stately, strong, brave, handsome, beautiful race of Spartan men and women.

"'I turned in all directions and could plainly see over the entire world; but no nation had as strong, stalwart, courageous men and women, as Sparta.

"'She seemed to move close to me, pass her soft hand over my eyes, closing them.

"The vision vanished and I fell into a deep sleep, only the same word seemed plainly to repeat itself.

"The King replied: 'I see we have no time to listen to your visions

at present. We are now going on the chase in the Valley of the Eurotus and perhaps also on the Taygetus mountains in search of deer and wild boars. You can accompany us. After our return, I decree it to be your duty to formulate a system of health laws, and lay them before me at some time before the present moon has rounded its orb. Verily it seems to me your thoughts are not those of a dreamer.'

"Some days before the moon had rounded its orb, early on a morning, the philosopher called at the palace, the King receiving him in a spirit of earnestness, ready to hear and give his whole attention to the philosopher's suggestions.

"The philosopher greeted the King with: 'May your majesty have rested well,' proceeding, he said: 'Early in the morning, after a restful night's sleep, golden thoughts oft come to man. Thus, with my thoughts still fresh in mind, have I called on your majesty, before they may evaporate like the mists before the rising sun. We notice many things through contrast. Things that we do not possess, we value more than do those who possess them.

"'Your majesty knows that I belong to the bodily weak. I am not a warrior. No one admires and values the strong, courageous warrior more than do the weak.'

"The King replied: 'You mean weak in body.'

"'Yes,' said the philosopher. 'But if my body were the picture of health, my mind would be better nourished and stronger and far more able in body and in mind to serve your state. I feel that the Gods have decreed that my being weak shall lead to Sparta being strong. In the vision I saw a new race of Spartans, stalwart, strong, haughty, valiant men and women. That vision does not belong to the impossible in real life. But it belongs to the possible.

"The Arabians looked upon it as a crime to raise inferior horses. So let it be here, in Sparta, in regard to its men and women. Is not the human race, humanity, of greater importance than are horses? Your Sparta, as in all other nations, has among its large number of warriors, only a few real stalwart heroes. If the laws suggested to me by the fair Goddess Hygeia become Spartan laws, it will gradually develop every man into a real warrior. Your Spartan army will be an army of heroes, invincible, each a dreadnought, unconquerable. One such warrior can in a battle, with spears, stone, sword, war club, vanquish at least five ordinary warriors.'

"The King replied earnestly, only saying: 'Tis well. Proceed.'

"The laws of the Gods in regard to health read: 'There is no betterment without punishment.' Nature is willing to do a great deal to keep us healthy. When a limb is broken, Nature herself heals it; and when one indulges in a bacchanalian feast, she tries to save us from its evil consequences. But only for a time is she able to help us by at first



giving us repeated warnings. But if those first warnings are not heeded, weakness, sickness, despair and pain follow. These often lead to betterment. But at what a sacrifice! If the standard of our Spartan race is to be raised, laws decreed by your majesty only can accomplish it. At present, out of a hundred there are perhaps only twenty who could be set up as desirable standards for Sparta.

"But through laws of mating and strenuous training, the order would be just reversed; a general high standard become common, the lower standard becoming the exception. A state can not maintain an army of real matchless warriors unless it also has strong, stalwart, healthy mothers. I feel confident that the God of War, Ares (Mars) is favorable to Sparta for surely the Alpha and Omega of the laws I suggest is to obtain an army of valiant soldiers—an army of which your majesty and the God of War would be proud. Such an army will make the name of Sparta known in even the remotest lands.'

"The King said: 'I will have one of our sculptors rear a beautiful marble horse as an enduring reminder of its having given us the idea to formulate state laws of health.'

"'Allow me,' said the philosopher, 'some of your subjects might feel as if they were held in some respects to be similar to animals and would feel somewhat slighted; although there is much truth in the fact that the human race is not unlike in some particulars. Still they do not want to be told so. And in this they are certainly in the right, for mankind should strive after high ideals.'

" "'Tis true,' said the King, 'a statue of purest white marble representing a perfect man and woman would serve as a model to aspire after. But,' continued the King, 'we have no sculptor in Sparta, nor will there ever be in the world a sculptor who can chisel, out of cold stone, that which could serve the purpose intended.'

"The philosopher replied: "'Tis true, the laws suggested, if decreed, will result in developing thousands of living models of beautiful men and women, which would serve the purpose better than could any statue of cold stone. Not only,' said the philosopher, 'will your warriors represent an army of stalwart heroes, but each warrior will be able to serve his country longer. The improved race will be as strong at seventy, as the warriors now are at fifty years of age. Thus your army will contain a greater number of warriors—increased power for Sparta. For let me emphasize: "Weakness or sickness is similar to old age."'

"The philosopher said: 'As the pride of an Arabian is his horse, so let the pride of a Spartan be his children,' and he further said: 'A stalwart, powerful body and a powerful mind make man almost equal to a God.'

"After the King and the philosopher had concluded their observa-

tions, the King decreed that the health laws should go into effect immediately and be made known to the whole Spartan people. He said: 'First of all shall the state health laws be made known to my sons and daughters, so as to prepare them to honor my house with men and women of stately form, courage, strength, nobleness and superior excellencies unto descendants yet unborn.'

"Upon the King's decree adopting the health laws, the priest was called, incense burned with prayer and thanks unto Hygiea, Venus and Ares for inspiring a Spartan with the knowledge of rearing a race of warriors superior to those of all other lands.

"The philosopher was, on this occasion, especially honored, the King with his own hands crowning him with a wreath of myrtles. The philosopher was from thenceforth named and known as Myrtlus.\*

"What a great blessing this inspiration of generations ago has been! It is doubly visible here on this day—a superior race of Athenians and Spartans. Only such as are up to the standard of our Spartan health laws in stature, strength and health are allowed to have children; that, in short, with stated examinations and strenuous training is our Spartan system of health.

"Now, Noble Athenian Four Hundred, I have complied with noble Nestor's request and only wish to add: *You* certainly were under critical eyes, for each one of us health officers took special pains to discover imperfections in you. But we found that you all are, according to our Spartan standard, entitled to be called *perfect*. In judging you, we noticed in particular: Stature, graceful bearing, elastic step, shapely rounded limbs, wealth of glossy hair, pearly teeth, ruby lips, clean white glowing skin, noble countenances, sparkling eyes—the darters of thought and flashlights of health—as well as many other excellencies too numerous to mention. To a health officer you are a feast and a delight to the eyes.

"And to hear that all this beauty and teeming health has been achieved through following for over three generations our own strenuous Spartan laws of health, is as music to our ears. We hardly wish to utter it, but we harbor a feeling of fear that some God, envying your beauty and happiness, may cause your destruction. We only say this so that you will not be too daring on your venturesome voyage; and many will be our prayers for your safe return to your fair Athens." (Great applause.) "Let me conclude by saying, Athenian Four Hundred,

"You are in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
The Pride and Flower of the Grecian race." (Great applause.)

Diagorax spoke up: "Noble Hygelontos; I have been asked by quite a number of our Athenians, how it is that we see no real old men, bent, walking with three legs, as we say."

\* This legend supposes Myrtlus to have lived before Lycurgus' time.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred," answered Hygelontos: "We Spartans live longer now than before the health laws were decreed generations ago, but that does not answer the question asked. Once upon a time a powerful lecturer spoke on: 'The Gods Ever Love the Young,' saying: 'The old passes away and smiling Youth takes its place. When man feels that his senses are failing from old age—when man without any outward reason becomes crabbed and dissatisfied with things as they are, it would be well he reasoned rather than to await sickness and helplessness—leave the earth while strength still remained, and not wait till one is overwhelmed by the wave of time.' He said: 'The world really never gets old; it always remains young. The average life of mortal is not of many years; does not attain old age. The gods ever love the young.'" Thusly he spoke.

The lecturer further said: "All living things are comparatively young. Among all living animals, that fly and swim, and crawl or walk the earth, there are no old. When any living creature, excepting man, is getting old, the animals of prey, in air, water, or on land, notice the feebleness of motion of escape and defense, and devour them. Therefore in a natural state, there are no old animals.

"The old," the lecturer said, "should let the young rule. They should take a back seat themselves, or walk off the earth.

"It is said that the general criticism by those who listened to these remarks was that the lecturer must have eaten a surfeit of wild boar-meat, which had created a boorish feeling in his mind. The lecture had two different effects. In a large number of the old people, it created a desire to remain away from public feasts and the like, remaining serenely satisfied near their homes. In others, again, especially such as held positions of power and command, and those who felt that they too would grace such callings, the lecture had a different effect. Imagining that the universal desire was that the old should without delay make way for the young, life to that class of old men was shorn of a great share of its charm.

"We know, when an aged man is going to give a banquet or a feast, it is often said that it is his farewell feast. I shall relate only one of such feasts—one which came to pass only a few moons ago: An aged man, although still strong, gave a feast to his many friends, at which he recalled to them the most striking incidents of his life—athletic games and battles lost and won, hunting in the wild forests, and the companions who had participated. He also thanked the Olympian gods for the life they had given him; thanked them for the great privilege of having seen the rising sun, moon, stars; the beautiful sea, mountains, forests, flowers; he thanked the gods for having been allowed to feast his eyes on all the endless, wonderful beauties of the world. He thanked the gods that he still felt that he had enough strength to walk to the

end of the world and, as a true Spartan, with true Spartan fearlessness, walk off over the end of the world, down into everlasting oblivion."

He said: "I have nothing to lose, but all to gain on my journey to the end of the world. It must be a long distance off; and before I arrive there, I will have to cross many streams and mountains and so will see many new lands, beasts and peoples. But with my spear, bow and war club I shall not step backward, but always forward, for I fear no man or beast. I fear no death, for it is death I am seeking: I am on my way towards death. But on my march to the end of the world I will, if not killed, gain the privilege of seeing many lands unseen, perhaps, by any living man before. At the end of the world they say, at its brink, lie dreadful monsters that will not allow any thing or being to pass over into the dark, deep abyss below, for it is said the gods do not want anything to fall into the abyss, for all that is on the earth belongs and shall remain on the earth.

"So may it be; but I shall fearlessly attack the monsters, and whether they succeed in keeping me from walking off the earth—the gods alone will know."

His numerous friends spoke feelingly of his past victories at the games and his unrivaled valor and bravery in battle—all ending with the wish and hope that the gods would vouchsafe unto him many additional moons of life.

But they all knew what the feast meant and what his determination was. To try to reason with him would have been tantamount to saying he was a coward. All must be left to the Fates.

The aged man thanked his friends. Of his enemies he spoke not. He thanked the gods for his victories and successes. His failures, he said, were due mostly to his own faults.

"To show how strong and steady he still was, he took up his heavy spear and threw it through a ring in the distance hanging from a limb as swiftly and expertly as in his younger days. He also had a drinking horn suspended from a branch at a great distance, and taking up his bow, sent an arrow into its opening.

"He concluded by asking the gods to allow him to retain his strength and overcome all obstacles, so that as a true Spartan, he could walk off the earth.

"He was seen again a few days after the feast; but later his friends asked for him in vain. He had, like many other aged men, wandered forth, never to return again.

"'Tis said that when the lecturer himself became aged, he followed his own teachings.

"Thus have I answered, noble Four Hundred, your question as to our aged men; and I am pleased to be able to say that the effect of that lecture is gradually lessening; that there are many aged Spartans here

this day, more than you seem to notice; and that the one-time only alternative to walk off the earth, is being regarded by an increasing number of Spartans as an act of cowardice, rather than of true courage.

"To attain old age is the privilege of the few. To honor old age thus favored by the gods, is not only the duty, but is, I am pleased to say, the natural inborn feeling of every brave, valiant, young Spartan. A true Spartan possesses the courage to live this life from its beginning to its end, conquering all obstacles without complaining." (Great applause.)

Hygelontos resumed his seat.

Sophon stepped forward and said: "Valiant Spartans! We have been told that you Laconians are men of few words. But from the agreeable, instructive and entertaining explanation of our inquiries, we find that there are also exceptions in Sparta. I shall now be a true Spartan, by using only a few words: It is time for the games to begin."

"The field Athletico or Hercules' field is a wide, grassy plot, more or less surrounded by distant fir clad hills. The rising seats from which the thousands of spectators view the various games and contests are backed by a hillside. At the front, in the center of the long row of rising seats, King Gythio and his chiefs were seated, near which, also, the speakers stood. The Athenian Four Hundred had been given special seats.

"Immediately after Sophon had resumed his seat, Actorus, the Spartan, and Gracio, our Athenian master of games, walked out on the field, in front of the King, to arrange for the various games. Our Gracio was given the command of our Four Hundred of Athens, who all stepped down from their seats and formed into lines by couples.

"Actorus selected an equal number of Spartan maidens and men, who also formed into couples.

"Actorus, addressing the contestants, said: 'Noble athletic Athenian Four Hundred! Brave athletic Spartans! What is more desirable than gold or shining jewels to an athlete? You all would answer with one great voice: "Victory! Victory!" Gold and precious stones may vanish during the night, but the victor of an Olympic game

The bards and poets sing his praise  
In long enduring, endless lays.

"To a victor belong the noblest qualities of a man; high aspirations, rapid decisions of action, superior courage and strength. Such, it goes without saying, are at all times, the heroes and defenders of their country.

Some olive twigs still greening now  
Will soon bedeck some victor's brow.

" 'Be it known to all ;

Each athlete, when the friendly contest ends,  
A sumptuous banquet at our board attends.

" 'As a Spartan, I have not many words. Our priest Laconious, who is in touch with our gods, will now implore their blessing for this day's contests and games.' "

Laconius, with incense burning, said: "Omnipotent, Olympic gods! From the crown of your high, far-seeing mount, may this, our Athenian-Spartan festal day be pleasing in your sight. O Zeus, god of gods, Olympian gods all; with our minds permeated with the memory of the valiant deeds of Hercules, we pray to you, implore you, O do not in our contests, favor this one, or that one, but let impartiality reign this day, and victory come to him or her; to each one's own efforts and prowess. Olympian gods, beholding this day, may it also to you, be as a festal day, a pleasure to behold."

Actorus called out: "Fellow Spartans, with a feeling of kinship, being also master of athletic games, I introduce to you our Athenian guest of the day, noble Gracio." (Great applause.)

Gracio said: "Valiant Spartans! Your very agreeable applause touches my ears as a grand echo from your heroic forefathers who fought side by side with our Athenian forefathers on the battle fields of Troy. (Great applause.) I said your agreeable applause touches my ears, but, O, with moisture in my eyes, I must say, it also touches my heart beyond words of expression—the applause of those in whose forefathers' heroic deeds our forefathers also gloried. The applause of such goes much further than the ear; it touches the strongest heart to tears—or it must not be a Grecian heart. (Great applause.)

"Fellow Athletes! Fellow Contestants!

O, many a lyre is tuning now,  
Preparing for your praise;  
The lyre and harp in song will join,  
In sweet wave-flowing lays.

"At this juncture, a messenger from the ship spoke to Gracio, after which the latter said:

" 'Fellow Athletes, Captain Arteus of our ship sends word that the sun will not stand still even on such an auspicious day as this, and he advises me to use my efforts to hasten the games, so that our ship, in good time, early on the coming morn, may depart in good form. So I will not delay and will only add what I wanted to say before, although it may turn out to be somewhat out of joint with what I started out to say.

**"Fellow Athletes:**

The Muses nine will now be sought  
By poets, bards with rapid thought,  
On winged Pegasus everywhere,  
A soaring through the ambient air.

When games are ended, banquets spread,  
Then will in flowing rhymes be said  
The praises of the victors brave,  
In song to live beyond the grave.

"Brave Hercules twelve labors won,  
Be they to each a guiding sun."

**"As an enthusiastic athlete, Gracio concluded:**

'We've had of words our fill this day,  
So let us now begin to play.'

"On Gracio's concluding, Actorus said: 'Fellow Athletes! The judges for the various contests have been chosen. After the singing of the song *Athletio*, which is known to all Grecians, the games will begin.'

"Cliopia asked all of the athletes to join in song, to be accompanied by harp, lute, lyre, timbrel and cymbal. The song is well known to all Grecians and it is not necessary for the scribe to record, beginning as it does:

When Greek joins Greek on festal day,  
The watchword is fair play—fair play.

"Thousands of voices joined in with genuine Grecian enthusiasm. As the last strains of the sweet song died away, the athletes, in couples, with shield and spear, in wide columns, Athenians leading, as a mark of courtesy, marched to the further end of the Hercules' field, returning in a moderate run, in military order, back to their former positions before the King. The shields of our Athenian Four Hundred were greatly studied and admired by the Spartans. Especially were the shields with the following embellishments greatly admired:

Achilles, dragging Hector's body behind his chariot to the Greek camp.

The meeting of Hector and Andromache.

Andromache fainting on the Trojan wall.

Homer invoking the Muses.

Thetis entreating Jupiter to honor Achilles.

Jupiter sending the evil dream to Agamemnon.

Venus presenting Helen to Paris.

The Council of the Gods.

Diomedes casting his spear at Mars.

Hector chiding Paris,

Juno and Minerva going to assist the Greeks.

The descent of Discord.

The embassy to Achilles.

Ajax defending the Greek ships.

Juno commanding the Sun to set.  
Thetis bringing new armor to Achilles.  
Council of Jupiter, Minerva and Mercury.  
The descent of Minerva to Ithaca.  
Ulysses weeps at the song of Demodocus.  
Aphrodite rising from the foam of the sea.  
Pandora opening the vase.  
The Pleiades.

"These shields, from among the other embellished shields, called forth the greatest interest from among the Spartans. On the march to the further end of the field, the Athenian shields shone out conspicuously in contrast to those of the Spartans. It may not be noble, as guests, to note these small differences; but especially when the wide columns in returning from the further end of the field on a run, the sun shining on the brightly burnished bronze shields, it could not but help make our Athenian shields favorably conspicuous. The Spartan shields were fully as strong for battle, but they were mostly plain, only a few adorned with ornamentations.

"To an experienced warrior the grand scene might have made a different impression. The Spartan with his shield we know is hard to match in battle.

"The march was followed by a short exhibition drill with shields and short lances, the maidens followed the men in their movements, all of which were interestingly executed. Two lines, one hundred men in a line, stood opposite each other a short distance apart, those on one side threw their lances with a graceful curve just over the heads of those on the opposite side. Those, in turn, threw their lances straight against the helmets of those opposite, each helmet of which was let loose on the head, falling to the ground. Next, the lines were stretched out longer—the distance widened between each man. Then those on one side threw with full force, their lances at the breasts of those on the opposite side; these, with almost unbelievable quickness, stepped aside, each catching the flying lance firmly in his hand, hurling it back (the first throwers in turn catching the returning lance with incredible dexterity as it came their way).

"The Spartan exhibition drill, in which the maidens took part, was also very interesting and intricate. One of our scribes has attempted to draw a diagram of the movements of the intricate exhibition drill, but it looks like a spider web, slightly disfigured.

"Gracio also called upon our Athenian Four Hundred, who also gave an Athenian exhibition drill. The men and maidens with shields and lances passed through many beautiful mazy movements, passing through each other's lines, turning around and returning; marching into many intricate figures, at times striking their shields with their lances in rhythmic time. Whether walking or running or swinging into long col-



umns, their movements always were rhythmic and graceful. Their general haughty, noble appearance, with burnished shields, feathers from the maidens and horsehair from the men's helmets, nodding as they moved, presented a pleasing spectacle.

"The Athenian Four Hundred, with their god-given beauty and nobility, clad in rich raiment, marching in wide, stately columns over the grassy plain, looked like an army of kings and queens. No wonder the admiration of the Spartans knew no bounds. Truly, even if an Athenian scribe says it, they were good to look upon.

"Actorus announced that on account of the limited time, a number of games would have to be left out, including wrestling, swimming and boat racing. The games commenced with a foot race, the maidens to go through their contests first. All the Athenians and the same number of Spartan maidens, at the signal of Actorus, rushed from the starting line over the field to the long line on the north end of the field, returning to the starting line.

Armithene, Anthenian, was declared the victor by the judges.

"As upon her return she passed over the starting line, great excitement and cheers rent the air.

"The second contest was archery. Ten Spartan and ten Athenian maidens were chosen by lot. A covered box, containing two white doves was placed on the field, the archers taking a position at equal distance around it. The judge removed the cover and up flew the doves, one falling at a close distance, to the ground, pierced by three darts.

"The other flew in a bewildered state over the hillside pines. The judge held up the dead dove. The multitude grew wild with cheers. Out of ten arrows, three had pierced one bird, and the other escaped unharmed. The judge declared all three maidens whose arrows were marked, as victors, being Livone, Athenian maiden, Eudene and Neothia, Spartan maidens.

"Next followed lance throwing by twenty Spartan and twenty Athenian maidens, chosen by lot. A ring of the size of a child's head was suspended from an angle board. Each contestant had ten throws; the lances going fully through the ring the greatest number of times out of ten chances created the victor. The judges had placed the distance so long that they found it necessary to shorten it. The first five throws followed each other consecutively. All missed the mark.

"At the end of the contest, the judges announced Milites as victor, having thrown the lance four times through the ring. Loud shouts prevailed.

"Next followed a grand foot race by men with shields and lances held as if in combat. One hundred Spartans and the same number of Athenians contested. The contest presented a noble spectacle. Actorus, after walking along the whole line, took a position in the center of the

line. Upon calling out with his clear, strong stentorian voice, which could be heard to the furthest end of the field: Noble Athletes, one! two! start! Off they went with shields in left, and spear in right hand. Onward the long, broken column swept, struggled, a few stumbling to the ground here and there. The thousands of spectators rose and stood on their seats, against the Spartan regulations. A great, broken column it was before it reached the opposite line; the foremost of which, on their return run, found it difficult to pass through and against the ranks of the belated runners without impediment, without losing time. Upon touching the further line, the long, greatly distorted column came back like a strong rushing storm, the difference in speed making the word column highly undescriptive and inappropriate. On—on they rushed! The eyes of the multitude mainly fixed on the foremost. It's between the first six! Now between the first two! All eyes are on the first two, one of which seems plainly the winner. On—on! they struggle, holding the shield and spear in regular position. The large crowd of runners follow as if in pursuit. Nearer and nearer to the goal rush the struggling two. The excitement among the spectators is beyond all bounds. Three judges are standing equidistant apart on the starting line. Like well matched runners, on, on they strive with equal chances of success.

"The excitement was tremendous. Now this one—and now that one, is slightly ahead. The ground starting line is within their sight. With a tremendous effort, one passes over the goal, dropping his shield and lance, and falls to the ground. The other, close after, is also over the line. But the first is the victor. The judges immediately surround him. He is not dead, but utterly exhausted as is also the other contestant.

"A large crowd, sitting on the lower benches, rushes out and in spite of all the judges' remonstrances carry off the victor, 'midst unbounded cheering and up before the King.

"The judges take his name, also the name of the second best, and remain on the line to give an acorn to the slowest runner as an acknowledgment of the attempt he made—in the belief that even an attempt spurs man to greater effort. But no songs of praise are allowed him; nor ridicule, either, that being punishable.

"The point of attraction is the victors. The hundreds of other runners are also striving to their utmost not to be the hindmost. On they rush in crowds with shields and lances raised as in combat. The grand sight is inspiring. Not to be the hindmost, is now a struggle between a small number. The judge holds up the acorn in hand, and as the last contestant runs over the line, he is given the acorn, hoping that his strength may grow like an acorn, into the strength of an oak.

"The foot contest is over. On all sides is heard the question: 'Who

is the winner?" After hearing becomes possible, the King arose, the victor standing near him. The King stepped up to the victor, took him by the hand, and turning to Actorus, who stood on the field below, said:

"'Actorus, master of games! Make the name that will henceforth be known to fame, known to the world. Also the name of the second winner.'

"Actorus, standing near the judges, spoke up in his accustomed, clear, agreeable tones, and said: 'The second prize has been won by Lagardus, an Athenian.' (Loud cheering.) The victor who wins the first prize of the grand contest is Pedometes, a Spartan.' (Great applause.)

"The tremendous cheering, shouting, exultation and general excitement that follow is beyond the ability of the scribe to describe. It is quite generally stated that one of the victor's forefathers had also been a victor in a famous foot race, generations ago, and that his praises were sung to this day. That is true, I believe. The Athenian Four Hundred, although not demonstrative, rejoiced that also one of their number was a victor, although only second best.

"The next contest was leaping: first, standing; second, running; third, jumping from a springboard. In this interesting feat a Spartan was also victor, 'midst great applause.

"Next, stone throwing by another set chosen by lot. A light stone and a heavy stone.

"Neolithicus, a Spartan, threw the heavy stone and also the light stone beyond the farthest point of the other throwers, and was declared victor, with applause.

"Another set of equal number participated in the throwing of the discus. This game seems to be a great favorite among the Spartans, and was also skillfully won by Circularus, a Spartan, also 'midst great rejoicing.

"The next contest was archery. A set of forty Spartans and forty Athenians, chosen by lot, were stationed equal distances apart around a man holding a box containing a swift-flying dove. The cover was thrown off suddenly and the dove immediately soared quite a distance in the air when it ceased its flight, shot by several arrows, and fell to the ground. The judge picked it up, held it to view, showing that it was pierced by five arrows. No victor was declared.

"Another dove, in the same box, held on a high pole, was to decide the contest. The cover opened, the dove flew high to one side and would have escaped if one of the eighty darts had not pierced it, compelling it to fall to the ground, a distance off. The judge held up the dove, showing that it had been pierced by an arrow belonging to Pindarus, of Athens, whom the judge, 'midst deafening cheers, declared victor.

"Next came throwing the lance, in which another set of fifty con-

testants on each side engaged. Two rings were suspended at equal height, a man's height, one in front of the other, an arm's length apart. He who should throw his lance fully through the rings the greatest number of times, in ten throws, was to be declared winner. All did remarkably well.

"Darades, a Spartan, who had with great force, and in a very dexterous manner, thrown the lance fully through the rings seven out of ten throws, was, with great Spartan rejoicing, declared victor.

"The lance contest was followed by a Spartan exhibition in lance-throwing, or rather lance-evading and catching.

"Hyponax, a noted Spartan swordsman and lancer, stepped into the field in convenient view of the spectators, not clad in armor, but in light athletic raiment. He spoke out: 'Friends, Athenians, Spartans: I challenge ten persons, five Athenians and five Spartans, to pierce me with a spear if they can. Each singly to have two throws.' He continued: 'There are three different kinds of lances to select from, just beyond the line seven man's lengths from the line, near which I take my stand.'

"Five Spartans and five Athenians were chosen by lot and walked out on the field as duty demanded. Hyponax said: 'Lancers, I first must have your solemn word that you will, with all your strength and dexterity, try your best, just as though in battle, to pierce me to the death in each throw.' They answered 'that if he so insisted, and it was his command, they were bound to act their part accordingly.'

"Hyponax continued: 'If you do not throw with all your might and most skillful aim, it will affect me so that I may not be able to catch the lances. A play,' he continued, 'must even be played with earnestness, or it is no play. I would rather you were not chosen by lot, but then your appearance seems to say that you possess the true lancer spirit.'

"Hyponax stood forth, saying: 'Lancers, I challenge you to pierce me in the shortest possible time, but remember your solemn promise.'

"A spell of silence passed over the spectators; a feeling as though the day would not end agreeably, seemed to have quieted the spectators into an ominous stillness. Hyponax said: 'One of you count one—two—and at three, cast the lance.'

"As a lancer stepped forth to the line, with lance poised, it seemed certain that a tragedy was to take place. One! two! three! a lance flew straight at Hyponax's breast, but quicker than belief, he stepped and leaned to one side, catching and holding the lance near its middle, securely in his grasp, only having fallen on the ground with one knee. The multitude cheered.

"It was easily seen that the lancers all tried hard to show that they could pierce him; but the spectators, before its ending, felt secure in

the feeling that Hypponax was beyond all expectations, skillful and dexterous enough to elude the lancer's deathly sting, thus saving the beautiful day from witnessing a tragedy.

"Orientes stepped out in the arena and addressed Hypponax: 'Noble Hypponax, the Athenians have asked me to present this silver goblet to you as a token of appreciation and acknowledgment of your wonderful daring skill. In days to come, may its sight remind you of this beautiful Spartan-Athenian festal day.'

"Hypponax accepted the goblet with the tact and gracefulness of the fencing master that he was.

"He said: 'Charming young Athenian maiden! I accept this beautiful cup as if it came from a goddess. I thank the noble Four Hundred of Athens for this handsome gift; and in days to come I shall often drain this goblet of pure Greek wine to the health and welfare of the noble Four Hundred of Athens.' (Great applause.)

"Hypponax remained in the arena. Taking up a sword from a number lying along side of his lances, he called out: 'Who will aid me in giving an exhibition sword contest? I challenge some Athenian to a friendly combat, the contest to cease upon a sword point showing the first coloring of blood. All parts of the body are to be considered invulnerable excepting the arms and legs, from one of which the blood must color a sword point. Not an encounter unto death, for the piercing of an arm or leg is not such, but only serves to show who is the victor. Who is the Athenian who will accept my challenge?'

"Up to that time no one moved, but at Hypponax's last challenge, Marstenes stood up from one of the lower seats among the Athenians and marched into the arena with endless deafening applause.

"Marstenes had often acted as assistant of a noted Athenian swordsman and fencing master.

"Hypponax handed several brightly burnished bronze swords for Marstenes' selection, upon which they measured the lengths of the swords, which were to be equal.

"Hypponax called out: 'March forward, two Athenians and two Spartans, to act as judges to end the contest, upon the first blood stained sword point.' The seconds marked off a large square space with a sword. Hypponax and Marstenes, clad in thin athletic attire, heads uncovered, excepting Hypponax, with a wealth of dark hair and Marstenes with a wealth of flowing yellow hair, walked to opposite ends within the square marked off, met each other, shook hands, walking back to the inside end of the square again. Upon the word 'Forward,' from one of the judges, the combat began.

"Both walked towards each other. Clash! clash! clash! In quick succession followed. The great crowd of spectators looked on with great suspense. Clash! clash! clash! Each combatant seemed determined to

take a firm stand, until Marstenes seemed to give way, followed by Hypponax. Marstenes stopped moving backward and with skillful parries, followed by feints, Hypponax deemed it necessary to move sideways and backward. Marstenes again held his ground. Clash! clash! clash! came the sounds in quick succession. Hypponax at one point, tried by fierce blows to disarm Marstenes, but to no avail. Attacks with feints of thrusting were practiced an untold number of times by both combatants, but by each as skillfully evaded and parried. Clash! clash! clash! sounded endlessly until it became monotonous to the seconds and believing that not one of them would be able to ever accomplish a successful thrust, one of the seconds with hands raised, cried out: 'Stop,' saying, 'within one hundred clashes, unless one succeeds in reddening a sword's point, the combat will be called closed. Now, again, battle!'

"Clash! clash! clash! with even greater determination than before; seemingly unto death. In the midst of their fearful struggle for supremacy the seconds called out: 'Stop!' Both combatants remained unmoved in their position.

"Hypponax had pierced Marstenes' arm. Marstenes had thrust a sword point into Hypponax's leg. Thus they stood, motionless like a double statue of gladiators. One of the Spartan, and one of the Athenian seconds, loosened the swords from the combatants' hands, held them up, blood flowing from the point of each, down over the handles. The shouts of the spectators were echoed from the distant mountains. As yet, it was not clear to them as to who was the vanquished. When the uproar diminished, subsided, one of the Spartan seconds, holding both of the blood-dripping swords up to the view of the spectators, shouted in a loud, distinct, Spartan voice: 'Truly—

Our prayers to the gods, this day,  
That impartiality hold sway,  
Has been observed.

"Upon which followed a tremendous wave of cheering, mingled with a feeling of general joyful relief as to the outcome of the fierce sword contest.

"Our Marstenes was as quickly attended to by the Spartan healers as was Hypponax; both of whom bowed with a smile towards the spectators; then stood there, hand in hand, under rousing cheers of applause. Spartan and Athenian maidens rushed out to the arena, fastening flowers to their garments and swords.

"The games concluded with a Spartan war chariot race. Twelve war chariots, each drawn by the high spirited steeds driven by a driver at whose side stood a stalwart warrior clad in full armor, the head with a high, graceful horse hair helmet, holding a shield in his left hand and a spear in his right, as in battle. The twelve chariots formed in line in

front of the King. At his command, they flew, under the lashes of the drivers, over the field. Arriving at the farthest end of the field they turned and tore furiously toward the starting line. At the turning point one chariot was broken to pieces and the driver and warrior badly hurt. The others came flying at a tremendous speed, a team of roans winning the race.

"It was owned by Gyphodus, the King's son. The chariot, team, driver and warrior were decorated with flowers and ordered by the King to give one short exhibition of speed singly, at the conclusion of which, Actorus announced that all the judges and victors should ascend the platform occupied by the King. There King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, received the men with kingly, and the queen received the maidens with queenly grace.

"The King said: 'Noble Victors; this day's games shall be known to posterity as the Athenian-Spartan Games, held in honor of our noble guests, the noble Athenian Four Hundred.' The King continued: 'The laurel being sacred to Apollo, Spartan maidens will crown each man victor with a laurel wreath. The olive being sacred to the Goddess Athene (Minerva), Spartan youths will crown each maiden victor with an olive wreath. After receiving the crown each man victor will pass to Actorus and receive a prize as an enduring memento of this day's Athenian-Spartan games. The maiden victors will pass to Gracio to receive similar prizes.'

"As each victor's name was announced, he or she walked to the front of the platform in view of the thousands of spectators. After being crowned, 'midst deafening applause, each victor passed to the master of games to receive their other prizes. Gracio announced: 'First contest, maiden foot race—Armathene, Athenian victor—olive crown and a silver bracelet.' (Great applause.) 'Second contest: maidens' archery—three victors: Eudene and Neothia, Spartan, and Liosne, Athenian; each an olive crown and a tiny golden arrow—to pierce the heart of young men.' (Applause.) 'Third contest: maidens' lance casting—Milites, Athenian, olive crown and a golden jeweled lance, for her beautiful brown hair.' (Applause.)

"Actorus announced: 'Fourth contest: men's grand foot race, Pedometes, victor, Spartan; laurel crown and a gold-tipped drinking horn. In drinking wine from it, may it run as smoothly and successfully as you have outrun all the other runners! Second winner: Legardus, Athenian; a laurel crown and a pair of sandals—which we hope may warm up his feet so that he, some day, may be first winner. (Great applause.) Fifth contest: Leaping—Lycorsius, Spartan, victor; a laurel crown and a strong, glittering belt; but not wide enough to shield his heart from Cupid's dart. (Applause.) Sixth contest: Stone throwing (man's first weapon), Neolithicus, Spartan, victor; laurel



crown and a hunting horn; by taking a stone from the ground; he makes things dangerous all around. (Applause.) Seventh contest: Discus throwing—Circularus, victor, Spartan; a laurel crown and a tiny golden discus. Circularus made the other heads swim, therefore the prize belongs to him. (Applause.) Eighth contest: Grand archery—Pindarus, Athenian; a laurel crown and a tiny silver dove pierced with an arrow.

Achilles-like, it had a vulnerable part,  
High on the wing, it felt Pindarus' dart. (Applause.)

Ninth contest: Grand lance-casting—Darades, Spartan, victor; laurel crown and a small burnished bronze lance.

To stand in Darades' way,  
To night would turn the brightest day. (Applause.)

Hyponax and Marstenes,  
A bloody battle fought;  
A victor—neither one of these,  
But then the seconds thought  
Their bravery and skill should be  
Made known to future days;  
So grace each with a laurel crown,  
The symbol of our praise. (Applause.)

"Upon the maidens crowning with laurel wreaths Hyponax, who came forward with the aid of a cane, and Marstenes, who stood with one arm in a sling, the crowd cheered lustily.

"This closed the games. A number of horns were blown, calling all athletes to the banquet board.

"The banquet was held on the Hercules field, in the shade of its western pine-clad hills. At two rows of very long board tables were seated over one thousand athletes and Spartan citizens. The King and his nobles sat near the center of the long row of tables. Great were the preparations which had been made for the banquet. Firstlings of cattle, swine and sheep loaded the boards. Spartan wine was served to our Athenian Four Hundred in large drinking horns, passed from one to the other.

"After the King and the multitude of guests had taken their places around the two long double rows of tables, which were steaming with savory viands, King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, rose and said: 'Valiant guests from near and far, the beasts of the fields and forests, as well as other creatures that live and move cannot thank the gods for their existence and meals, for they cannot realize that all things are created through the wish of the gods. But man, only man, has been endowed with a god-like flame, which gives him power to rule over all—even the strongest of creatures. The world and the fullness thereof, have the gods placed at the disposal of man.



The gift to man of this god-like flame makes him conscious of the gods; and so it is fitting for us Grecians to display that consciousness by giving thanks and sacrifice, thus showing our appreciation of the gifts so bountifully bestowed upon us, the first of which is life, and, we may say, the next—this tempting banquet board before us! May our priest Zeothynius now proceed.'

"The priest stood on a small platform near the King, with a small table at his side, on which shone two brilliant bronze tripods, one Spartan, and one Athenian.

"Priest Zeothynius said: 'Renowned Guests! Before partaking of this or any banquet, of the inviting, savory viands so bountifully spread before us, it is fitting to indicate our appreciation to its real givers, by offering thanks and sacrifice to the gods.

" 'Also must our hearts and minds feel partial to Chloris (Flora) for these beautiful blossoms; to Pomona for these tasty fruits, and to Demeter (Ceres) for our bread of corn and grain and for the firstlings of sheep and fowls. It is not for us mortals only to partake of these steaming, savory viands which grace this sumptuous banquet board; the gods also must partake thereof. For the givers to look down upon this sumptuous banquet without an offering to them would not make us worthy of bearing the name of our heroic forefathers. Our Olympian gods will not come directly among us. We mortals may not be honored by their presence at this feast. It is for us to have a small share of the viands etherealized through the sacrificial flame, thus to ascend to the Olympian gods on high. Thus will they also partake of this banquet and receive our acknowledgment for the bounteous share allotted to us. Servers of the gods! (Addressing seven Spartan Youths.) Select from these boards, a small part from the firstlings of meats and fruits and place the same on the square pile of logs which you have erected and start the sacrificial flame. Youths,' said the priest, 'know you the sacrificial flame etheralizes the viands you have placed as burnt offerings to the gods into vapor, so they can arise and, as sweet savor, be partaken of by the gods.'

"The sacrificial flames soon enveloped the pile of dry logs. The viands were placed on it and when in fullest blaze, Zeothynius proceeded to the pile and added wheat, rye, corn and barley to the flames, also libations of wine.

"After lighting the Spartan and Athenian tripods, Zeothynius returned to the banquet board and said: 'Let us pray: Zeus, god of gods! Olympian gods all, we thank ye for the privilege ye have vouchsafed unto us—the privilege of beholding the glorious sun and all the beautiful things it so brilliantly illumines. We thank ye, O gods, for the privilege of living in an epoch which in various ways led our noble Athenian guests to these shores, thus forming this

never-to-be-forgotten beautiful Athenian-Spartan festal day, its friendly games and this sumptuous banquet. The strenuous teachings of our Spartan forefathers, O gods, our guests also have followed and held sacred, and with teeming health, courage, strength and beauty have ye also blessed them.

“‘As the sweet incense, O gods, arising from the Athenian and the Spartan tripod is now intermingling in its ascent to your high Olympian abode, so, too, O gods, have our hearts and hands, this day, intermingled in friendly games, contests, songs, and applause. We pray, O gods! May this festal day strengthen our Athenian-Spartan unity, for the welfare and glory, in war, peace and commerce of our respective lands. O gods, that on high Olympus dwell, let our choice offerings of incense and sacrifice which are now ascending with the sacrificial flames, be as sweet ambrosia and nectar unto ye and deign to receive it in the same spirit of appreciation as is, O gods, this sumptuous banquet with which ye have so lavishly favored us on this Athenian-Spartan festal day.’

“The priest concluded by saying: ‘Noble guests, we may now proceed to partake of the blessings so bounteously placed before us.’

“The savory viands with which the long, double rows of tables were laden, were partaken of with a relish only known to true athletes. Upon passing around Spartan wine in large drinking horns, Nestorius, holding up a gracefully curved horn, said: ‘Fellow guests, this sparkling Spartan wine cheers both gods and men. May I ask all to rise as a sign of Spartan-Athenian unity. May all of us upon the passing of the sparkling wine at this moment quaff the god-like nectar to the power, greatness and glory of Spartan-Athenian unity—to the glory of all Greece.’

“After shouts and cheers for unity, in which all joined with enthusiasm, all resumed their seats again.

“Several other similar toasts were given, ending with joyous cheering.

“Prince Gyphodus said: ‘Noble Guests! May our hearts and minds unite as does the frankincense arising from our Spartan-Athenian tripods for the greatness and glory of a united Athens and Sparta.’ (Loud cheering.)

“Diagorax, Athenian, said: ‘May we drain the horn to its last drop to the health of the whole Spartan people who have contributed to make our short sojourn so boundlessly entertaining and happy.’ (Great applause.)

“Pindarus said: ‘Fellow Greeks, may we rise in honor and in memory of the comradeship that existed between our heroic forefathers on the battlefield of Troy, and drain the horn with prayer and well wishes for their welfare in the shades below, where among the noblest there we

know that the souls of our departed hero forefathers who fought together at Troy, dwell.'

"No cheers were given, but as with one earnest voice all agreed: 'So may it be!'

"Leonidicus, Spartan, said:

"Drink we the sparkling wine—To The Glory of Greece that *Was*,  
To the Glory of Greece that *Is*; to the Greater Glory that *is to Come*.  
Come, let us empty the drinking horn,  
To the glory of Grecians yet unborn." (Great applause.)

"A number of other toasts by Spartans and Athenians were given, but at the draining of so many drinking horns, we scribes must admit that our memory and eyes were somewhat affected, so that we did not see or catch all that was done or said. Thus a hiatus took place.

"But we can now again begin to attempt to record a part of what transpired near the close of the banquet.

"Nosthordon, Spartan, arose and said: 'Fellow guests, we are told that our Athenian friends have followed our strenuous Spartan training. Upon observation I feel like venturing to say: in time our Athenian friends may succeed to out-Spartan us Spartans. (Applause.) Let me ask all of the guests to refill their drinking horns with clear Spartan wine and to drain them to the health and welfare of all Grecian maidens.'

"After the horns were drained, Nosthordon continued: 'My attention has been drawn to the large number of drinking horns that have been emptied and I, as one, not belonging to the young, will simply call attention to the effect which too many horns may lead to. Too many curved horns of wine may have the effect of making all things look curved like the horn and in some instances among us men, the boisterous spirits of the animal from which the horns are taken are liable to enter our heads and the desirable harmony that has prevailed so far this day threatened. We have, at other feasts, seen men who drained too many horns—become boisterous, running about and roaring like the animals on which the horns grew, acting as wild and uncontrollable, and they, just like those wild, boisterous animals, had to be taken to an enclosure to secure them from doing harm until the animal spirit had evaporated.

"This, as a man who is far from being young, I only refer to it as a timely warning hint.' (Applause.)

"Gracio, our Athenian master of games, said: 'Fellow Grecians! We all know that when Achilles skulked in his tent because the great Agamemnon had deprived him of his maiden Briseis, Patroclus, in the Greek's direst need went forth clad in Achilles' armor, to battle against the Trojans; and great was the slaughter he caused among the Trojans, driving them back close up to the Trojan walls. But alas! He heeded

not Achilles' advice not to follow the Trojans too near to their walls; and he was killed by Hector. We also remember that it was your brave Spartan Menelaus (applause), with the assistance of the powerful son of Telamon (Ajax), that the body of Patroclus was rescued from falling into the hands of the Trojans. Patroclus, as it came down to us from our heroic ancestors, was Achilles' dearest friend. Achilles mourned and grieved deeply. For Patroclus alive, nothing more could be done; but for Patroclus dead, nothing too great to do him honor should be left undone. Patroclus' body was first placed on a funeral pyre to which sacrifice of various kinds were added, and consumed by the flames. His ashes were then placed in a golden urn.

"'Achilles said that he knew that he also was fated to die on the field of battle and in that event ordered that his ashes should also be placed in the same urn with that of his dearest friend, Patroclus.

"'Achilles in sight of Patroclus' funeral pyre, instituted games to the honor of his departed friend.

"'It is this day's games that recalls the funeral games that were held in honor of Patroclus. There took place chariot races, wrestling, archery, lance-casting, cæstus-combat, foot races, discus hurling and other games. Achilles called out the games himself, and announced which prize the winners would gain. It comes down to us from our heroic forefathers that brave Meriones was victor in archery. Poly-paetes, in discus-hurling; the great Tydides won the chariot race; Epeus was victor in the single combat with cæstus. It was he, Epeus, who made the wooden horse in which the Greeks entered Troy. Ulysses was victor of the foot race.

"'Thus did Achilles by instituting the funeral games in honor of his dearest friend, Patroclus, do all that mortal man can do for a departed friend.

"'This day's games also recall to memory the fact known to us all, that our heroic Grecian forefathers also took part in those funeral games, but each contingent could not show up a victor because the number of games were limited, thus making it, as in all games, impossible to display their various kinds of skill and strength. But what a difference between the conditions under which those funeral games and the games held at this Spartan-Athenian festal day! At the funeral games, all was sadness and sorrow—a melancholy joy. This day's games is gilded with sunshine, under which boundless mirth and cheerfulness hold unbridled sway—not a melancholy joy, but a cheerful joy and gladness. I may add:

Not much laughter at those games was heard,  
For the hearts—all with great sadness stirred—  
Were beclouded with the thoughts of him  
Who had crossed the deadly river's brim;

"Crossed the river," great Achilles said,  
"Brave Patroclus, 'mong the noble dead;  
O, he was as if a part of me,  
Dearest friend! O, that he should flee  
To the ghosts that hither flit and go  
In the dismal dreary shades below!"  
"Raise the funeral pyre," Achilles said,  
Honor him,—Patroclus, who now dead,  
Place his dust in this bright golden urn.  
Mine, O, too, it soon shall hold in turn.  
For the Fates have spoken it quite plain,  
"Brave Achilles, not long thou canst remain.  
Myrmidons, and all you Grecians, all,  
Listen to each herald's doleful call.

Bring the steeds and chariots for the race,  
For the funeral games shall now take place;  
Games to show each different strength and skill,  
Games to honor him who now lies still—  
Cold and lifeless on the funeral pyre,  
Turned to dust by sacrificial fire.

While in many contests here we play,  
Brave Patroclus winds his weary way  
To the endless dreary shades below,  
Where, alas! we mortals all must go.

"Gracio continued: 'Fellow Athletes! Having been appointed as master of this day's games for the Athenians, it may be proper for me to ask, and also to answer questions pertaining to games. What are the objects of athletic games? Are they for public pleasure, pastime, recreation or enjoyment? Yes! Are they for the purpose of creating an occasion at which friends from far and near can meet and also to extend their friendship and their acquaintance—extend the brotherhood of man? Yes! Do the gods in whose honor they are held show their appreciation by favoring the nation who thus honors them? Yes! Does the meeting of a large concourse of people from different states have a tendency to dispel hate, envy and animosity, strangeness and suspicion between them and lead to a general feeling of oneness, of unity—leading to alliances, and thus making our Greek states so strong that we need not stand in fear of the Asiatic hordes that threaten to overrun our native Greece? Yes! One may say:

When Greek joins Greek in battle array  
It can but lead to Victory;  
The enemy then is swept away,  
Like chaff before the wind.

(*Applause.*)

"Do the games and contests serve to create enthusiasm among a people for strenuous training which develops both body and mind to the highest capability? Yes! Is not our life singly a constant battle, and are not all such who develop body and mind, as taught by the games

and contests, far more able to fight life's battle than they otherwise would be? Yes! Do not the games and contests in a state develop its youth and men into real defenders and conquerors, into matchless warriors and heroes? Yes! Do not the games and contests add in a way to the nobility of man? Yes.

"'Fellow Grecians! Endless are the reasons for the holding of these games for the individual as well as for the state. These games, for many reasons, are truly sacred to the gods and truly do the gods favor those states who hold them in their honor. May it ever be our fervent prayer to Hercules that our Grecian games may never fall into desuetude; but, on the contrary, that the enthusiasm for games and contests may be maintained from generation to generation. Fellow Grecians, I move that we give seven cheers for athletic games and contests.'"

All arose and gave the cheers as proposed.

At this stage of the feast, King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, arose and said: "Fellow Grecians! May we listen to a few words of one of our health officers."

Hygelontos arose and said: "Noble Grecians, our ancestors, generations ago, held feasts in honor of Bacchus, but they allowed such feasts many moons ago to pass into desuetude. It comes down to us that those bacchanalian feasts almost always ended in discord, often in bloodshed and death. At such feasts, he who could drink the most, who emptied the largest number of horns, displayed the greatest reckless courage, regardless of friend or foe, was looked upon by many as a great hero. Often it came to pass that such feasts ended in what one might call a small battle unto death between the revelers. Now, as a health officer, allow me to announce, although it is not really necessary to announce it, that this is not a bacchanalian feast. We also, at this feast, indulge in the clear sparkling wine; but our health laws have taught us to be governed by thoughtful moderation in all things. It comes down to us that in past bacchanalian feasts, it often happened that a large number, through lack of moderation, became boisterous, insanely hilarious, and ran around, roaring like the beasts from which the horns from which they had drunk were taken. I will not deliberate, but will only add that one of our Spartan philosophers said: 'Put your ear to the drinking horn and you will hear it say: "Moderation! Moderation! Moderation!"' Therefore at this stage of our banquet, the drinking horns will not be refilled with wine, removing further temptation and protecting us from dethroning the senses given to us by our gods. I will only add:

"Oft the sense, the gods have given,  
From its eminence is driven  
By drinking horns of many a kind,  
When drinking thoughtless, without mind.  
Moderation, well 'tis known,  
Hygeia's grand foundation stone."

*(Great applause.)*

"Drinking horns are an ornament and add to the good cheer of a banquet—where the guests thoughtfully discriminate between *use* and *abuse*."

Borodius (Spartan) arose and said: "Noble Grecians! As the sun stays not in its course and Captain Arteus must be getting very impatient, and as a number of our Spartan bards and poets have in great haste taken their lyres from the peg, invoked the Muses, bestrode winged Pegasus to dubious heights, the result being a number of triumphal odes in praise of victors in the games, it has been decided that the odes shall be read. I am to be the last speaker at this banquet and am to announce that at the conclusion of my remarks, a Grecian dance will take place on the green here and soon after, the blowing of horns will be a sign for all to fall in line under command of noble Marstenes to march down to the grand ship. Speaking of ship reminds me, adventurous guests! that Theseus, one of the Athenian heroes of past ages, son of King Aegus, sailed upon a voyage of adventure, whereupon it was agreed that if his ship returned successfully, a white flag should be displayed from the ship's topmost mast out on the sea, upon his approach. But through his many adventures he forgot his promise, and when, from the Acropolis at Athens, King Aegus did not descry a flag at sea, waving from the ship's mast, he flung himself from the rock and died.

"I only allude to this, believing that it is not impossible that your much greater ship, upon sighting land, upon your return to Athens, may also have promised to display some sign of your ship's success; and if you also prove as forgetful, the eager watchers on the Acropolis would be in a fearful state of suspense.

"It seems to me that the blood of the adventurous Theseus, who became King of Athens on the death of his father, must also be coursing through your veins. He was a noble, daring King; and in speaking of you, if you will allow it, there is something even beyond strength, courage, and graceful bearing that calls forth immediate admiration by all. It is something indefinable—it speaks of nobility,—and it is simply nobility. It is easier recognized than defined. It is a something that sets you forth as a superior class; a something inherited from your forefathers through the grace of the gods. Being conscious of such a fact, your actions are guided so as to be worthy of yourselves. But I must hasten and read from parchment scrolls, the odes written in honor of the victors of this day's games." (Applause.)

Borodius read:

Here, with hills encompassed round,  
With tapering spruce, so stately crowned,  
This level field, a place for mirth,  
Athletic sport by men of worth,  
By men of worth, was held this day

*The Original Four Hundred*

With noble maids, adorned the play.  
Field Hercules, this ground is named,  
He now a god; for he was famed  
For wondrous strength and courage bold  
While still a mortal—so we're told.  
Thus, consecrated is this ground  
With hillocks circling well around  
To Hercules, who now a god,  
Although his frame rests 'neath the sod,  
With mirth and song, rejoicing loud,  
Athenian-Spartan noble crowd,  
'Tis meet, though lowering is the sun,  
To shortly speak of victories won.  
And first 'tis meet that we should name  
The flowers that adorned the game.  
The games began; there first took place  
The maidens' running swift foot race;  
Forth they came—graceful—tall,  
Athenian-Spartan maidens all.  
There they stood in one long line,  
Fair and shapely, bloom divine;  
Mind and body rich in grace,  
Each one standing at her place.  
Right foot forward on the line,  
Waiting for the starting sign.  
Long, long line, in graceful pose,  
Clad in tight athletic clothes.  
Years will come and years will go,  
But our memories all will know  
And recall the long, long line—  
Limbs well rounded—forms divine;  
Hands and feet well-shaped and small,  
Gradual tapering over all.  
Now the word will soon be said,  
Goalward only looks each head;  
Eyes and muscle on the strain,  
Eager all the crown to gain;  
Arms in pose and listening all  
For the judge's signal call.  
There they rush! The sign's been given!  
Onward as by storm-cloud driven,  
As the leaves in Autumn fly—  
O'er the fields and through the sky.  
Onward o'er the fields they bound,  
Swiftly flying o'er the ground;  
Like a swallow without rest,  
Seeking straw to build a nest.  
Here and there some feel the ground,  
Such will surely not be crowned;  
Ranks no more can now be seen—  
Greatly parted o'er the green—  
Onward hundreds speed in vain,  
For 'tis one alone can gain.  
Back they come, the foremost swift,  
Stirring up a sand cloud drift.



Broken ranks of shortened length,  
Putting forth their utmost strength.  
Oft one hears some one put in :  
"Oh, I wish they all could win!"  
Now between, 'tis three or four—  
Now again 'tis several more.  
But a maiden, blonde and tall,  
Seems to overreach them all.  
Now 'tis two just side by side;  
All the rest are parting wide  
In the rear. And, oh, how slow  
All the others seem to go!  
Now the other maid's ahead,  
"She's the winner" (oft 'twas said);  
But the maiden, blonde and fair,  
Girds her strength, with none to spare—  
Rushes o'er the line—falls down!—  
Thus she won the olive crown,  
Fairly, squarely, on this day,  
Maiden fair, of Attica!  
Armithene—Noble Maid!  
Placed all others in the shade.  
Maid of Athens, noble, free;  
Endless lays will honor thee—  
Lays in words of praise be sung  
By the old and by the young;  
Sung in choruses sublime,  
Sung throughout the end of time. (Applause.)

Kalotes, Athenian, arose and read:

Next to that great lovely race,  
The maiden's archery took place;  
Prolific, O, I must not be,  
For time, O swiftly does it flee—  
A dove, as innocent as night.  
You seem alarmed! am I not right?  
Think you perhaps 'twill never do—  
Is that a saying new to you?  
A dove—not clad with plumage gay  
Soared unawares his aerial way;  
White as the snow the north wind blows—  
White as the purest whitest rose.  
Such was the frightened living mark.  
Around it stood the blonde, the dark  
Of hair, and each with bow and dart  
Embellished fine as works of art.  
Around it stood in circle wide  
Full twenty of our nation's pride.  
Up flies the dove from box released—  
But, O, alas! its flight soon ceased.  
The arrows follow in swift pace,  
Each eager is its blood to taste;  
Lifeless it falleth on the ground—  
Who is it now that shall be crowned?

*The Original Four Hundred*

The judges saw and were surprised,  
 'Twas hard for each to believe his eyes;  
 One held it up high to the view  
 Of the vast multitude, who knew  
 From thence its certain cause of death—  
 Three arrows had cut off its breath.  
 The judges looked the maidens round,  
 Each arrow's owner then was found.  
 Eudene, Neothia, Sparta's side,  
 With Leone, our Athens' pride,  
 Their arrows in the dove had dyed.  
 The judges looked around and said:  
 "Three olive crowns—one for each head."

O Muses of the song and Lyre,  
 O Muses, lend our poets fire,  
 To laud in song, our maidens three,  
 So proudly graced with victory.

*(Applause.)*

Kalotes continued to read:

Now, thirdly, came the contest with the lance  
 Above all others, lend such contest chance  
 For gracefulness and pose to please the eye;  
 Full forty maidens in that game did vie.  
 With graceful helmets arching o'er each head,  
 The crest of which, with horsehair was o'erspread;  
 Their bodies clad in tight athletic clothes  
 Brought to the eye, each movement and each pose.  
 First marching in a widespread double row  
 Through angles and through mazy circles go;  
 With balanced spear held high above the head—  
 Each shapely form with proud, elastic tread,  
 Presenting to the long, admiring view  
 A picture fair for artists—ever new.  
 Now all in line, a distance from the ring  
 They take their stand, the slender lance to swing;  
 One at a time—with right foot on the line,  
 The left foot back—thus stood each form divine.  
 The lance with backward arm, in strenuous pose,  
 Well-balanced, with full strength, each ringward throws.  
 Ten chances casts, to each fair maid was given,  
 And when a lance, clear through the ring was driven,  
 Oh, how the multitude with cheers loud  
 Rent the air, re-echoing from the cloud.  
 The crowd, it thought it knew the victor's name—  
 The name that should succeed to highest fame—  
 For only one remained, the spear to cast:  
 A fair Athenian, she, of all, the last.  
 'Tis now her turn—with pointed spear in hand,  
 She passes 'long the line and takes her stand.  
 She hesitates a while, her mind doth say:  
 "I must do better than the best, this day."  
 Impatience shows itself among the crowd  
 And then 'tis often heard in accents loud;  
 "Fair maiden, let your arm this day take rest;

For vain it is to try to beat the best."  
Spurned by the words to higher action still,  
Her lance arose, and with exquisite skill  
The lance it flew as if upon the wing—  
Clear through its mark—the brilliant ring.  
Faint cheers arose, in compliment, we know—  
The record made, she never could o'erthrow.  
Again was poised the well-aimed slender spear—  
Again it flew with bird-like swiftness, clear  
Through the ring. Then oft, one heard it said:  
"That olive crown, as yet knows not its head."  
In quick succession now, she cast the lance  
Oft through the ring; with now just one last chance.  
She's even now with Sparta's favorite fair—  
Again the lance is aimed with skillful care.  
She looked around and smiled, as if to say:  
"I feel that I'll be crowned upon this day."  
Suspense held all as if in a great trance.  
'Tis now the last—the only, only chance.  
The spear has left the maiden's shapely hand—  
Straight through the ring, it flies upon the sand.

'Midst endless cheering—shouting all around,  
The judges lift the spear from off the ground;  
Upon its shaft they read: Miss Milites—  
Thus it will honor and will ever please  
Athenians all, to hear that she was crowned  
In lovely song, upon our Spartan Ground.

Athenian maid! Our bards will ever sing  
Of Milites, your lance and of the ring;  
Will laud, in voiceful, charming, endless lays  
Your victory grand unto the last of days.  
Will sing so people who are yet unborn  
Will know how sparkling eyes O did adorn  
Upon her head the victor's Olive crown  
So proudly won at Sparta's seaport town.  
Surer far than wrought in hardened stone—  
O Milites! to fame your name be known!

(Applause.)

Spartonicus arose and read:

Now, fourthly, took place the men's foot-race.  
And here on the plain, near Gythium Town,  
Three hundred swift runners all ran for the crown—  
A crown of dark laurel—in each runner's eyes  
More valued than gold is its wealth as a prize.  
In a long row they stood, awaiting command;  
Each with his right foot on a line in the sand—  
And now they are off, like the rush of a storm,  
Three hundred are straining their feat to perform;  
The dust in the distance envelopes the view  
And now come to sight, the first, fleetest few.  
Returning, they rush—some here and some there—  
Each striving to gain, with the strength of despair,  
The goal line, from whence the race first began—

Out of the great number but few lead the van.  
 But we must be brief, and so I must tell,  
 Sparta's Pedometes first o'er the line fell.  
 Then followed Legardus at most equal pace—  
 Thus won were the crowns of the noble foot-race.

Athenians and Spartans, we both may feel proud;  
 For the fame of our victors in choruses loud  
 Will re-echo in rhyme through the corridors of time  
 In words of great praise, to the end of all days.

Pedometes! Legardus! Your fame stands secure,  
 In songs of our poets 'twill live and endure,  
 So new generations your deeds will applaud—  
 Will praise and will sing of you each as a god.

Spartonicus continued:

Fifthly came the jumping contest.

Laconius, Spartan, leaped to fame,  
 And thus, forever will his name  
 In leaping, measured joyful sound,  
 Resound how nobly he was crowned.

Sixthly, 'tis known,  
 Was putting the stone.

"The gods are seldom so partial as to shower all gifts upon one person. For some are superior in power of neck; some in fingers and hands; some in legs, some in shoulder, spine, voice, eyes, mind, teeth, feet, and divers ways. He who wins a crown at a foot race, may stand at the foot in archery. He that is victor in a swimming contest is unable to obtain the crown as a spearsman.

"Thus in this wise have the gods decreed that the victories shall be distributed among mortal men. Now, when we observe a contest in putting the weight, we look back to past years, and Ajax, the war companion of our heroic Athenian and Spartan ancestors who fought at Troy, comes to view. Ajax, son of Telamon and Periboea, was born at the prayer of Hercules in behalf of his friend Telamon. Now 'tis known that among the many Greek contingents at Troy, Stentor possessed the most powerful voice, and so Ajax possessed superior strength of body over all others. Stones of vast weight, he would throw, which others could not even raise from the ground. Ajax was not dexterous or skillful, but whereas in putting the stone great massive strength was required, he had no equal.

"Noble Athenians, at this day's weight-putting contest, be it known that the wreath won and its accompanying hunting horn will not feel lonesome. Our powerful Spartan victor Neolithicus, holds two wreaths and memorials which have come down to him from his grand and great grandfathers.

"To these will be added this day's laurel crown and hunting horn.  
(Great applause.)

"Thus has the strong blood of his ancestors enabled him to step forth as a victor this day—undoubtedly due to the Spartan forethought of his progenitors. (Applause.) Happy Neolithicus! The fame of your ancestors has resounded throughout our land so that they are classed as lineal descendants of Hercules. This day's triumph, O Neolithicus, will move new bards to create new songs of praise; thus enlarging and prolonging the sweet, resounding strains of triumph, to the pleasure and honor of all Sparta. (Applause.)

"Now, seventhly, came the discus game:

Of all the games we Grecians know,  
There's none that we delight in so  
As the hurling, whirling discus game.

To hurl the discus, flat, thin plate—  
To hurl it farthest, hurl it straight;  
'Tis that which leads to noble fame.

Therefore let generous praise resound;  
For Circularus, laurel-crowned.

Actorus read:

Eighthly, came the archery grand  
With bow and arrow, well in hand.

"It is germane to the archery contest to recall the events of Ulysses and his great, powerful bow, which the suitors of his noble spouse Penelope could not bend; thus they found a well deserved end. The great Ulysses, son of King Laertes of Ithaca, while still a young prince, came to our shores and married one of our beautiful Spartan daughters, Penelope, daughter of King Icarius. The powerful bow and darts were also Spartan, for they were bestowed upon Ulysses by Iphitus while visiting our shores—presumably courting Penelope, whom we Spartans with just pride, can say, stands forth to the whole world as a model spouse for all time to come. Our Sparta stands somewhat in touch with the great Ulysses, Penelope and the powerful bow; therefore:

O, well do we Spartans, Athenians all know  
Of Ulysses the wise, and his great, powerful bow,  
Which fair Penelope brought to the suitors and said:  
"This is Ulysses' bow—who can bend it I'll wed."  
At the time, King Ulysses, whom fate made to roam  
For years o'er the seas, had returned to his home.  
Telemachus, the prince, knew his sire had returned—  
Telemachus, whose presence the suitors had spurned.  
But Ulysses' fair spouse—so many years true—  
Of Ulysses' return, never dreamed she or knew;  
Now Ulysses, unknown to the suitors and all,

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As an aged old man, viewed the grand palace hall;  
 There he saw with his eyes, with his heart all aflame,  
 The bold revelry of joy, the voluptuous shame.  
 His fair spouse, who so true, through long, anxious years  
 Had been told and retold not to shed any tears  
 For Ulysses, her king, long o'erwhelmed by the sea.  
 For Ithaca's proud realm, the Fates did decree  
 That 'twere wise to select from the suitors, a king.  
 Thus entreatingly, oft were the songs they would sing.  
 With the new moon's first gilt on the blue vault above  
 It was meet that all mortals to Phoebus show love;  
 For sacred the days when the moon's bending light  
 In the blue vault above comes again first to sight.  
 Now, fair Penelope thought, and it came to her head  
 Through Minerva or Phoebus, 'tis now often said,  
 That the suitors, each one, his prowess should show  
 With a swift-flying dart, from Ulysses' great bow.  
 So the fates had arranged on the great sacred day,  
 To Phoebus, the archer God, each should display  
 His skill with the bow and the swift-flying dart—  
 Each suitor of Penelope to take his due part.  
 In the archives above, with memorials well filled,  
 She found the great bow, and when tears were all stilled  
 Stepped forth with the bow, while with quiver and dart  
 Her maids followed after with sorrowing heart  
 To the rich banquet hall, where the suitors with songs  
 And uproarious shouts oft the night did prolong.  
 Now the suitors all sat 'round the rich banquet board  
 As fair Penelope came, standing there all adored.  
 She said: "Suitors, I come to end a long, endless strife.  
 To him, who's most skillful, I vow as a wife,  
 Most skillful to bend brave Ulysses' great bow  
 With such, to the end of the world, I will go."  
 The rings were set up, as Ulysses had done  
 While yet, not much older than Telemachus, his son.  
 The suitors, each one, I will not now name,  
 For their revelries and boasts belong not to fame.  
 Each suitor stepped forth with the strength of his life  
 To bend the great bow, and gain the Queen-wife.  
 But, alas! none succeeded to speed forth the dart;  
 Thus a feeling of anger arose in each heart.  
 Then Ulysses, the stranger (Telemachus allowed)  
 Stepped forth with the bow, 'gainst the wish of the crowd.  
 But he handled the bow with such strength and such speed  
 That each, every dart through the rings did succeed.  
 Telemachus—the few who were faithful and true,  
 Near Ulysses, they stood, to die and to do.

In great rage spoke Ulysses to the revellers all:  
 "Suitors! I liberty take past events to recall!  
 Know you who it was, that from Ithaca sailed?  
 Know you who it was whose strength never failed  
 On Troy's fierce field? Where famed heroes met—  
 Where the ground, like these floors, with blood is still wet?  
 Minerva, who counselled in the fiercest of fights,

Has whispered to me: 'Stand up for your rights.'  
With her at my side, I challenge you all!  
Ulysses, my name, each suitor must fall!"  
And dart after dart flew into the crowd,  
The hall, O, resounded with dying groans loud.  
Their struggles against him—they all seemed in vain,  
For Minerva had counselled; to all it was plain.  
The suitors all passed to the dark shades below—  
They're gone, but themselves, of their fate cannot know.  
Then Penelope flew into the arms of her brave,  
Who was wafted ten years from Troy, on the wave.  
Thus years of adventure and war was his fate  
Until twenty years passed, he regained his estate. (*Applause.*)

"Fellow Grecians! On this day's archery contest, great skill was displayed. The first dove was pierced by five arrows; the second dove was pierced by an arrow belonging to Pindarus, an Athenian. The dove, in its swift, variable flight, seemed safe beyond the reach of all darts; but beneath a cloud, Pindarus discerned a white speck and it was his.

Pindarus—O, his name will be  
Forever known on land and sea.

"Ninthly, followed spear-throwing, in which Darades was victor. His name will be added to a long list of noble spearmen, resounding with well-earned praise into far off distant days.

"Tenthly, and lastly, came the games to an end with a sword contest between Marstenes and Hypponax. It was thought by us Spartans that upon your ship's return to Athens, it would be well if your sculptors would chisel a statue from the finest marble, portraying Marstenes and Hypponax as we have witnessed them this day in their sword contest at the moment the judges stepped up to them to remove the sword from Marstenes' arm and from Hypponax's leg. Thus would two gladiators stand nobly forth with the sword of one piercing the leg, and the sword of the other piercing an arm—thus exhibiting Athenian and Spartan dexterity and valor. And I may add:

The great equal contest, O may it be shown,  
By artists, in statue of rich, lasting stone.  
How in combat they stood like unto death,  
With swords a-clashing to cut off each breath.  
Marstenes, Hypponax—in true life-like mold,  
To future generations their bravery be told;  
Two noble, grand forms combined into one—  
No statue could equal it under the sun!  
With sword point a-resting in the arm of the one,  
The other's point resting in a leg that's undone;  
Thus poised, they'd stand in an attitude bold,  
And thus to the eye would the story be told;  
At the sight of which bards would endlessly sing;  
A statue admired by commoner and king.

"This, 'midst great applause, concluded the Athenian-Spartan Games."

Two youthful heralds rushed around who, with the blowing of horns announced the dance to follow. The music of the Spartans and Athenians combined and also played alternately, seated on improvised seats on the large banquet tables. The dance was greatly enjoyed by both dancers and spectators. The dances had brought us Athenians and Spartans in closer touch than any of the games, and it was the general regret that the sun could not be stayed in its course, so that the return to the ship could be somewhat delayed.

While looking at the Athenian Butterfly Dance, King Gythio, of Gythium, by the virtue of the King of Sparta, said to those near him: "Truly like angels are the dancers this day. Right was Homer when he said that:

" 'Dancing is the sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments.'

Marstenes, with bandaged arm, stepped forth and announced: "Athenians, Voyagers all; form in double line for the march to the ship."

The line was soon in marching order, preceded by the Athenian musicians, consisting of members of our Four Hundred; the Spartans also following in endless procession with Spartan music.

Orato, our ship's priest, walked in the fore part of the procession, just back of the musicians, holding a long, slender, bronze tripod with burning incense rising in the air. Our ship's rainbow flag, waving from a flag pole, followed close after. Along the line of the entire procession the air resounded with sweet musical tread, all with joyful voices singing the well-known Grecian marching song, beginning: "Hercules, O Hercules."

Arriving at the seashore, near the ship, King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, standing in his golden chariot, said:

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, a feeling of joy, created by your presence with us this day, is mingled with sadness in the heart and mind of the multitude here at your departure. Joyous was the procession to the ship, but it was tempered with a feeling of regret and sadness. Upon your wonderful ship's return, many more scrolls containing triumphal odes and songs of praise will be presented to you. It is well known that the heavenly Goddess of Song, especially upon the spur of the moment, does not always respond to the bards' and poets' invocations. Homer sang his song of Troy some moons after the great events had taken place. So, too, upon your return here, many will be the new melodious strains which will be presented to you.

Bards, as yet unborn, will oft renew the song  
Thuswise your fame, to endless time prolong.

"Let me add, in speaking of song—our hearts are often filled with



sympathy when we realize how Ulysses wept on hearing Demodocus sing at a banquet with lyre the story of Troy.

How his comrade-heroes fell,  
All of whom he knew so well.

"But let me proceed: Upon first sight we could see that you had chosen your progenitors wisely—with great forethought—as we Spartans humorously say. It is well known that in contests and games only a few of the many can be crowned. After your long journey, upon your arrival at Athens, may the gods decree, it will first be seen from the Acropolis and immediately be made known 'midst great rejoicing to the whole people. Triumphal arches entwined with garlands and flowers will span your triumphal march into your native Athens. (Applause.) Great will be the rejoicing at Athens and greatly will all Greece rejoice, for a world-wonder will have been achieved. Games in honor to Zeus, Athene, Neptune and Aeolus, as well as to all the other gods, will take place.

"We are told that Venus must not allow Cupid to alight on the grand ship. To us it seems the same as if butterflies were not allowed to alight in a flower garden; which would seem to be against the intention of the gods. But the ship speaks of great wisdom and forethought in all things, including also beyond all doubt, the decision as to Venus' and Cupid's absence.

"Upon your return to Athens, we have no doubt, you will in a long procession, proceed through the triumphal arches, up to the Acropolis, and with sacred rites to Athene, each voyager of the ship be crowned; not through the decision of a few judges, but by the spontaneous decision of the entire Athenian people. (Applause.)

"For surely will each voyager be entitled to be crowned as a victor of high degree.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens! The beauty, majesty and grandeur of your ship *Aeolus* is a delight to the eye. With its hopeful, brilliant, rainbow flag it presents an imposing sight. The story of your landing here will be a delight in the telling to generations of listeners—yet unborn. The description of the beautiful scene before us, even in ages to come, will stir the hearts and minds of the hearers.

"Fearless Four Hundred of Athens! In the name of our Spartan people, I thank you first for honoring our shores with the presence of your wonderful ship; secondly, I thank you for the great pleasure and honor your visit has conferred upon us; and, thirdly, for the friendship renewed this day. And also let me pause to thank you Noble Four Hundred of Athens, in the name of King Menelaus, sacred to memory, husband of the beautiful Helen, in whose cause your Athenian King Menestheus, also of sacred memory, fought so valiantly on the fields of Troy. Every Spartan knows that

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Full fifty ships from Athens foamed the liquid blue.  
Led by Menestheus, the valiant, brave and true.

*(Great applause.)*

At the conclusion of King Gythio's remarks, Zeothynius, Spartan priest, with incense at his side, said in a solemn, impressive tone:

Zeus, on high Olympus crowned,  
Thy sight, it reaches all around  
O'er land and o'er the deep blue sea  
All things are seen and known to Thee.  
With sacrifice, O we implore,  
The ship now lying at our shore—  
O favor it, so it again  
May safely sail the heaving main,  
May safely to its home return.  
Thus, we implore, be your concern.  
Its noble cargo you behold;  
Its beauty, valiant, charming, bold—  
The Greek of Greeks, well may we say,  
Who were our noble guests this day.  
O we implore Thee evermore,  
May see again their native shore.  
At Athens, wise Athene's town,  
From high Acropolis looking down;  
And may the gods around Thy throne  
Share in its welfare as their own.  
Far to the west, it yet must sail.  
Aeolus, may your favoring gale  
Speed on the ship and back again.  
O Neptune, o'er your billowy main.  
O God of gods! we Thee implore,  
And all the gods that they adore!  
Thus plead we for our guests this day  
And thus we ever, ever pray.

Kerdosocias, of our ship's Committee on Commerce, arose and said:

"Brave Spartans, first let me emphasize, we have observed this day and convinced ourselves of one fact, namely: We Athenians can never out-Spartan you Spartans for, taken all in all, you are and ever will remain superior in unrivaled endurance and strength. (Applause.)

"But I must proceed, as you know the object of our new adventure is Commerce. It has become known to us that the great wealth and prosperity of the Phoenician cities, Tyre and Sidon, have been achieved by commerce, through ships sailing to unknown shores, bringing the riches of different shores home in ships; that has made the Phoenicians rich and powerful.

"The trading done between us this day will be alike profitable to us Athenians and to you Spartans. For each has exchanged that which the other has not. At no place will the ship's voyagers engage in games and prolonged amusements as at this, our first landing. But we are on

Greclan ground and among the noble friends of our forefathers. (Applause.)

"The barterers and the large number of Spartans who visited our ship were welcome and it was greatly regretted that noble King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, could not visit our ship; it being against your laws, which do not allow its kings or princes to go on board strange or foreign ships.

"Our commercial venture, if successful, will conduce to the welfare of our whole common Greece. The friendship formed this day will lead to extended trade between Sparta and Athens to the welfare of each. It is superfluous for me to say that on no other landing will we meet with men, women and children equal to Spartan beauty, wisdom, courage and strength. It is also unnecessary to say that this grand Spartan-Athenian festal day will be remembered as the most happy, joyful day of our lives. For it seems impossible that any future day can equal it in true, noble friendship—in its strenuous games, graceful dancing, grand, melodious songs and music, boundless mirth, good cheer and unconfined joyousness.

"To say that we thank you, King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta; thank you, Priest Zeothynius, for your invocation to the gods in our behalf; thank you, noble Spartan men, women and maidens all—thank you for your efforts in making this day pleasurable, only expresses feebly what our hearts feel. All the voyagers agree that upon our return, our ship will land here again, if the gods deny it not. (Loud applause.)

"Great is the unknown distance we are to sail; and the will of the gods is unknown to us. Upon our return, the first sight of the Taygetus mountains from a distance out at sea will gladden our hearts. Brave Spartans! As darkness is falling fast over land and sea, I will only add: The past and the future make up the longer part of our lives. The present is ever short, but passes into the long past, as does this joyous Spartan-Athenian festal day, thus during all our lives to remain in delightful remembrance. Now may we say, brave Spartans—Farewell." (Great applause.)

After the final farewells had been spoken, the Spartans returned to their homes and all of the voyagers proceeded on the ship. Captain Arteus announced that before sunrise, the ship would proceed out of the bay on its journey.

Anaxogeros: "All is quiet and at rest on ship and shore. It is now about midnight. Captain Arteus asked me: 'Are all the voyagers aboard the ship?' I answered: 'I think so.' 'Go ask the Committee on Rules and Order,' said the Captain. I asked the Committee, Diagorax, Sophon, Pindarus and Meander, but none knew. The Committee decided on a roll call of the ship. It is past midnight. Captain Arteus and the

Committee hold an earnest conference. The roll call shows that Euripidos and his sister Agathia are, as yet, not on board. The Committee decides to go ashore and find their whereabouts. The ship cannot depart without them, as the sacred promise was given that the ship would not leave any landing until all the voyagers were safely back on the ship. Nor has any voyager the right to remain at a landing unless three-fourths of the voyagers and Captain give their consent. The Committee of Four are going ashore in the darkness, clad in armor and carrying only a short spear. After a long interval of time, the Committee returned unaccompanied by Euripidos or Agathia.

"The Committee and Captain Arteus agreed that all voyagers should be awakened, so that the matter could be brought before all for deliberation. After all were on deck, Diagorax, standing on the rostrum in the center of the ship, in the darkness, said: 'Fellow voyagers, Euripidos and his sister Agathia are not on the ship, but our Committee on Rules and Order on searching and inquiring for them in the town, were directed to King Gythio's palace. Arriving near the palace, the sentinels demanded the reason of our presence. We informed them, and after long delay, Prince Gyphodus, Euripidos, Agathia and a Spartan maiden appeared on the stone balcony of the palace. We asked them to come and hasten to the ship, as all were waiting for them and the ship was preparing for its departure.'

"Prince Gyphodus spoke down that it was his wish that Agathia (Marble Beauty) should remain and become a member of the kingly house of Gythium; and a maiden of the kingly house also desired that Euripidos should remain and also become closely related to the kingly house.

"We explained that the ship could not and would not proceed on its voyage until they had both returned on the ship. Euripidos answered that they had both stayed there of their own free will and desire. 'We feel it is the Fates,' said Euripidos, 'who desire that we shall stay here and our own best judgment tells us that we should and will remain; so it is best, fellow voyagers,' he continued, 'that the ship does not delay its departure, leaves us at our own desire to our happy fate.'

"We pleaded long and earnestly for them to return to the ship, saying also that the ship was in too great an uproar and we did not desire conflict, but peace.

"Fair Agathia replied: 'Fellow voyagers, we remain here of our own wish and free will. Under no circumstances will we return to the ship, for we feel and know that the fates have plainly decreed that we shall remain here, and remain here we will.'

"A large number of sentinels came out of the castle gate while we were pleading, and we also noticed and heard the noise and stirring of

a lot of warriors behind the castle walls, although it was past midnight.

"Several maidens on the ship said that they had noticed Agathia in the company of Prince Gyphodus from the beginning; and doubted whether she would return again to the ship.

"After a long, excited deliberation, Diagorax said: 'The question now is shall the ship depart without Euripidos and Agathia, or shall we try to return them to the ship by force?'

"The demand was that they should be forced to return to the ship, for they belonged to the ship, even if it resulted in an open conflict between Spartans and Athenians.

"Marstenes ascended the rostrum and said: 'The Spartan warriors are certainly gathering in greater and greater numbers in the castle wall; therefore, men and maidens, all arm yourselves at once so that we can in greatest haste proceed to the castle and demand possession of Euripidos and Agathia before the Spartan warriors from far and near have gathered in too large a force.'

"In a short time the ship's full force, men with shields, spears and war clubs, maidens with bows and arrows—all clad in armor, marched in great haste and to a certain extent, surrounded the castle, excepting at its rear and front, where large numbers of Spartan warriors had formed lines of defense. The castle had no moat and was not as well protected, it is said, as the castle of the King at the city of Sparta.

"Our Athenian forces were better equipped than the Spartan warriors, but we could see Spartan warriors arriving in groups from all directions. Marstenes went up to the commander of the warriors in front of the castle and demanded to see the King within a short specified time.

"The Spartan officer dispatched a warrior to King Gythio. The King appeared on the balcony just above, and told his officer to call Marstenes to come below the balcony. Marstenes spoke up to the balcony and said in very determined words:

" 'Noble King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, as you see in the darkness of the night, we find ourselves compelled, with a large armed force, determined to have Euripidos and Agathia returned to the ship without delay.'

"The King replied: 'Truly a great change has taken place, since our joyful feast just past; and now your spears and darts are seemingly thirsting for our blood.'

"Marstenes replied: 'You can avoid the shedding of blood. We cannot and will not delay action until your warriors outnumber ours. I have received information that your warriors around the castle are being reinforced by new groups of warriors from all directions. There-

fore we'll not parley long, but will pass onward over dead and dying Spartans and Athenians, if necessary, and bring Euripidos and Agathia, dead or alive, to our ship.'

"Marstenes called out: 'Warriors, spears in action!' All the warriors held their spears pointed forward ready to make an onslaught against the Spartans who were, as yet, less in number, standing in front of the castle.

"'Forward!' rang out in determined tones from Marstenes.

"The Spartan officer gave orders to his warriors to fall back, which they did up to and against the palace walls; some standing under the balcony on which the King stood.

"The King shouted down: 'Marstenes! Marstenes!' Then Marstenes gave out the order: 'Halt!' and the Athenian warriors stood in long triple lines only a short distance from the Spartans, looking and pointing death into each other's eyes.

"Priest Orato, of our ship, a short distance off, with incense rising from his slender burnished tripod, invoked, in silence, the assistance of Minerva:

"'O Minerva! Head-born of Zeus! We invoke thee send wisdom down to King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, so that he replaceth discord with concord. We invoke thee, also, O Minerva, thou who wast always on the side of the Greeks in their direst need at Troy—thou who gave wisdom and strength to Ulysses to slay the suitors of his wife, Penelope,—O we invoke thee, command Iris to retrace her flight with the torch of Discord now flaming between Spartan and Athenian, for, O Blue-eyed goddess thou hast always looked with equal favor on the Spartan and Athenian—always looked with great favor on all Greeks. O Minerva! thou with arching helmet and spear—thou from whose eyes glance forth wisdom and honor—O also inspire the impulsive Marstenes with wisdom above not to slay and to kill, for O fair goddess, deep was the friendship formed on this Spartan-Athenian festal day; therefore, O Minerva, we invoke thee send down wisdom and concord so that it may thus remain forever.'

"Venus also, 'tis said, used her persuasive powers with Minerva, asking her to inspire both the Spartans and Athenians with concord and wisdom; for it was she who had sent her son Cupid to wing his tiny golden arrows at the hearts of Euripidos, and Julene, Gyphodus and Agathia. And a great triumph was it unto her, for the hearts were those belonging to the highest class of mortals. Venus looked not with favor on the Athenian Four Hundred as long as they were on the ship, because they had decreed against her presence there and had forbidden with the most strenuous determination her son Cupid to alight among the voyagers. Cupid often complained bitterly to Venus of the

cruel decision of the Four Hundred of Athens, especially against its Committee of Rules and Order.

"At the time Marstenes ordered the men forward, Rosania, in command of the long line of maiden archers also commanded forward and also followed Marstenes' 'halt.' Bravely did the long row of maiden archers march forward ready to assist with well-aimed dart, if the gods should decree that a conflict should take place. With both Spartan and Athenian forces standing close opposite to each other, with spears and bows ready for the conflict, just at the highest nick of time when all muscles were on the strain ready to spring forward, upon Marstenes' command, which was expected without delay, King Gythio shouted down from the balcony:

"'Noble Marstenes—Noble Four Hundred of Athens, swift will I talk; Prince Gyphodus, Agathia, Euripidos and Julene will at once appear upon the grounds before you and plead their case; and if you accept not their pleadings to remain in Sparta, they will without delay accompany you all to the ship and sail forth, even to our sadness. Marstenes, Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Accept you this olive branch of peace, of concord, of friendship!'

"Marstenes called a number of his fellow voyagers towards him. They in turn ran among the long Athenian lines of men and maidens. In a very short space of time, Marstenes said: 'Shall we, fellow voyagers, as King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, asks, allow the lovesick to appear before us to plead their cause?'

"The answer came in such overwhelming unanimity, all shouting, 'Appear before us! appear before us!' that Marstenes replied to the King on the balcony: 'Yes, without delay, we ask them to come forth and plead their cause.'

"Immediately Prince Gyphodus, Agathia, Euripidos, and Julene came forth from the palace door accompanied by a strong escort of Spartan warriors and took a position between the Spartan and Athenian lines close under the balcony on which the King was standing.

"The Committee on Rules and Order, through Meander, asked Euripidos to explain his and Agathia's failure to appear on the ship.

"Euripidos said: 'In view of the large number of voyagers accompanying the ship, we knew our absence would not in the least interfere with the great object of the ship's adventure. On the contrary, we believe our presence here will be of more value to Athenian commerce than would be our presence on the ship. As you desire us to explain in the shortest time possible, I also can say we are still on Grecian soil. But rather than cause a conflict unto death between Spartan and Athenian friends, I would rather myself die a thousand deaths. I would then be dying for the sake of Sparta and Athens, which would be enough glory for me.'



"Julene, the Spartan maiden, said: 'Noble Four Hundred of Athens, every Spartan warrior and maiden has been greatly delighted by the honor of your sojourn here. You came not by the few, but by the hundreds. As the Athenian-Spartan day came to a close, a feeling of sadness came over every Spartan heart. O Noble Four Hundred of Athens, upon your hundreds again leaving us, is it too much for us to plead to you, as we now do—is it asking too much to allow only two out of your great number to remain with us? To become a part of us? Your friends, not your enemies? Surely, Noble Four Hundred of Athens, you will not object to Euripidos and Agathia remaining here and becoming Spartan-Athenians—both noble names.'

"Agathia said: 'Fellow Voyagers! You can well get along without us, but we here, so have the gods decreed, cannot well get along without each other. Rather than see a Spartan or Athenian spear dyed in blood, rather would I also die many deaths to avoid it, for Spartan and Athenians are from this day the sincerest of friends. We plead with you, O fellow voyagers, let us remain here. Not was it our first intention upon landing here—for the events of the future are closed to all. But it is the decree of the gods that we should remain here—here among our noble Spartan friends. Fellow voyagers! We all remember that one of our Athenian philosophers, upon talking of marriage, said: "There is in some part of the world, if not in the immediate home town, always one person and only one, that belongs to one other. Once upon a time, a maiden," he said, "passing through a strange town, fainted. A young man, near by, took her up in his arms, out of harm's way, and when she opened her eyes again, they both knew that they had found each other as the gods willed it; and they lived long and happy together. Thus," said the philosopher, "such as belong to each other often stumble towards each other, as strangers in far-off lands, feeling at first sight as they never had felt before, reading at the first deep glance that which they never read in eyes before: true faith; true admiration; true and undying love, the greatest blessing the gods can bestow upon mortal man. And," said our Athenian philosopher, "he who in the least attempts to disturb such happiness decreed by the gods, will be afflicted with their disfavor in all of his undertakings. We all remember that our Athenian philosopher said: 'Whom the gods have joined together, let no man attempt to put asunder.' Warriors, Spartans, Athenians—Think not of a conflict, for if our fellow voyagers insist that we shall return to the ship, rather than be the cause of a conflict between noble friends, will we return. But I doubt that the gods can give me strength enough to keep my body from swaying lifeless to and fro,—an object of wonder to the fair Nereides at the cool bottom of the sea—thus to still my aching heart.

"Our fate lies in your hands, if the gods so allow it. Our Noble



Marstenes has uttered the words '*Love sick.*' No! no! we are not love sick—we are love-healthy; for what the gods have decreed is always strong, healthy, well, and proper. Yes, we are love-healthy. We implore you not to plead with us the rules of the ship, as formed before leaving our beloved Athens; for we know them all. The greatest of all objects of the ship's adventure is commerce. Noble King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, said that we would be of more benefit to Athenian and Gythian commerce by remaining here than if we voyaged with the ship. Here at Gythium, Sparta's seaport, I and noble Gyphodus, also Euripidos, would work for the interest of Athenian-Gythian commerce. It comes to my mind, fellow voyagers, that if at every seaport, worthy of the ship's landing, one or two voyagers would remain at such landings, it would offer an opportunity to work for Athenian commerce, form friendships and be to the real benefit of our beloved Athens.

"Fellow Voyagers, we pray to you allow us to remain here. We feel the gods have so decreed—for the sake even of Athenian commerce, friendship, alliance and for the best of all."

Prince Gyphodus said: "Brave adventurers! This day's sunshine has been too swiftly followed by this darkness of night; this day's great joy followed too soon by threatening combat. Although this night's darkness is made more so by the sad occurrence—this happy occurrence, I should say—still there is left to us that which was left at the bottom of Pandora's vase—Hope. It is the hope that assists the heart to continue its beating. The hope that your Noble Four Hundred of Athens will all agree cheerfully to allow your noble Agathia and Euripidos to remain here and become of us—become members of our royal house—noble Agathia to become my spouse, Julene to become the spouse of your noble Euripidos. Thus, to the benefit and power of your beloved Athens, in peace, in war and in commerce. (Slight applause.)

"Our Gythium traders are pleased with their this day's barter, made between them and your Committee of Commerce. The object of your daring adventure, we are told, is the securing of wealth for Athens. Such being its object, your noble Agathia—allow me to say, My dearest Agathia—and your noble Euripidos, cannot serve the grand object better than by remaining here, as decreed by gods friendly both to Athens and Sparta. Upon first sight, noble Four Hundred of Athens, I felt—indeed I knew—that the gods had decreed that the beautiful, wise, noble, brave maiden from distant shores should come here and exchange glances and thus make known to me my future spouse. Upon our first immediate meeting we found that we belonged to one another. Although not known, or lost to each other, we found one the other. Upon looking at me with her deep, blue eyes, strong as I am, I had to look down again; and she likewise. No language could have spoken, nor could any other eyes have spoken to us what our glances said to each

other. Looking aside to avoid the precious glances, 'It is *she*,' 'It is *he*,' passed through our minds.

"Upon passing each other at first, in the crowd, we could not help glancing around at each other with subdued ecstasy, quietly turning back our heads. But we soon found that we should not pass each other; but must remain together. (Slight applause.)

"Our wisest philosophers say that for each man there is only one real woman, only one that the gods have decreed for him; and noble Agathia is that one for me. The gods have conspired to bring us together in this way and thus, in diverse ways, are all such whom the gods intend for each other brought together, even over mountains and seas. But meet they will. In the interest and happiness of ourselves, of our Royal house, and of commerce—your grand object—O noble Athenian Four Hundred, we once more plead, put not asunder that which the gods, in their wisdom, have brought together." (Slight applause.)

King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta, spoke down from the stone balcony, as follows: "Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Friends! Your wonderful ship *Acolus* has come to our shores as a sample ship in itself, as well as in its cargo, including fully four hundred beautiful, handsome, daring, brave, wise, valiant ensamples of humanity. Your nobility is such as to raise our own opinion of ourselves through your honored presence. You have left us desirable specimens of your merchandise, noble friends; and we feel that we are not asking too much by indicating our desire that you allow also the least number possible that you can spare of your noble cargo to remain as samples also here with us—the beautiful, handsome, noble, brave Agathia and Euripidos. That they both will enjoy life and be highly honored I give my sacred promise. That the alliance thus formed will be to the interest of both Sparta and Athens is not necessary to enlarge upon. Look at the two young couples and you cannot but say that they are well matched; the blonde with the brunette; the brunette with the blonde.

"If Paris of Troy were here and asked to throw the apple to the most beautiful, he would have to throw the apple to the first one of your maidens he set his eyes upon; for he would not think that it would be possible to find a more beautiful one. Agathia is, as her name indicates, good, kind, brave. One of your noble Athenians said to me that it was well for nations to come in frequent friendly touch with each other. It would banish suspicion, strangeness and encourage friendship and commerce. Truly said. And there is no better way for nations to come in friendly touch with each other than by marriage; as Prince Gyphodus and noble Agathia intend, also Euripidos and Julene. A great deal could I say, noble Athenian Four Hundred, why you should not object to these alliances. But in the darkness of

the night I will only say my days are well nigh numbered and soon must I pass away; therefore it is my wish to see my son Gyphodus united as a future King should be united, to a noble, beautiful, healthy, strong, stately, wise, maiden, so that the future generations may stand forth as handsome, brave, stalwart rulers, such as a people delight to see, acknowledge and obey; such as a nation at home and abroad may feel proud of.

"It has always been our Spartan motto that such as rule should be endowed with superior excellencies over those that are ruled. Thus must a kingly house give great forethought in the matings of its princesses and princes.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred—Friends! Young as you all are, allow me to ask you to accept the pleadings of one over whom the full number of life's moons will soon have passed. Allow noble Agathia and Euripidos to become Spartans, for the strength, glory and commerce of Athens and Sparta for endless time to come." (Slight applause.)

After a general exchange of views among our Athenians had taken place, Hypnothoon, the Nestor of our voyage, stepped forward and replied:

"Valliant King Gythio, of Gythium, by virtue of the King of Sparta! One of the greatest gifts which the sea has wafted and given to the land is Aphrodite (Venus), the beautiful foam-born goddess.

The wafting waves bore her ashore,  
Her presence, O we never deplore.

"But with one single exception. On our ship it was found necessary that we all should make strenuous efforts to make her conspicuous through her absence. Her son, Cupid, we are told, complained bitterly on account of our forbidding him to alight on the ship. And thus far have we been successful. But here, on our first landing place off of the ship—how soon Venus took advantage of the situation! How soon Cupid, with his darts, pierced two loving hearts of ours! Brave Spartan, we do not stand here to reason, for it is all love—love—love. Such being the unalterable state of affairs, to reason is always out of season. The deep emotions which Cupid's darts have imparted to their hearts make it a folly to attempt to reason. 'Tis said, 'A god can hardly love and be wise.' When two are ready to die for each other and sigh for each other, to reason is useless. 'Tis well known that the maidens and youths of a town are easily infatuated with the charms of strangers—of men or maiden visitors. But be that as it will, we all agree with your noble highness that the two brave couples who have discovered each other present typical man and womanhood—are nobly matched in beauty, grace, size, strength and wisdom; so that we cannot but say

to Venus, 'Well done, Fair Goddess; thoughtfully aimed, brave Cupid.'

At this juncture Marstenes interrupted the speaker for a moment and commanded: "Warriors, all rest arms; spears reversed."

Hypnothoon proceeded: "This meeting also harmonizes with the Spartan teachings at Athens. The stalwart, handsome couples will certainly be the progenitors of future stalwart, noble princes and princesses who, at the first glance, will be recognized as belonging to the royal family of powerful Sparta. (Applause.)

"Your noble highness: I have been appointed to say, as with one great voice of all of our Four Hundred Athenians, that we have agreed to place no further obstacles in the way and that our past fellow voyagers are allowed to follow the decrees of the gods and remain here in Sparta. (Great applause, the Spartan warriors striking their shields with their spears.)

"We also accept the situation as a substantial compliment to our Athenian race. And as such do we now accept it, brave Spartans. (Great applause.)

"Fellow Grecians: Many victors have we crowned in our games at our Spartan-Athenian festival, but we hope that we can say the greatest victors are the couples standing before us at this time. All the voyagers of the ship wish to bid a hasty farewell to the love-healthy and also to crown Gyphodus and Euripidos with a myrtle wreath, Agathia and Julene with an olive wreath entwined with beautiful flowers. These wreaths now upon the young couples' brows are enhanced by the diamond-like glistening of the night's dew with which the sparkling eyes of the young brides beautifully harmonize. In the name of our Athenian Four Hundred, we express our best wishes and hope that Prince Gyphodus, our beloved Agathia, noble Euripidos, and beautiful Julene will enjoy the highest bliss the gods can bestow upon mortals, which is: beautiful, strong, wise, courageous offspring, such as form heroes, kings and queens. (Applause.) The countless glittering stars in the blue vault above witnessing the crowning of our victors this night surely augurs well for the future conquests and glory of the Spartan-Athenian race."

At this instant Euripidos, holding his beloved Julene by the hand, said:

"Fellow Athenians, Agathia would speak to you a few parting words. Whatever she may say will undoubtedly cover my case also. It seems to me it is more fitting and pleasing on this beautiful moonlight night to listen to a woman's sweet voice, impressing us all with the fact that the peace and friendship existing between Athens and Sparta has not been disturbed." (Applause.)

'Agatha, held by the hand of Prince Gyphodus, said: "Dear Fellow Athenians, and of course Spartans also: Before I fully decided

to accompany the Aeolian expedition, a friend of mine, who did not desire me to sail along, said among many other warnings, that I should ponder on the fact that the ocean, night or day, was a large, open grave. Yes, said he, you will be sailing over a large, open grave. Upon looking down from the ship's side you will be looking down on an open grave, and those falling into it are covered automatically out of sight forever. I laughed at him and replied that I could swim and he could not change my decision by such talk. But let me tell you that even before yesterday's sun had fairly set, his remark, 'the sea is a large, open grave,' came forcibly, earnestly, sadly to my mind again. Fellow Grecians, I was determined that there should be no bloodshed between Athenians and Spartans on account of the Fates having decreed that Gyphodus and I should be as one. No, I would, if all entreaties failed, go back on the ship with you, and so would Euripidos. But do you think it would be possible for me to allow myself to live, to view the next rising sun again? No, no, I could not have helped but feel and think—O how happy are the dead! And you would have found upon the roll-call our names unanswered. Yes, you too would not have come to any other conclusion than 'the ocean is an open grave.' That, I already felt, would be a noble death; for to live would have been impossible. That would have saved the Spartans and Athenians from deadly conflict, but O I will not again speak the word '*grave*'; for how unspeakably happy am I—we—standing together surrounded by our Spartan-Athenian friends, all wishing us well and happy.

"O such is the happy decree of the gods; and to Minerva, Venus and Cupid, incense will I burn in their honor to the end of my days. O how I wish that you all may also be happy and that good will come to you always."

Prince Gyphodus spoke up and said: "Dear Grecians! To say that Agathia intended martyrdom indicates true nobility in its highest conception, but," Gyphodus proceeded with a look of defiance, "I do not wish to say what my determination was. I had a determination, which all the powers in the world could not have changed. If I had not entertained such determination, I surely would not have been worthy of the love of noble, brave Agathia, now standing in all her beauty at my side. I would not have been worthy of the name '*Spartan*.' But to Minerva, who has calmed your rage and has used her power—her wisdom—to bring us all to one wise conclusion and insight, I will offer the first of fruits and flowers and sweetest of incenses. And now, noble Athenian Four Hundred, I extend my heartfelt thanks to you all for the most precious, loving Athenian prize allotted to me—the most precious prize that can be bestowed upon mortal—a beautiful, perfect woman! (Great applause.) Dear Grecians, you will remember, in my first address, I spoke of a Marble Beauty whom I saw while rowing

around your grand ship as Aurora was just beginning to roseate the east, standing on the ship's bulwark, and the rose she slyly dropped into my boat and then disappeared down on the ship's deck again.

"Yes, our eyes had spoken that deep, unspeakable language of affinity, which words are far too feeble to express. And clad in the same spotless white stands my dear Agathia before you now. *Marble Beauty* may seem a cold expression, but, oh, enclosed in the heavy marble-like folds, dwells the beauty of form, healthy vigor, warmth, happiness and pleasure in fullest measure. Your celebrated Athenian philosophers say: 'It is to the interest of commerce for nations to come in touch with each other.' Truly will we come in touch with Athens. Yes, my charming Agathia and I, a Spartan, will come in touch and will share the joys of true Athenian-Spartan love to its deepest depths." (Great applause.)

Marstenes said: "Dear Agathia, love-healthy, as you said before, let us name you, we have listened closely to what you have said and even the man in the moon seemed to open his eyes wider as if in wonder over your natural flowing statement that the ocean is a large, open grave. The man in the moon heretofore likely only looked down on the vast ocean as being a mirror in which he beheld his waning and waxing countenance. Dear Love-healthy, while we were deliberating in our highest excitement and determination, all agreeing that we should advance at once to battle—at that extreme moment, the counselors all seemed to hesitate, looked at each other as if a sudden change of spirit had come over them. It seemed as though we were being influenced by some powerful spirit hovering over us, and thus by the wisdom of the blue-eyed Minerva were we unconsciously persuaded to abate our rage; and the result and happiness to you, I need not to enlarge upon. And now we all seem to be of one opinion—that all is for the best of our native countries. We could plainly see that to reason would be useless, as it always has been and will be where two have looked so deeply into each other's eyes and have found themselves. In such cases, the centuries themselves have conspired together that such become man and wife.

"I have also been asked in the name of the Four Hundred to extend to you loving couples, our best wishes for your welfare and prosperity, which also will be to the best interest of our Athenian commerce." (Applause.)

Julene said: "Dear Athenian Four Hundred! I thank you over a thousand times for the noble prize you have allowed to remain here—allowing Athens and Sparta to come closer in touch with each other. My happiness I cannot express in words—it is so great that I fear it may cause the envy of the gods. Noble Athenian Four Hundred, with deep thanks, I wish you all that is good, and a pleasant voyage,

and after you have returned here again, a happy return to your great Athens." (Applause.)

Hypnothoon strode slowly forth with thoughtful countenance and spoke very slowly: "Fellow Grecians! But I must particularize—Fellow voyagers! The Committee of Order and a number of maidens have, with profound deliberation, discussed matters that have not failed to make an impression upon us all. First, let me say, by going through a museum at Athens, I took particular notice of a row of human skeletons, and I found that all were built the same; all parts and bones were exactly the same in each. And I pondered that when there was flesh on them, in life, they also were just the same—one like the other, including their thoughts, feelings and desires. But, fellow voyagers, I will soon change from skeletons to a much livelier, warmer subject. I only wish to come down gradually to the fact that we human beings are about all the same, especially in our strongest, natural inclinations. We men immediately agreed that we were all affected in a similar degree by the beautiful sight of the loving couples upon which all our eyes were eagerly feasting. And the maidens also unanimously said they were similarly affected by the charming scene of the loving couples. We're all affected the same, said the men, and maidens also. Yes, upon viewing the ardent kissing, which is being indulged in by the two new couples, it has affected us all in the same manner; for we are all the same. Now we all know how it has affected us, yes, through sound and sight. The loving, kissing scene before us has created a restless longing in all of us. Now we know our ship's rules forbid kissing. But this is, as we have all agreed, an extraordinary occasion and is not on the ship. We all wish to return to the ship with the idea of Commerce uppermost in our minds and not burdened with longings—unsatisfied longing with which our being has been to a certain extent surcharged. All of us, maidens and men, would like to ventilate our kissing desire, which has been created by the loving scene before us. Yes, we all wish to relieve ourselves of that desire—of that feeling, and all have come to the profound conclusion that it is necessary that we should kiss each other and thus relieve our feelings. Fellow voyagers, as we are at present already standing in couples, it will be easy and not require much time to accomplish the object desired and Marstenes, our commander, who was present at our Committee's deliberations, will now proceed to give the necessary further information and command." (Applause.)

Marstenes said: "Fellow voyagers! We are wisely to follow our god-given inclinations. We have and are still beholding a scene of ardent love and beauty—a charming kissing scene. But before I proceed further, Rosania, commander of our maiden voyagers, will first address you."



Rosania, standing alongside of Marstenes, said:

"Fellow voyagers! The happy couples standing before us, on the palace balcony, are showing us how to kiss. We have seen and are seeing them kiss each other so often and with such a deep feeling of appreciation that it has kindled a keen kissing desire in all of us. We see that the couples have, and are not only kissing each other on the cheek, but also kiss each other on the lips.

"Hypnothoon, who is no older than any of our other men voyagers, but who has been selected as main counselor, because it is said he has an old head on young shoulders, only agrees to our kissing each other with the strict understanding and agreement that we should kiss each other on the cheeks only.

Rosania continued: "Our kissing has been limited to seven kisses, and should not be executed with unnecessary haste, but ample time should be taken between each kiss, so as to allow the mind to dwell upon its pleasure." (Great applause.)

Marstenes proceeded: "Fellow Adventurers! Rosania has emphasized the fact that our kissing is to be a kissing in honor—for an honorable purpose. But, fellow voyagers, be that as it may, we must bear strongly in mind that we must kiss on the cheeks only. No, no, not yet—our kissing is to proceed in military order, and I would call such kissing, a large numbered kissing at one time—the Military Kiss. We Athenians are here in couples. Rosania and myself form one couple. I will command position! which means arms down, standing near to each other as we now are. Arm, my next command, means throw your arms around, ready to kiss, and at the command Kiss, all kiss! Now I must say that after having decided to limit the kissing to seven kisses, the maidens also said they wish to kiss and so it was agreed that the men kiss four times and the maidens three times. I will now give orders, but slow and deliberately for reasons hinted at by Rosania."

The kisses followed seven times in military order in very deliberate manner, at the conclusion of which, Marstenes said: "Now, Grecians, we have truly experienced a relief, and it behooves us to hasten to the ship. To our artists, I am empowered to say that no sketch is to be made of this Military Kiss for that would bring it too strikingly to the notice of our home Athenians."

Hypnothoon said: "Ornathio will read a short rhyme which she has inscribed on a birch bark." Ornathio read, in a clear, pleasant voice:

"From Olympus high, Minerva came  
Our Grecian rage to soothe and tame,  
Descends to banish, O, the pall  
Of threat'ning strife that hangs o'er all  
The heads, whose hearts not long before  
Claimed friendship as in days of yore.



"Athenian-Spartan friendship strong  
O, thus to rage!" she spoke, "'tis wrong!  
But O, accept Fair Venus' plan,  
Agree that they be wife and man."  
On hearing her true wisdom plain,  
Assuaged our rage, again we're sane.  
Athenian-Spartan friendship's band  
Will stronger be on sea and land.  
Through Athens-Spartan glow of love,  
By Fate's decree—by Gods above.

With lance and helmet, wondrous fair  
Again Minerva, high in air  
Ascends to her Olympian seat;  
And for us all, we know 'tis meet  
On tripods fair, incense to burn  
She made our errors, her concern."

Marstenes said: "Captain Arteus is certainly anxiously awaiting our return; therefore, without delay, I command: Fall in line, march."

The voyagers all marched, also followed by the Spartan warriors, King, and Gyphodus, down to the ship's wharf. Captain Arteus ordered the hoisting of the sails. Corina stood on the bulwark of the ship, on the shore side, and read:

"O, the curtain of Night is passing away  
And Aurora is opening in splendid array  
The portals from whence the morning light glows  
In beautiful coloring of gold and of rose.  
The east is aglow with morning's first light,  
Thus vanish the stars—the darkness of night.  
The wavelets are glist by morning's first glow,  
The brooklets are glistening as onward they flow;  
The ocean is reddening a golden bright hue,  
Diamond-like glistens the night-fallen dew.  
Such magic, Aurora, Thy rising doth bring  
To praise thee, the birds of the forest all sing  
Their sweetest of lays so happy and bright,  
O glorious—O fair golden herald of light."

Gyphodus, from the wharf on the shore, spoke: "Vallant adventurers, as you are in great haste to proceed upon your voyage, and cannot remain to participate in the Athenian-Spartan marriage festivities, we will upon your return here, renew them, so as to have the pleasure and honor of having you here again as noble guests. As to Athenian commerce, Agathia, Julene, Euripidos and myself will ever remember our promise. As the last word I wish to say: May the gods protect you upon your venturesome voyage and vouchsafe unto you all a safe return." A Spartan maiden handed the following to the voyagers on the ship:

*The Original Four Hundred*

**"With Spartan hands these flowers we bring,  
And in one grand, loud chorus sing  
Of Athens' noble hundreds, four,  
Whose love and friendship evermore  
We hope to share to endless days,  
O thus accept our farewell praise,  
With prayers to all our gods above,  
To guide in safety with their love  
Your wonder ship, where'er you roam,  
Back to your proud Athenian home."**

**The voyagers stood on the shore side of the ship and sang to a well-known beautiful Grecian tune: .**

**"Gods, we pray, O may time give  
Many offspring, strong and fair,  
To the Spartan-Athens pair—  
Offspring such as heroes make,  
Such as well to commerce take;  
Such of which you proud can be  
On the land and on the sea;  
Offspring to unite our lands  
With the strongest friendship bands.  
This, our farewell wish, we give:  
May you long and happy live."**

**Loud cheering and applause resounded from the shore, and the grand ship sailed proudly on its course towards the open sea.**

## CHAPTER VIII

### *THE SHIP DEPARTS FROM GYTHIUM FOR PYLOS*

**Scriborites:** With a fair breeze, all sails set, the *Aeolus* is sailing on the Bay of Laconicus on its southerly course toward point Taenarum. The voyagers have all gone below deck to take a rest from their day and night festival. All the ship's sailors and officers are coming on deck. Captain explains to Hillicarus, second in command, that he wishes to sail the ship about, and also sail in a circle, so as to give the sailors practice in handling the great ship.

The trial sailing over, the ship has again resumed its course southward. On rounding Cape Taenarum, the ship is heading northwest towards Pylos. The shades of night are lowering and Anaxogeros, the night scribe, has come to relieve me.

**Anaxogeros, night scribe:**

The great ship is moving languidly through the waters. On all sides the sea is serene. The half moon and endless stars are glittering in the blue vault above. The second officer, Hillicarus, who is now in command, says: "Pylos in Triphylia may be sighted when the sun is in the zenith on the coming day." The breeze has freshened and our ship is sailing in a northerly direction at a great speed. Captain Arteus has come on deck. He is carrying a large black flag in his arms. He orders the seamen to hoist it to the top of the hindmost mast. Up it goes. It has a large red heart in the middle. The black flag waving with a red heart in the center presents a solemn aspect. Is it the Flag of Pylos, at which city we are to land? Upon questioning Hillicarus as to what the flag represented, he replied: "I have asked Captain Arteus, who just went down to his quarters again. All he answered was: 'Don't allow any one to haul it down; see that it remains up.' The least that can be said of it," Hillicarus said, "is that it is an ominous looking flag."

Benosteus, one of the voyagers, has come on deck. I asked him whether he knew what the black flag meant. He replied: "I suppose it must be a flag that is admired by the Pylosians." Benosteus said further: "I have been selected to hold the oration at Pylos and I must also know something about that black flag."

Benosteus also asked Hillicarus, the second officer in command, in regard to the flag, and he answered: "I don't know." And also added:

"Don't ask the Captain, for," said he, "I asked him and he gave me to understand it is only for him to know." Benosteus, who was even before dawn, walking to and fro on deck, said he must rehearse to himself what he is going to orate at our next landing place, Pylos. "Surely," said he, "I must

Of Nestor speak, in accents clear and loud,  
To listening ears, of Pylos' gathering crowd.

"Yes,

Of him much will I have to say  
On morrow's grand eventful day.

"I must know that Homer says:

'In ninety ships, from Pylos' sandy coast,  
Nestor, the sage, conducts his chosen host.'

That was when he joined the other Grecian contingents for Troy, to demand the return of the fair Helen. And, too, Nestor, son of Neleus and Chloris, was in his day King of Pylos. He also distinguished himself in the contests of the Centaurs and Clydonian hunt and also was with the famous Argonauts. At the Siege of Troy, in his old age, he did not strongly contest in combat; but his counsel was eagerly sought and his military wisdom gave the Athenians more strength than a thousand warriors.

Yes, Nestor, with Ulysses and Menelaus with others were secreted in the Wooden Horse that assisted in the capture of Troy. Truly the brain or skull in which the stratagem of the wooden horse originated should have been preserved for human eyes, to endless generations.

Pylos, yes, to this city it was that Prince Telemachus of Ithaca sailed to visit Nestor, to find whether he could give him any information as to the cause of his father's, Ulysses' long years of delay from returning to Ithaca on his return from Troy. Nestor, it is said, was greatly pleased to receive a visit from the son of his noted warrior friend, Ulysses, but having sailed from Troy in different ships, he could not give Telemachus the longed-for information. Nestor entertained the son of his noble friend Ulysses right royally, and entreated him to prolong his stay; but Telemachus informed Nestor of the state of affairs at the kingly court of Ithaca and expressed his eagerness to find tidings of his father, and, if possible, to aid him on his return to his beloved Ithaca before his mother, Penelope, would be prevailed upon, through the many years of absence of Ulysses, to marry one of her numerous suitors. Nestor thought that possibly King Menelaus, of Sparta, for whose cause Ulysses, himself and the other Greek contingents had fought at Troy, might know something of Ulysses' return voyage. Nestor ordered his best horses and chariot to be brought forth, and, accom-

panied by Pisistratis, Nestor's son, Telemachus rode o'er the wide plain to Sparta. King Menelaus and his beautiful wife, Helen, were highly pleased with the visit of the two princes. Telemachus made the object of his visit known, but Menelaus could not give any information as to the reason of Ulysses' long absence from Ithaca. Telemachus and Pisistrates returned in haste to Pylos, from whence, laden with rich presents from Nestor, Telemachus sailed back to Ithaca.

"Yes," said Benosteus, slowly walking back and forth on deck, "when we arrive at Pylos I will be open to receive inspiration from the surrounding sights and the multitude of people and I will greatly add to what I have so far planned to dwell upon. I will not only speak of Nestor, who ruled over three generations of men, but also of the beautiful location of Pylos, and also of the great heroism and bravery displayed by the Pylosians at the famous Siege of Troy. I will speak so as to surprise them with their own greatness." A part of the foregoing is what Benosteus intended to include in his oration at Pylos, as our ship's principal speaker at that city. The ship has been sailing with great speed and Hillicarus says that we may arrive at Pylos even sooner than he had expected.

Aurora is just faintly heralding the coming of day, Scriborites is on deck to relieve me.

Scriborites, day scribe:

The ship is sailing at great speed. A watch from the mast calls out: "Pylos! Pylos! Pylos!" The ship has sailed during the night over a great distance of waters. Captain Arteus is on deck; also all of the voyagers are coming on deck in groups. The ship will arrive at Pylos even before the sun rises above the eastern horizon.

Captain Arteus said: "Pylos lies a short distance from the sea, from which a small river runs to the sea.

"The ship now has landed along the seashore wharf of Pylos." Captain Arteus said: "I myself only will go on shore, and when I return I will give you full orders."

It is now full day. Only a very few people and a lone woman, beautifully dressed, are standing on the shore, a short distance from the ship. Captain Arteus is walking in haste directly toward the woman. He seems to know her. It looks like a meeting of lovers. They seem to converse with deep earnestness.

The voyagers are all crowding around Hillicarus, asking him what the sombre, black flag with the red heart in the center, denotes. Hillicarus answered: "No one knows, it seems, excepting the Captain."

Hillicarus has given orders to lower the sails, but Captain Arteus motions not to do so. The crowd on the wharf is increasing. From all directions people are wending their footsteps to the wharf. From a castle, not far distant, a chieftain with several warriors is hastening

toward the ship's landing. The woman has thrown her arms around Captain Arteus; but he has released them again.

Arteus, after kissing her several times, is rushing back to our ship. One of the men from the castle is trying to kill Arteus with a sword. Arteus, in great desperation, has thrust his dagger deep into his antagonist, who sinks to the ground. Arteus, with great bravery and strength, fights his way back to the ship, with an ever-increasing crowd at his heels. Upon being hauled on the ship, Captain Arteus, in great excitement, shouts: "Loosen all shore ropes! Helmsman steer west!" The constantly increasing crowd on the wharf, on seeing what had taken place, ran to and fro, picking up large stones, throwing them on and toward the ship. A company of slingers on shore were furnished by the others with stones and a large number of stones fell on deck and against the sails. Several catapults were being hauled to the wharf, but the fair, light breeze wafted our ship out of harm's reach. In sight of thousands of shouting and threatening Pylosians our ship sailed proudly on its westerly course. All was consternation on the ship. The *Aeolus* would never be allowed to land at Pylos again, at which city, a short feast was to be held, combined with commerce.

Consternation is a mild word to express the feelings which prevailed on the ship through the unexpected events that had taken place. Murder and enmity—that was not in harmony with the advices given and the object of the ship's voyage.

Phœbus is shining brightly on an excited, sullen lot of adventurers. By the Captain's orders the black flag is being hauled down and is taken to the Captain's quarters. One of the seamen said: "The ship is going to sail out of sight of land for a long time."

'Midst the great excitement on the ship the Committee of Order steps forth and Diagorax, ascending the rostrum on the deck, said: "Fellow voyagers, instead of sailing here at this time, our ship should have remained at least a day at Pylos; but our ship can never land again at Pylos, for the uncalled for enmity created by Captain Arteus will never be forgotten by the Pylosians. Their bosoms are filled with revenge. Your committee has spoken with Captain Arteus, and it has been agreed that Hilicarus, the ship's second officer, be called to this rostrum to answer questions put to him by your committee, in regard to Captain Arteus' surprising escapade."

Hilicarus ascended the rostrum and was asked by the Committee of Rules of Order and Regulations to state what he knew of the reasons of Captain Arteus' unwarranted escapade at Pylos. He replied that he knew no more of the affair than did the noble voyagers; knew not what the black flag meant. He was asked whether on other voyages his fellow seaman, Captain Arteus, had had similar escapades at other landing places.

Hilicarus replied, "Never."

Diagorax said: "Hilicarus, state what you know of Captain Arteus' life and actions as a seaman."

Hilicarus replied: "Captain Arteus and I have sailed on the same ships for over forty moons. Captain Arteus' actions at Pylos were a great surprise to me. Although, in all other matters fearless, Captain Arteus is known by seamen as being afraid of women. He always kept away from women at all our landing places. He would not allow women to become familiar with him. Now you must know that we sailors who are so much away from land, when we do land at some port, we think a great deal of women. But not so with Captain Arteus. The most beautiful of maidens have made efforts to form his friendship, but without avail. When they have visited our ship they have often insisted that he should show them some courtesy. He treated them to sour wine. He never acted gruffly, or said an unkind word to them; but his bearing indicated that they were not for him. Being taunted by some of us seamen, he said: 'I will always treat them well, because they are maidens, for I also know a maiden beyond compare, who to me is all the world.' Some of you may have heard the seamen's songs, one of which is:

The sailor, ah, he kisses!  
The maids of many lands—  
Like the waves, the rigid rocks  
Of many distant strands;  
And like the winds also  
We set soft cheeks aglow  
By kissing often, kissing more,  
The maids of many a foreign shore.

"Captain Arteus was always among the jolliest of the jolly; but such and similar songs he never sang with the heartiness that we sailors sang them. Captain Arteus only smiled when he saw us jolly, or walk with young maidens who wished to soften the hard lot of a seaman's life. Noble voyagers! All I can say is that all his actions seemed to say: 'There is only one maiden in the world for me.'"

Leontena ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow Voyagers! We maidens believe that Captain Arteus' escapade at Pylos should be thoroughly inquired into. Even Hilicarus, who is second in command of our ship, says he was surprised at the Captain's attempt to supply our voyage with a romance and tragedy. Hilicarus tells us that our Captain's bearing always seemed to say: 'There is only one maid in the world for me.' Supposing that is so, why should our ship and our lives be endangered? Peace and commerce is our mission and not actions that lead to enmity, bloodshed—death. To be short, all the maidens have agreed unless Captain Arteus' escapade is explained satisfactorily

to all, and unless it is promised that at future landings no similar event shall take place, we all will vote to turn the prow of the ship towards home."

Meander, of the Committee of Rules and Order, ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow Maiden Voyagers! Most of the opinions expressed agree with those of the balance of us voyagers, excepting we would not vote for returning home. We, from all the regulations of seamanship into which we have inquired, understand that the Captain should remain on the ship—be the last man to leave the ship. That, also, we find is included in the Rules of Order laid down for our journey. Captain Arteus has acted just contrary to those rules and orders and we have witnessed what the consequences might have been.

"Fellow Voyagers! Captain Arteus has offered to explain all, and now we will hear what he has to say."

Captain Arteus appeared on the rostrum, standing forth as a young, handsome seaman. Captain Arteus began: "I stand on this rostrum by the command of no one, excepting my own command.

"Hilicarus spoke to you, at my command. I am Captain—I am King of this ship. Such are the laws of the sea.

"Noble Voyagers! You need not stand in fear that such an event as has taken place at Pylos will ever occur again. You have a right to find great fault with my actions at Pylos. I promise in this clear light of day, with the great bright eye of day as witness, that I never again will overlook the object of our voyage which is to be attained through peace and friendship. After I have fully explained the extraordinary situation at Pylos, you, I hope, will not find fault with me to such a great extent as you now do.

"To fully explain, I feel as if I must hold my heart to view in my hands, as it were, which I otherwise would not have done for all the world!

"But I must begin. The woman to whom I must refer, is she who stood alone to one side a short distance from the wharf. Our parents' homes in Athens joined each other. The back gardens were divided by a trellis, both sides of which were covered with grape vines. Near the rear end of the trellis was an opening, a narrow, arched portal. Our fathers were fisherfolk. So you can see that the woman and I grew up together; as girl and boy, we played and romped together. I was two years older than she. Many seasons did we together pluck and gather the luscious bunches of grapes that hung on both sides of our dividing trellis, and place them in baskets. The grapes, regardless of which side of the trellis yielded the greater quantity, were always divided equally. On a short board with a stone on one end balanced by a like weight of grapes on the other end of the board, were all the grapes weighed.



"Time passed on and I assisted my father on the sea, fishing mostly the porpura (shell-fish) from which the dyes are obtained by which your purple robes and clothes are colored. Many a present did I present to her which I secured on foreign shores; and with great pleasure did she receive them. Returning, after an unusually long absence, we came together again as usual. We both had grown near unto maturity. I felt we could not play and run as was our wont in days past. Oh how still more beautiful she had grown—stately, modest, blooming young maid. When looking at me with her large, beautiful eyes, how bashful and reserved her actions seemed. And I can say, strong as I was, I felt the lack of courage to look openly into her eyes, but looked at her more by glances, perhaps. How much more precious she seemed to have grown. I was now a young man, and she, a coy, fair maiden. Oh how often did we meet together! Precious did we seem to each other. Alas! soon I must go out to sea again. I felt a restless longing to express to her in words what our eyes and actions had spoken over and over again.

"Upon a night I burned sweet incense in honor of Venus and Cupid, thanking them for the many happy, loving days vouchsafed unto us. I also invoked their blessings on the open expression of lasting love which I would make on the coming day. Early next morning I heard her sweet voice blending with the songs of the birds in the garden foliage. I hastened out, plucked the most beautiful rose, walked through the narrow portal and met her laughing eyes; and gathering all my courage, with deep, stirring, earnestness, said: 'Dear, dear Rolene—many a flower have I handed to you in days past. But, dearest Rolene, never before have I presented a flower to you with such deep feelings and earnestness and love as I now do this rose. Dearest Rolene, the morning dew, still resting on this rose, represents the tears that would arise from the depths of my heart if ever any harm should come to you.'

"With a modest, happy look, she said: 'O, I thank you, Arte, I thank you.'

"Fastening the rose to her bosom and looking at me with her large blue eyes, she turned and started to run toward the house.

"I called: 'Rolene—Rolene—I must go out to sea tomorrow; please don't go into the house.'

"She came coyly back to me, and I said: 'Rolene, come let us go into the summer house, I have something I long to talk about.' She said: 'Why, yes.'

"On that early morning, sitting in that vine-covered, square, summer house, I, with a determination not to delay any longer, asked; and she, with a happy countenance, looking down, her bosom heaving with deep emotion, answered: 'Why, yes.' All I will not rehearse—only

that with tears of joy glistening in the corner of her eye, we went forth out of the summer house as bride and groom, happiest of mortals.

"Time passed on—I commanded a small ship of my own and always was prosperous. How could it have been otherwise? For it was all a work of love; all, all for her to be. How happy did she greet me on my return from the sea! I asked her whether she would prefer my face smooth, without a beard. Twisting my lip beard, she replied, 'Oh no, your kisses would be too much like a woman's.' From that time I have kept my beard trimmed only. Often when a great storm swept o'er the seas, she would cry, I was told, fearing that I might have met disaster. Tears express the deepest emotions of the heart—of love—of affection.

"I may say that it was our past love that made me Captain of this great ship. On many a tree, on foreign shores, I cut our names within a heart. As the cut of name and heart in the bark of the trees enlarged, so also I thought grew our hearts and love for each other. My whole life has been kept pure and I may say noble through our love, because I loved her so. It was her unbounded love for me and my deep, unending love for her that spurred me on with a feeling that I could overcome all obstacles and rise out and above the lot of those with whom I first labored. I labored and planned with a determination to rise above my natural surroundings. I gradually prospered and was a welcome listener to the wisdom of our Athenian philosophers. I heard them say: He that strives, plans, labors earnestly and thoughtfully in his trade, such may stand before Kings. I thoughtfully labored and planned and, encouraged by the matchless power of love, attained to heights of which I never before dared dream. My whole being was wrapped up with the thought and hope that we should have a home far better than those who were formerly our neighbors.

"While on the sea, great storms of long duration swept o'er the waters, destroying many ships and overwhelming many seamen. My ship was driven on the shores of a far-off coast. At our Athens home our sailor folks knew of the sad fate that had overtaken so many of our ships and seamen; but could not get any tidings of me.

"It took many moons before we again landed in our native city of Athens. Rumor had it that I and my ship had been lost. As our long absence could not be accounted for, the rumor became almost a certainty. I and ship were given up as lost, though some still hoped for our safety.

"During all that time, it is said, my dear Rolene was inconsolable. And during that long time of absence it happened that a rich citizen from some distant country sojourned in Athens. He had set it in his mind that some beautiful Athenian maiden should accompany him to

his home as his wife. As a rich barterer and trader, he went to many homes, displaying fine jewelry of silver, gold and precious stones. At the home of my dear Rolene he also displayed his glittering jewelry. Her father bought some jewelry for Rolene. The barterer also got into conversation with her. He called often and asked her to become his wife. She had no thought at first, saying I would return. He told her it was certainly known that I and my ship were lost forever or I would have arrived home long ago. She would not yield. Then he sketched on papyrus his castle, in which she should dwell as his queen. He also gave her costly gifts of various kinds of jewelry.

"Thus by persistent intrigue and persuasive glittering gold he moved her to become his wife and thus journey with him to Pylos. Yes, by costly, glittering jewelry, he persuaded her to become his wife! But he never did, nor never could win her heart. When I returned from my journey I first turned my footsteps to her home. When I stepped into her home, she was gone. Her parents greeted me, but immediately wrung their hands and burst into loud tears. Between their sobs, they could hardly speak the words that she had gone away. I at first thought she had died, and now," said Captain Arteus, with deep emotion, "I know that she had died—was even worse than dead to me. Thus in deep sorrow their actions told me all. My probable death, his castle, fair promises and glittering jewels had brought her to the hesitating point which he overcame by escorting her, half-willing, to his chariot, in which they drove to his distant home in a country only found out by me, after very many moons, from a seaman friend of mine. He told me that he had seen her near a castle near the city of Pylos, and that she was the wife of a rich man who owned the castle. That was after I had been chosen as Captain of this ship. I asked him to try on his next landing at Pylos to meet and speak to her in secret, and to tell her that I still loved her and would like to speak with her once again. He should assure her that I would not use any force and only wished once more to have the great happiness of speaking and talking to her; that I was Captain of a large wonder ship and that within a full moon I expected to make Pylos its second landing place. Tell her," I said, "that my heart is forever surrounded with deep, dark sorrow. That when the ship arrives she can know of my presence on the ship by a black flag with a red heart in its center, flying from the top of the hindmost mast."

At this point, Captain Arteus ordered a seaman to get the black flag from his quarters, ordering two seamen to spread out, hold out the flag to the view of the voyagers, after which he continued:

"Noble Voyagers! Now you know what the black flag meant, also the red heart in its center, surrounded with deep, black sorrow. Alone, early in the morning, we have seen my dear Rolene standing near the

wharf; having espied our ship by its black flag, she knew that I was aboard and as Captain."

Captain Arteus ordered the seaman to wrap the black flag around a stone, tied tightly, and then gave orders to throw it into the sea.

"Now, noble voyagers," continued Captain Arteus, "There will be no more danger that a black flag will again be hoisted at any of our future landing places. The black flag, with its red heart, is now at the bottom of the sea. Oh, how often have I wished that some high mountains of the sea would overwhelm me and send me to the bottom of the sea, so that my restless, aching heart would cease to beat. Often, when standing on a high rock, overhanging the sea, I intended to leap down to the wave-washed rocks below.

"But a still voice seemed to say: 'Don't, don't.' 'Be a man!' such as Rolene would have been worthy of.

"But in spite of that silent admonition I would have ended my life many moons ago if I had not attended an oration of one of our Athenian philosophers, who spoke on cowardice. The part that struck me was when he spoke of Metals, saying: 'Yellow metal, if washed with plain water, will not show whether it is gold or common base metal.' 'No,' he continued, 'it must be put to a far more intense test in order to find out its true quality and worth. It must be put to a strong acid test; then its true, real worth can be judged aright. So, too,' he said, 'man must, through strife and adversity, display the true noble metal he is made of. In a calm or in a fine breeze one cannot well know whether a man is a true seafarer or not. Only,' he said, 'when the elements all seem to be angry, does the real sailor come to view. So in all life,' he said, 'he that remains a true man, in spite of all obstacles, misfortunes, adversity and unsatisfied love, is entitled to honor, for such are the true, courageous of the earth, in whom the gods delight. Such who, in adversity of any kind, throw their lives away, indicate and admit that they have not the power and courage to battle against fate. Such are truly named Cowards.'

"After listening to that oration on Cowardice I swore an oath to the gods that I would live, labor and nobly plan onward unto the rest of my natural days. And, noble voyagers, I shall labor and help plan thoughtfully, to make this grand commercial adventure a success. The Alpha and Omega of all my efforts shall be and are toward achieving success. (Applause.)

"Rolene, though alive, yet is dead to me. How beautiful she was and as such will she ever stand before me. Sitting or walking, standing or dancing, her every action, pose and carriage showed a majesty and grace that is accorded to mortals by the favor of the gods only. Noble voyagers, you saw her greet me with: 'Oh Arte,' and a kiss—saw us kiss each other. Much was said in that short time. She wished

to flee with me. I would have fled with her to the ship and her presence, I would have assured, would not have interfered with the object of our voyage. She said at no time was she allowed to be out of the sight of some one of her husband's warriors.

"As it was, I myself barely escaped with my life. I would have thrown my arms around her and remained to battle, I whom fear of death has abandoned.

"But the thought of my mission, under oath to the gods, your welfare, and the object of the voyage prompted me to flee back to the ship. She said that she still loved me—only me; that she had been told and thought I was lost at sea; that her act had punished her a thousandfold. She showed me the gold bracelets which I had given her which she valued above all her other many jewels.

"I said: 'Dear Rolene, your husband's castle is a fine structure.'

"She said with disgust and deep emotion: 'Oh, cold stones, and a colder heart has he still, who dwells within. My heart also has grown cold and only warms at the thought of you.' I do not strongly blame her to wed the Pylosian because, firstly, she thought I was lost at sea; and even if she could not have been certain of that, I cannot strongly blame her for the gods have not made women strong enough at all times to withstand persuasive, glittering gold. A saying also we know: 'It must be a strong chest that cannot be opened with a golden key.' Still her heart does not belong to him. That will always only beat warmly at the thought of me.

"Noble voyagers, the magic power of love has made me what I am—arisen above and away from my first surroundings. All great deeds men do are moved by the power of love. Love for the charming Helen has caused nations to war. The city of Troy, in its fall, felt the irresistible power of love.

"Brave Athenians, the rules of order on our ship, beg Aphrodite (Venus), and her son Cupid not to alight among the ship's noble voyagers. And it is well that the ship's rules so decree.

"But, brave Athenians, after our ship has returned successfully to Athens again, truly pray to the fair Goddess of Love and to her son to direct his darts to receptive hearts—to grant you love, the most pleasant and most precious and most powerful gift the gods can bestow upon mortal man. To him whom love is given, all labor and planning is turned into a work of love. To him whom love is given how much more beautiful is the world—by night—by day! The sun, moon and stars shine with an added lustre. All things in nature seem to greet one with friendly eye. All love a lover; even the gods, it is said, look down upon him benignantly. The fair young form and face of my loved one will never become erased from my mind's eye. Ever will she remain young and fair. The memory of her will also keep me young

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unto old age. I will see her, as upon a time, returning from my sea voyage, she having dreamed that I was lost in a storm, with her heavy hair disheveled, tears running over her rosy cheeks. How she kept on crying, first for fear and then for joy, upon my safe return! How I took her on my lap, put my hand back of her wealth of hair, and kissed her until her large eyes danced with joy! But oh! far oftener will her beautiful young face appear to me, as upon my many returns from sea, when she would run and greet me with her sweet, loving voice and looking up with her large, beautiful eyes, was eager to receive my kisses and loving endearments.

"Thus will I strive to keep her before my eyes forever—My Rolene—my beautiful young love. True, the longings and yearnings of my heart, deprived of its loved one, seems to make it grow smaller. But, O, I shall always battle onward, so that if she ever again should hear of me, she would know that I courageously had a heart for any fate—know that I was worthy of her, and that I battle onward, assisted and inspired through the loving remembrance of her.

"Noble voyagers, I only wish to add that the love I hold for fair Rolene, though she be dead to me, will remain in my heart, though surrounded with sorrow, as an inspiration to greater deeds. This power of love given to me—the remembrance of her will serve to assist you all in making this voyage a grand commercial success to the honor and glory of our beloved Athens." (Great applause.)

After the applause ceased the maidens called out: "Orientes, Orientes." Orientes lithely and gracefully ascended the rostrum with a happy, joyful countenance, and said: "There are two things about Captain Arteus' address that have pleased us maidens greatly. Firstly, he has promised that no more black flag incidents shall ever take place again. His noble assurance had dispelled all fears. The black red-heart flag will not wave from our ship's mast again, resting as it does, on the bottom of the sea. Secondly, we were delighted, on listening to Captain Arteus' narrative, because it allowed him to use words which we voyagers must not express. The foam-born goddess and her archer son are not allowed to alight among us. The realm and affairs over which she holds sway, we dare not speak of on this ship. But Captain Arteus has, to our delight, over and over again, spoken the word that names what he calls matchless power. He emphasized that it is the most pleasant—most precious and most powerful gift the gods can bestow upon man. To him, whom it is given, he said what otherwise would be obstacles, vanish like mist before the rising sun. Oh, he has spoken so beautifully because he has felt so deeply. With our delight is also mingled a feeling of sorrow for Captain Arteus. We can fully realize, as he himself said, that his heart is growing smaller under the strain of deep longings and yearnings unanswered.

We were all ears when Captain Arteus advised that on our ship's successful return to Athens prayer should also ascend to the foam-born goddess, asking her to bestow that which is the greatest and most precious gift that can be vouchsafed unto mortal man.

"We must admit that on listening to Captain Arteus' interesting narrative it widened our chests, made our hearts larger and beat more strongly for the time. I will, however, venture to recite the verse which was inspired by Captain Arteus' deep remarks.

Bless the day when Venus rose  
From the ocean's deep repose;  
From the sea-foam—fresh and bright—  
Rising to Olympian height;  
Where the Gods in council meet,  
There she holds an honored seat.  
But, alas! We here on ship  
Never dare pass o'er a lip  
Words that Venus tells us plain,  
Silent—dumb, we must remain.  
For on ship she must not be,  
Thus the rules, by man's decree.  
Yes, fair Cupid, he must flee—  
Here he must not show his face;  
On our ship he has no place.  
O, if he should ever come,  
All of us would have to run,  
And each heart with shield protect;  
To his arrows must object.

"Oh, I must not speak longer or I may utter words as if I were under the spell of the fair goddess myself. After listening to Captain Arteus' explanations, I am appointed to say for the maidens, we have no intention of voting for the ship's return to Athens." (Applause.)

As scribe, I record: Orientes' bosom heaved, cheeks flushed, eyes sparkled visibly as she spoke of the Captain's deep longings and yearnings of the heart. Truly, if ever the eyes begin to talk to each other on this ship, what will happen? How will it all end?

Benosteus was asked by the voyagers to ascend the rostrum. He said:

"Fellow Adventurers: You had placed the duty upon me to hold the principal oration at Pylos. Anaxogeros, the night scribe, knows how I, while the stars were still shining, walked to and fro on deck, rehearsing a part of what I intended to include in my address to the Pylosians. I already saw, in my imagination, the multitude eagerly picking up the words as they passed from my lips, and I also heard, in my imagination, roaring applause, after many of my stirring remarks; such as: 'Noble Pylosians, the god-gifted Homer has sung of your own Nestor not only as one of the greatest of heroes but also as



one who has wisely ruled over three generations of men.' Also heard I applause resound after: 'Brave Pylosians, I claim that we have the honor of calling you friends. Our Athenian and Pylosian friendship comes down to us from the friendship formed on the battlefield of Troy between our noble Menestheus and your wise counselor Nestor.' Also did I hear deafening applause after: 'Pylosians! Friends! Let us listen to what Homer sings:

"No chief like Thee, Menestheus, Greece could yield  
To marshal armies in a dusty field;  
Nestor alone, improved by length of days  
For martial conduct, bore an equal praise."

"My ears were already pleased with tremendous applause after saying: 'Pylosian Friends, our eyes are beholding a scene which to us is sacred. Your wave-washed, sandy coast delights our eyes. It was, valiant Pylosians, as is well known to you, from this sandy coast that your valiant forefathers sailed to join the other Grecian contingents on their voyage to Troy.' Also tremendous, deafening, uproarious applause did I hear after saying: 'Noble Pylosians, let us further recall what Homer sang:

"In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast  
Nestor, the sage, conducts his chosen host."

"Fellow voyagers, I already beheld how the multitude before me with unending wave-like applause would inspire me to give expression to such noble sayings as the world had never heard before. If, after uttering what I thought a striking sentence they would not cheer I would have paused so as to give them still a chance to applaud. Alas! Captain Arteus' black flag incident has brought my oratorical opportunities to naught. Captain Arteus' heart is surrounded by sorrow; and I can also say that on seeing our ship waft away from Pylos without making its intended stay, I can also say my heart was surrounded by a great disappointment. As the maidens are satisfied with Captain Arteus' explanation, we men surely are. Like the black flag that rests on the bottom of the sea, so, too, may the black flag incident rest and never again be recalled to sight or to memory. Bravely, joyfully, onward o'er the swaying sea to new lands and scenes, that is the immediate mission of our fast ship." (Applause.)



## CHAPTER IX

### *SAILING TO SICILY*

The wind has changed and is in an adverse direction, blowing from the west. Many of the sails have been hauled down and fastened to the yards. Our ship must now beat against the gale. The blue vault above is covered by a dark, heavy, cloudy veil. The storm is becoming violent and the seas are running high. Huge, white-crested billows dash against our ship as if objecting to our ship's further progress. Masts, yards, and swaying rigging are knocking and creaking under the relentless force of the storm. All things on shipboard not securely fastened, demand immediate attention. Hillicarus, the second officer, is saying: "It's a grand, sublime sight—the ship's ascending and descending the huge, surging billows—nobly and gallantly battling against the force of the storm." Sailors are pulling one of the large yard-arms into a desired angle. They are loudly singing a storm song, which the whistling of the storm through the rigging accompanies quite harmoniously. The power of the storm seems to have blown the glow of health from the maidens cheeks and also from some of the men's. One of the ship's officers' says: "Neptune requires, as a tribute, that voyagers at the first storm should give a feast to the finny tribes that rove in the depths of his liquid realm below. Maidens and some of the men are involuntarily obeying and paying tribute according to Neptune's inviolable, unalterable, inveterate law.

The otherwise blooming Toradia, with a very pale dejected countenance, is saying to Marstenes:

"The climate here at sea must be very unhealthy, for we all feel very, very, very sick."

Marstenes said: "I don't feel any too well, either, but we must all endure with patience and get used to the climate, like sailors must."

All of the maidens and most of the men voyagers are down to their respective quarters. The sky is darkening—the storm increasing. It is raining. The ship is battling against the adverse winds and waves with defiant determination. 'Midst the powerful splashing of the seas, the howling of winds through rigging and the creaking of masts and yards are heard the shouting commands given to sailors by the officers. What a change the climate on this part of the seas has exerted more or less on all of us voyagers—changed rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, laughter,

song and jollity, to wan, pale countenances and sickly, dejected spirits. "Afraid of the storm? Oh, no—rather would be overboard than on board"—appearances and manners seem to say.

Darkness is coming over the waters. The night scribe is here to relieve me.

Anaxogorous:

Our ship is encountering its first night's storm. A rainy, howling night is before us. On such a black, stormy night as this the senses of hearing and feeling are almost more important than that of seeing; for intense, impenetrable darkness is spread all around. What is there in a night like this for a night scribe to record? Nothing to see but darkness; to hear and feel but the whistling of the storm—surging of the powerful threatening seas, knocking and creaking of the booms and rigging, and the grand ship plunging against the huge, heaving, running billows. It is good that I have had a chance to practice and learn to inscribe the records during our first starlight night. Now I can write on this dark night even with my eyes closed. It cannot be expected that a night scribe's record will appear as neat as the records of the day scribe, written by the light of day. All is dark—silence; excepting the intense laboring of the ship and the enraged elements. Well is it that I can shelter myself under the lee side of the rostrum from the driving rain.

I asked Hillicarus, in loud tones of course, how with night's impenetrable darkness all around, it could be known in which direction the ship was sailing? He replied, loudly and shortly, in the 'midst of the howling storm: "We don't know for certain in which direction we are sailing. We can't know. We only know that the wind started to blow from the west and believe it is still blowing from that direction. We are beating in short tacks against the wind. We are bound for Sicily. With no stars visible in the vault above and no shores to be seen in the night, we cannot be certain of our direction. At Sicily and further on," he continued, "we will not sail too far a distance from land. In a black, dark night like this, we can know nothing of direction and must sail slowly, and better at times to lie at anchor, if possible, until we are again able to observe directions. Darkness and fog are our greatest dangers." Thus answered our second officer.

This black night reminds me of what one of our profound Athenian philosophers once said: "We don't know where we're going to, but we know we are on the way."

So we can also say, we don't know in what direction our ship is sailing, but we know it is sailing on its way towards somewhere and will arrive somewhere to our welfare or destruction, perhaps. The Fates alone can tell. Our greatest longing now is for stars or daylight to appear. This restless, dark night seems of unusual duration. The

fierceness of the storm has greatly abated. Back of us somewhat, over the stern of the ship, the darkness is slightly penetrable.

Hilicarus, second officer, says: "Now we know again where east is. The first faint shimmer of dawn is noticeable."

Rain has ceased and the seas have lessened their fury perceptibly. The clouds in the east are cleared away and Aurora is roseating the restless expanse of ocean. Phœbus has now fully arisen, spreading added lustre over the billowy ocean scene. What a wondrously beautiful change from the pitchy darkness of the stormy night to the bright sunshine of day!

The day scribe is on deck and I can go to my quarters.

Scriborites:

The intensely fierce, bolsterous night is followed by a clear, less stormy day. The fury of the waves has abated. Men voyagers are coming on deck. The wind is still adverse; but the ship is sailing proudly. The maidens are also now coming on deck. The ship is given a greater spread of canvas. Captain Arteus says: "The ship will not make great progress towards its goal." The pale, wan countenances and sickly, spiritless looking eyes and manners of the maidens and men also seem to have disappeared, and instead, color is again coming back to their cheeks. Laughter and song are being heard among the voyagers—both men and maidens. All seem to have become accustomed to the climate out on this part of the sea, just as the maidens thought it would be.

Keltoites, one of the men voyagers who knows every bone in the human body, ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow adventurers, we all have been more or less sick. I believe we can't deny that. The sickness was caused by the unhealthy climate of a certain part of the sea over which our ship was sailing. So explained our maidens. But it makes no difference what caused the general sickness, many, beyond all doubt, felt sick in the fullest sense of the word.

#### THE POWER OF MUSIC

"Now I propose that in order to restore our full glow of health again and to banish even the memory of our illness, that we resort to the wonderful, health-restoring power of song and music. And now, fellow voyagers, while I am standing on this rostrum, as I don't expect to appear on it again, I will give my views—allow me to change that: I will give the views of some of our most noted past and present Athenian philosophers on the influence of music in regard to health. Music is a combination of agreeable sounds. Disagreeable sounds—noises—are not music and are detrimental to health. Agreeable combinations of sounds, through the ear, vibrate wave-like through every fibre of our body, muscles, heart and brain, producing an agreeable and exhilarating feeling of buoyancy, courage, hope and strength.

"One of our Athenian orators once said of Music: 'The finest of all musical instruments is the very air itself. Air, put in motion, through the voice or proper instrument in such a manner as to call forth a combination of agreeable sounds, creates music. Yes,' he said, 'the air is a great musical instrument. It only requires a gifted voice or a knowledge of setting the grand air instrument into motion in such a manner as to produce agreeable combinations of sounds, and music floats in the air, vibrates agreeably to our ears, nerves and brain—and whole body.' There is music in the air all around us. Standing alone in the night along the ocean shore, how sublime is its musical roar. And listening thus, one cannot help thinking how in endless moons past and in endless moons to come, other mortals have and will listen to the very same old ocean's musical roar with awe and deep reverence. I will not rehearse all that I have heard our Athenian philosophers say in their orations on music. But, in short, I will only indicate the power and beneficial effects of Music in regard to health. Euphonites, one of our most famous physicians of Athens, who is well known to many of us, always carries a musical instrument with him when called upon to attend the sick. He is very familiar to many of us as he walks the streets of Athens, carrying his musical instrument on the way to the sick. Besides having a profound knowledge of the human form divine, causes of its sickness and remedies for the curing of its ills, he also has a deep knowledge of the beneficial curative powers of music in regard to many of the ills human flesh and particularly the mind is heir to. Euphonites has a manly, very agreeable melodious voice, and plays his musical instrument with great skill. I have heard it said by many who have knowledge of his cures that many are the human ills that can be eradicated speedily and surely by the agreeable, mysterious power of music. It has come to be a saying in Athens, as we know of late: 'A musician is often better than a physician.'

"Fellow Adventurers, I predict that the time is not far distant when all of our Athenian physicians will, in addition to a profound knowledge of the human form and the healing art, acquire a true knowledge of the mysterious power of music as a curative agent—will at least be required to skillfully play some melodious instrument. It will then be a common sight to see all physicians carrying a small lyre or some other musical instrument while on their way to the sick.

"It is well known to all of us how laborious and tiresome and exhausting dancing would be without music. What great strength music lends to muscle, brain and the whole body. It is well known to weary warriors on their march. Athletes during their performances are greatly strengthened by music. Yes, even horsemen are alert to the effect music produces on the animal beneath them. Bearing in mind the teaching of our Athenian philosophers of the curative powers of

music, a number of us, including myself, have put the same to a practical test on this ship. While our ship was recently sailing over what our maidens called 'an unhealthy region' of the seas, where our ship was being tossed high and low by the rising and falling of the powerful billows, several of us men gathered in one of our small halls below decks determined upon preventing seasickness through the mysterious power of music. We found that our songs and the skillful playing of melodious instruments brooked us over what our maidens called 'the unhealthy climate.' Comparing ourselves to others who did not avail themselves of such preventive and curative means, we found that the mysterious power of music was even greater than Euphonites declared. Now that we have all quite overcome the effects of the bolsterous sea, I propose that we all, accompanied by all of the instruments, sing our well-known song, beginning:

"Neptune, O, Thy realm we love,  
Whether calm or storm it be,  
Or the lightning's flash above,  
Ever charming, grand—Thy sea."

The musical instruments and the grand chorus certainly produced an exhilarating, cheerful effect on all men and maiden voyagers. The sweet music lent renewed life, vigor and cheerfulness to all on ship-board.

Keltoites continued: "While the late fierce storm was at its height a number of the sailors on the ship, while pulling on long ropes, sang a storm song beautifully. I am also told that not the words, but the melody is well known to us all. Captain Arteus has consented to allow those sailors to come and sing the storm song for us.

"Fellow Adventurers, during the howling storm, while we were all below in our quarters, sheltered from the fierce, relentless, raging elements, the brave sailors before us sang, accompanied by the wind's whistling through the ship's rigging and the surging sea, a storm song most beautifully, I am told." Keltoites continued: "Experienced, brave, undaunted seamen! Followers of a mind-broadening, world-enlightening, noble calling! It is with great pleasure that all men and maiden voyagers will listen to your singing of your storm song."

Six seamen stood in line with a bearing and look that seemed to say: "Well, we'll sing it as best we can." They sang. At first their voices seemed plain and coarse, but the strength and heartiness with which they sang mingled with deep, melodious voices, made it very agreeable to listen to and loud applause greeted their manly performance. Keltoites proposed, as all the voyagers were familiar with the melody, that all should join in with the sailors and again sing the storm song; which was agreed to by all. The great wave of song seemed to rise

and swell with the undulations of the sea. One of the seamen said that he had no doubt but that the noble voyagers would like to hear their best singer sing the song alone for them. The voyagers said they would be pleased to hear him sing it, which he did in a very deliberate and agreeable strong seaman's voice. The words of the storm song are as follows:

#### SAILOR'S STORM SONG

When Boreas storms with howling glee,  
We sailors, far out on the sea,  
Pity, O pity, the folks on land—  
Eyes and faces full of sand—  
All things loose a-flying round  
From the housetops to the ground.  
Ho! Hi! Ho! The salt sea spray  
Dashing, splashing on our way,  
O'er the surging dark blue sea,  
Ever joyous, grand and free.

At the close of the strong, cheerful, deep, melodious song, the appreciation of the singing was loudly indicated by sincere applause. One of our most musical men voyagers, who had listened to the singing with wrapt attention, said: "He has truly listened to the roaring of the wind and the surging of the sea and caught up its melody."

The sailors have again returned to their post of duty. It has been agreed upon by voyagers to distribute small presents to each of the ship's sailors, and also officers. The sun is now in the zenith; the billows are not running high; the wind is still adverse, but the ship with all its sails set is gallantly beating against the wind, westward, making headway toward Sicily. An officer says "All are in good spirits again."

## CHAPTER X

### *THE HERMIT OF THE SEA*

Scriborites:

A sailor from the watch calls out: "Here! here! there is something floating on the sea far ahead! It looks like a floating house."

It cannot be seen from the ship's deck.

One of the voyagers said to Polybus, the ship's seer and magician: "Here is a chance to show us that you can see further than we can."

Polybus said with emphasis: "Yes, I will show you, and tell you what it is."

Polybus went below to his quarters, where he had a special secluded room for himself, and returning, went to the bow of the ship. He stood at the bow and looked over the sea with a cloth thrown over his head. Under that cloth he held a long tube of sugar cane, through which he looked with one eye. He looked in many directions, and then said: "There it is almost right ahead of us."

The watch on the mast shouted down: "Yes, the direction is correct." Polybus had claimed that he could see further on sea in day, night, or even in fog, than any other living being. Some of the voyagers had noticed that he looked through a sugar cane tube of an half an arm's length. He was asked whether it was by looking through the sugar cane-like tube that made his vision so much stronger.

Polybus replied: "Noble voyagers! I've accompanied this voyage with the strict understanding that whatever predictions I may make—whatever discoveries I may make, or magic I may perform, no single person or number of persons on this ship—even including the Captain—shall ask *How* it can be known or done.' It would be useless to do so; for the gifts and powers bestowed upon me through the gods are beyond the common understanding of man.

"Noble Adventurers! It is well known to me that you have also been greatly favored by the gods with incomparable nobleness and beauty of person and with understanding, courage, and strength beyond common mortals. Some of those gifts have not been bestowed upon me, especially that of nobleness and beauty of person. It is well known that from time immemorial, necromancers, soothsayers, seers and magicians, to the duties of which the gods have ordained me, are never a feast for the eyes to behold. The gods have willed it so. But believe not that

magicians such as I are unmindful of the nobility and beauty in others."

Polybus, holding up the tube, continued: "Noble voyagers: I will, however, myself (but it will be, I swear by the god of Magic, the first and last and only time), tell you that the sugar cane tube it is that assists me in being able to see farther than all other men. Any voyager who wishes to look through the tube may do so."

Several of the men and maiden voyagers looked through the plain, open tube, but a'l admitted they could not see the floating object ahead—could not see any farther than without the tube.

Polybus said: "I know you cannot see any farther with it. This ought to satisfy you of the truth of my statement that I can see much farther than any of you. Delay not, but let Orthocles, your day artist before the ship can come so close that you can see the object yourselves, sketch down the floating object as I describe it to him."

Orthocles listened to Polybus' description of the floating object and sketched it on papyrus.

Polybus began: "First, it looks like a small, old log house on floating logs. I should judge the logs which form the raft on which the log-house stands are about four men's length and fully two men's length in width. The size of the small, log house, which has a mast extending from it in the middle and has a look-out opening on three sides, and a door on the stern side, is such as to allow walking space on its sides, with a larger space in the front and stern parts of the raft. As I see it now, it has a mast extending from the middle of the log house."

Orthocles finished drawing this sketch as described by Polybus, who, on looking at it, said: "Noble voyagers, the ship is sailing toward the object ahead and when in your plain view, you will see that Orthocles' sketch of it is not far from being a picture of the floating craft."

Captain Arteus has commanded the ship to sail straight toward the supposed object. It is now coming dimly into view. It is the only object to be seen on the vast surrounding sea. All the voyagers are eagerly waiting the ship's close approach to the same. The small log house raft has what seems to be a mast; but no sail is up. It seems to be resting and drifting with the wind and waves, idly, aimlessly about the sea.

"There is a man on it," exclaimed the voyagers.

Yes, sure enough, he came out of the small log house and stood looking at our ship in wonderment.

Captain Arteus has given orders to lower several of the ship's sails. Our ship is getting close to the log house raft, sailing very slowly. What a pretty sight it is! The raft log house looks as if it had floated on the sea for many, many moons. Barkless, old and gray are logs and



Down

THE HERMIT OF THE SEA. (See page 258.)  
"It is time out of mind since I remember having seen the shore. The sail I boat only to keep my craft from drifting within the sight of land."

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house. Very old it must be, as long sea grass moss clings to all sides of the log house.

One of our ship's small boats, has been lowered. Two of our men voyagers, accompanied by Theognis, interpreter of gesture language, are rowing in the small boat to the log raft. The man on the raft has climbed on the small house. Stones, spears, bows and arrows are lying at his feet. He has, with both hands, raised a ponderous stone high above his head in a threatening attitude. His gesticulations seem to say that he will hurl the large stone into the small boat if it should attempt to lie alongside of his raft. Our ship's small boat is not rowing straight alongside of the strange raft; it is slowly rowing around it. The man on the house raft and our Theognis are talking together in gesture language. Theognis has jumped on the craft. The others are resting their oars a short distance from the raft. Our ship is very close to the raft and we can see the man near by. He is clad in hairless skins. He has long, heavy hair and long, full beard, slightly streaked with gray.

Theognis has gone into the log house with him.

Hilicarus, second officer, who is standing on the ship's bulwark, holding himself with one hand to the railing, said: "That house raft looks as if it must have withstood many storms. It is built of cedar logs strongly, probably rigidly, fastened together with oaken bolts. The small sail seems to be made of skins. Even with that sail up, it must drift rather than sail. Out on the open seas, the fiercest of storms can toss it high and deep, dash over it, so it may be almost out of sight—yes, may play with it in ghoulish glee; but the storms can never make it spring a leak, fill it with water, or make it sink.

"Noble adventurers, in a fierce, raging storm, out upon the open sea, it is safer to be on that log house raft than it is to be on even our ship of all ships. Many ships have been sent to the bottom of the seas by the raging elements; and countless more will, as moons follow moons, find a resting place at the bottom of Neptune's domain. The man on that log house-raft can, out on the open sea, defy the very elements, singly or combined. That is more than we dare do. All that can happen to his log house-ship is that it will get desperate duckings and washings by the high-running billows; but after the storm has abated the mossy, dark green, silken hair, with which the log house is covered on all sides and top, will shine forth with renewed lustre and vigor.

"Noble voyagers," Hilicarus continued, "the scene before us teaches us that a ship should be so built that the elements, singly or combined, cannot force it to sink to the bottom of the sea; and should be so constructed that under all conditions and occurrences it will remain afloat high on the surface of the water."

Thus spoke Hillicarus and we all think that he only spoke in order to talk from the bulwark, which seems to be the seamen's rostrum.

Theognis has come out of the log house. He is holding up a duck, which sets all to laughing. The sea hermit is standing by his side. Theognis and the other voyagers are now rowing back to the ship. They are on shipboard again.

Theognis ascends the rostrum and reports: "Fellow voyagers; on our first attempt to row alongside of his hermit home he made us plainly understand by his gestures, holding up one finger, that if more than one of us dared attempt to come on his drifting home of the sea he would battle against us with all his might by throwing stones in our boat. As you have seen, I alone went on his sea-wafted home. The sea hermit is a strong man. I need not describe his looks, for you all have seen him close by. What land he came from I could not find out. The language he speaks is strange to me. But I have interpreted from his explanations and gestures the story of his whole life and why he is now a hermit of the sea, living a lonely life on the shoreless sea. His life has been blighted by a great disappointment in love. She whom he loved passionately also loved him deeply in return. But, O, in an evil hour, she betrayed him and became the loving spouse of another. She whom he loved with his whole heart and mind so deeply, in whom he had boundless faith, changed her love for another. Since that time he lost complete faith in all womankind and hated the sight of woman. Then it was that he swore by the god of gods that he would not live on the land, but would live as a hermit for the rest of his life—far out upon the shoreless waters, where the sight of women could not recall to his mind his shattered love story—not recall to mind woman's vacillating, unfaithful moods. He has sworn to live the life of a hermit on the seas, so that the sight of women cannot again come within his range of vision. That was years and years ago, as you can see by the beautiful dark green, silken-hair-covered, floating log house. Therefore we see him, a lonely wave—and storm-tossed wanderer in Neptune's realm—a sea hermit. On asking, I understood from his gestures that he did not know or care where he was—his only efforts being to keep out of the sight of land so that never again women could fall within his range of vision."

Hyppiontos, one of our voyagers, spoke up and asked Theognis: "How could you understand by motions that he wanted women to remain out of his sight forever?"

Theognis replied: "It would take too much time to explain how he and I understood each other through gesture language. The expression of the eyes, muscles of the whole face, motions of the legs, feet, arms, hands, fingers, nose—the whole body often speak plainer to one than mere words ever can. Even such who can converse in the

same word language, know that an expression on the face of disgust, contempt, hatred or anger is often stronger and more intelligently understood than words. I understood him plainly to say that he lived out on the shoreless sea, constantly out of sight of land, because he wanted to be where women were not, by the general expression of face, eyes, and by other tokens. Again, I saw by his actions that he hated the sight of women; at the first sight of you maidens on the ship here his whole body shook as if frightened, and he quickly turned his back on you all so that he could not see you. And I noticed, as the raft drifted around, he always changed his position so that he could not see the ship, which he first looked at with so much surprise, wonder and admiration; but after seeing you maidens he never again cast a glance at the ship. His whole efforts are to keep out of sight of land. The one sail that he possesses he only uses when necessary to keep his raft from drifting toward the shore. He lives on fish, has many bows, arrows, spears, and hooks, and also shoots fowl of the sea. This duck which I have here he only shot this day. He had several more in his log house. Thus lives the hermit of the sea."

Eubonia ascended the rostrum and said: "Let us not hate that wave-tossed hermit, but rather let us pity him. At times a flash went through my brain, asking, is it not possible that he may be too noble-minded to dwell among his fellow-mortals? Truly, the maiden he loved lost the opportunity of marrying a man who held high ideals of true love—too high—too noble, perhaps, to mingle without disgust among the mortals who dwell on the land."

Polybus ascended the rostrum and said: "I will only for once, but never again call your attention to the truth of my power of vision, prediction and divinations. The sketch drawn by Orthocles, as I described it to him before any of your voyagers could see it, illustrates the hermit's wave-tossed home just as you saw it while near the ship's side."

Quentorio, one of the men voyagers, spoke up: "Polybus, can you give us a faint idea as to how your divinations, predictions and forecasts are obtained?"

Polybus continued: "I will, but with the understanding that never again hereafter will I explain or answer questions pertaining to occult matters. To explain for this time only, note you: every action, near or far, causes motion. In countless cases you would not call it motion because you cannot feel or see the motion. But that is no proof that there is no motion—simply because you cannot see it. There are countless things which we know not of—more than those things we mortals know. To be short, let me say every thought—even the faintest—passing to and fro in your brain produces motion. Such motion, under certain conditions, jumps, as we may say, to another brain or

mind, if, be it known, that other brain or mind is of a highly sensitive, receptive kind, such as the gods have favored a magician and seer with. Thus the thoughts of another, if I willed it and held myself in readiness for it, would pass to my mind through the air, or through the ground upon which I may stand. Thus is thought transferred from one mind to another, regardless of distance, through motion, which produces like motion waves, like feelings, sensations and like thoughts—the thoughts of others. All events, great or small, cause motion. Such motions travel through the air, seas and land. Under certain conditions men's minds are more sensitive and receptive than at other times; and when in such a receptive condition the wave motions of thoughts, of events, regardless of distance, travel with more than lightning speed and make occurrences known. But not only do all things that act cause motion, but things preparatory to action also cause feeling-motion. It is through the getting-ready-to-act feeling that we diviners are enabled to predict and forecast future events."

One of our voyagers, Curositis, said: "Polybus, would you let us know what thoughts are finding a home in Annia's mind at present?"

Annia shouted, "No, No, No!" Polybus replied: "Be it known I am never to be asked to do anything. The Fates alone prompt me to act. Care be with you, noble Curositis, that the Fates do not prompt me to make the thoughts known that are nestling in your mind."

Polybus continued: "O, if I were to announce or make known the wishes, desires, intentions, schemes and thoughts that find a nestling place in the brains of all men it would prove all men to be—well, I will not utter the words, for I would have to use the most damnable. But in reading the thoughts that find a home in the minds of men, I also must say that the human mind houses many more good thoughts than base ones. Yes, often the thoughts of courageous unselfishness for fellow man are such as to bring out self-abnegation and noble love of fellow kind to admiring perfection. At times the thoughts are of so noble and exalted a character as to make me feel that such belong to a diviner race than do we mortals.

"The power of mind reading, given to me by the gods, has divulged to me that man's innermost feelings are a combination of devil's and angel's. But the gods have constituted man so that it is to his own interest and welfare to expel the devilish thoughts as much as it is in his power, thus giving him a larger space in the brain for the juster, nobler, and more exalted thoughts of man. Did not one of our profoundest philosophers say in substance: 'Devilish (evil) thoughts are closely related to ignorance; angelic (good) thoughts to wisdom.'

"Noble voyagers, I feel that, as moons come and go, good thoughts

will steadily hold a larger space in man's brain than evil thoughts; for so have the gods created man that by his own sufferings and efforts shall he progress from the animal towards the noblest type of man. And when that day comes mankind will not stand in need of sooth-sayers, diviners, magicians and prophets, but, happily, I will then be no more, for many will be the waxings and wanings of the moon before that time will come to pass."

No land in sight; our ship is sailing swiftly with the strong, north wind, westward. Phœbus is lowering at the west end of the world. Anaxagerous, the night scribe, is here.

Anaxagerous: Westward, with a strong breeze, our great ship is sailing, Sicily lies in the west. Hilicarus is on deck. Brightly are the evening stars reflected on the waters. The watch from the mast is calling down: "Look towards the west; it looks as though the sun were rising there." Hilicarus looked and also said: "It looks as though the sun is going to rise in the west." Captain Arteus was called and is now on deck. Captain Arteus' movements show that he is restless. The ship is sailing majestically towards the west. There is a beauteous glow of light on the western clouds.

Captain Arteus, who has just come down from the mast, says: "It's Mt. Aetna, spouting fire and flame, which is reflected in the clouds above."

"Sicily! Sicily!" exclaim the sailors.

The ship is sailing with increased speed in the direction of the glowing clouds. Captain Arteus is holding a conference with all the officers under his command. A strong breeze is blowing from the north. Captain Arteus has ordered that all the voyagers be told to come on deck to behold the terrible eruption of Mt. Aetna. The grand burning mountain's strong light makes the stars of night look dim and pale. All the maiden and men voyagers are now on deck. The tremendous, fiery, glowing spectacle evokes feelings of awe, wonder and reverence. "The world's afire!" is repeated among the voyagers. "The world is burning!" is what many exclaim. Our ship is now at close viewing distance. Rivers of fire, above which also rises smoke, are descending from many parts of the mountain's sides. Captain Arteus has ordered the lowering of a number of sails, to lessen the speed of the ship. The powerful eruption of grand columns of fire shooting high in the air, the fearful rumbling noises of explosions, the continuous descending of vast rocks and stones, over all of which floats and lingers the darkest of black clouds, has spread a feeling of fear, dread and deep reverence for the power of the gods over all on shipboard. The grand light of the "world afire" is bringing all things to plain glaring view on our ship, sails and all opaque objects on our ship are outlined by dark shadows on deck.

In the glow of the "world afire," Orato ascended the rostrum, sur-

rounded by all of the adventurers, and said: "Noble voyagers! I now light the incense in the tripod before me, for in the presence of this terrible 'world afire,' before us, it is meet that incense arise to the Gods who on high Olympus dwell. O, Ye Gods! Your power in this stillness of night, the eruption of Mt. Aetna, its terrible power and glow and clouds of smoke and terrible explosive rumblings will be indelibly impressed upon our memory's tablets until the fires in our own bodies are burnt out; thus to the end of our earthly days. Fire! Never before have ye Gods vouchsafed unto us the privilege of seeing it in its most august, terrible form as it now rages before us. Beholding this 'world afire' repays us for our ship's voyage hither. O, ye Gods! Cold and Heat—powerful factors have ye placed upon the earth. Ice and fire are their intensest representations. The Frost King, by his breath, turneth water into ice. Thus one can cut water into a square block and hold it in the open hand. Hephaestus, God of Fire, has the power of doing the very reverse—of melting the ice and metals for the good of man—iron, bronze and the hardest of metals. O, Hephaestus, God of Fire! with deep reverence, we humbly thank Thee for the privilege of beholding Thy glorious, glaring power. O, Hephaestus! Thou art in kinship with Helios, the stars and fiery zigzag lightning. Flame, heat, warmth dwell in Thy domain. O, Hephaestus! In Thy various degrees, Thou art the essence of all life. Cold is death, and warmth is life. Thy fire, O Hephaestus, tempered by water, also dwelleth in mortal man. Upon the extinction of Thy flame of life within us, O Hephaestus, man passes to the shades below. Often do we pray to Zeus and the Gods that on high Olympus dwell to keep the flame of life within us from extinguishing until the farthest moon allotted to man has passed over the blue vault above. Thou hast given us the spark of life. O, we pray, may our lives be such as to keep the flame burning to a good old age, brightly, strongly and purely, as a mark of appreciation of the gift bestowed upon us. O Haphaestus! Noble God of Fire! With kind forethought hast Thou hidden Thy flames in wood and in flint all over the world, to the great good and blessing of mortal man.

"One of our noted Athenian philosophers says: 'Fire is a good servant, but a poor master.'

"O Hephaestus, Thou art man's warmest friend. In ages back as well as in our day, it has been prophesied that through the wickedness of man, the world will go down in fire. On this night, we behold from our ship, O Hephaestus, with awe, dread, fear and exalted reverence, the awful, terrible, destructive power of the element over which Thou holdest sway. We all humbly pray and beseech Thee, O Hephaestus, noble God of Fire, preserve the world from such fearful destruction. Hereafter the tiniest flame will remind us of Thy power, greatness,



and kindness to mankind. O Hephaestus, may the incense arising from our tripod be welcome and agreeable to Thee. We, the Four Hundred of Athens, utter in unison, with great reverence: 'We thank Thee, O Hephaestus, God of Fire,' and venture to honor ourselves by claiming Thee as our warmest friend."

The day scribe has now come on deck to relieve me. But this night also had matters of interest to record.

Scriborites, day scribe:

Aurora is slowly illuminating the eastern horizon. From this close distance, the eruption of Mt. Aetna is a terrifying sight. Phœbus is now above the horizon, and we now see a city built in the small bay somewhat to the north of Aetna. Our ship has landed along a convenient wharf. Only a few fisher boats are to be seen in the bay. The committee has returned on the ship. One of the committee makes it known that the city is almost deserted on account of the present eruption of Mt. Aetna. This land is a great island, as Captain Arteus has said, and is called Sicily. All the land around is covered with deep, hot ashes, and seems to be in danger of being consumed by the terrible fire. A large number of voyagers have gone on shore. As soon as stepping on terra firma, they sang to a well-known Grecian tune:

"Neptune, O we love Thy seas,  
And Aeolus' favoring breeze;  
But our feet, they can not tread  
On each wavelet's whitecapped head.

Therefore, after sailing long,  
O'er Thy surging seas so strong,  
We delight to stand again  
On the shores that bound Thy main."

The few people who still remained near Aetna are gathered in groups viewing our grand ship. A young maiden beckons to one of the men in the small boats to take her to the great ship.

She was brought on the ship, where she insisted, by her motions, that she wanted to see the Captain. The voyagers feared it might be another black-flag incident.

Captain Arteus said: "I will see and hear no maiden unless surrounded by all on ship board, at present. I want to be surrounded by you all so as to be protected from the deep schemes and wiles of plotting woman."

As the maiden appeared before Captain Arteus, he said: "Speak, young maiden, and tell us all you know about yourself, your people and your land of fire."

Theognis, gesture interpreter, said: "The maiden is very much in a hurry to go ashore again, as she says that if her men people know that

she was on this great ship, they would kill her." Theognis continued: "The maiden says, the Gods moved her to come on this great ship in haste and inform its commander of the great danger his ship and people are in of being totally annihilated. She says, as a fisher maiden, she knows the wiles and changing moods of *Aeolus*, God of the winds, Soon, oh soon, she says, the wind will blow from the west and the great fire, hot ashes and burning stones will destroy all burnable things that may float even far out on the sea. The maiden says she must hasten to shore again, and says if the great ship does not sail in great haste north or south from here, it will be overwhelmed by Aetna's far reaching fires and be seen by human eyes no more."

The maiden was hastily taken to shore, after receiving a gift from the voyagers.

Captain Arteus said: "The maiden has truly called our attention to the danger we are in of being annihilated by fire."

The Captain gave orders that all on shore should immediately come on shipboard again.

All being on board again, Captain Arteus said: "The fire, ashes and smoke, arising straight up in the air, indicate that *Aeolus* is leisurely meditating, and soon we can expect to hear the wind blow from the west, as informed by the fisher maiden."

Mt. Aetna looks as if topped by huge black, fiery columns reaching to the blue vault above.

Captain Arteus has ordered all the sails to be hoisted and now our ship is slowly sailing toward the south. The look-out on the mast calls down: "The wind on the mountain is now from the west." The sails are bending with the west wind and we are sailing swiftly onward. The great column of fire and smoke has fallen in our direction, the heat of which is becoming perceptible on our ship. The wind has increased and heavy cinders and hot stones have struck our ship. The speed of our ship has just enabled us to escape south of the path of the large column, of fire, smoke and cinders. The water is sizzling from the falling of hot stones and ashes. We have now left the fire land in the distance and we are speeding on toward the south out of harm's reach.

Isylata ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow Voyagers, the maidens have urged me to say a few words. From time immemorial, women have been looked upon with great suspicion by men. The young fisher maiden was also regarded with deep suspicion. Many feared to let her come on the ship to see the Captain, scenting another black-flag danger. But we now, before our own eyes, behold our deliverance from certain destruction by Aetna's fiery ashes, through the not too timely information imparted to Captain Arteus by a woman—the fisher maiden. That Minerva selected her as her messenger, is an honor to all womankind."

"As to fire," Isylta continued, "Our philosophers taught us that Prometheus stole fire from the sun and brought it down to man."

Ratorios, standing among the voyagers, said in a loud voice:

"Isylata, thou hast spoken well. The gods have plainly planned this to be a woman's day for the safety of ship, man and woman alike." (Applause.)

The ship is sailing in a south-westerly direction. The voyagers are now whiling away their time by engaging in various sports on deck. The landing committee says that Syracuse will be the next port of landing. They were told that there is a sheltered bay and an island called Ortygia, near which a ship can lie secure in any storm. The sun has set in the west.

Anaxogeros: The look-out on the mast calls down: "A town on the west shore." Lights are gleaming forth from some of the houses on shore and island. Slingers are throwing stones against our ship. 'Tis past midnight and all otherwise seems quiet on shore. The ship is anchored near a wharf. Aurora is illuminating the eastern sky. Scriborites is on deck.

Scriborites: A finer day nor a finer bay our voyagers could not wish for. Many small boats with lateen sails are moving swiftly to and fro, close to our ship, like water bugs. The wharf and shore near by are crowded with people from the town. Olive branches are held up to our view by a number of seemingly prominent people of the town. Also a small boat has come alongside of our ship and extended olive branches to our voyagers. Hypnothoon says: "This, if sincere, is a true sign that we can come and sojourn on the shore in peace."

## CHAPTER XI

### *SYRACUSE*

From their shouts, it is plain that they know some Greek words. At the landings everything is arranged ready for battle, but not to the enemy's view. The Landing Committee, Greetus, Terrafirma, Strabo, Fatallus, accompanied by Theognis, have proceeded to the shore, welcomed by prominent men of the town. At all landings, the committee of landing must return to the ship within a certain time. If they do not so return, it means that they have been held back by force, or possibly killed. If not returned within the agreed time, Marstenes will proceed to the town with all the warriors that can be spared and resort to battle, if necessary. Many of the men and maiden voyagers are in the rigging, taking a view of the town and surrounding land. The crowds on the shore and in the boats are increasing. The ship's rainbow flags are waving from each masthead. There are buildings and a castle on the island nearby.

Our Committee of Landing is returning to the wharf, accompanied by a large number of Syracuse warriors and the King of the city. Arriving at the wharf, led by the King, the warriors are cheering for Athens. The Committee of Landing has returned on shipboard.

Greetus, from the rostrum, says: "Fellow Voyagers, the name of the city, as we expected, is Syracuse, and this island before us is Ortygia. King Heritoges received us with open arms. He is a strong, fearless ruler. His warriors and people were delighted with our arrival. Even without the aid of Theognis, we can understand almost all they say. You may be surprised to hear that they speak a language that seems to be closely related to our Athenian Greek. It is not exactly the same, but it would not take a long time for any of us to learn it. We informed them that our Committee of Commerce would like to barter with their tradespeople, to the glory of Syracuse and Athens. The King was greatly pleased to have Athenian ships and traders come to Syracuse. We gave as a gift to the King, one of our burnished bronze medals on which our ship and the Four Hundred of Athens is engraved. He accepted it with great pleasure. In return, he presented to us this bronze, eight-cornered medal on which his head and the castle of Ortygia is engraved.

"Fellow Voyagers, we report that we believe the King, warriors and all his people feel greatly pleased and honored with our presence."

Terrafirma spoke from the rostrum, and said: "Fellow voyagers, we are now ready, under Marstenes' and Rosina's command, to proceed to the city."

Under the commands of Marstenes and Rosania, the voyagers marched to the King's castle. The voyagers halted, in military order, on the grounds before the castle, followed by large crowds of people. King Heritoges stood upon the balcony of the castle, surrounded by some of his chieftains. A far larger number of the warriors than our number stood in military order with slings, shields and implements of war within hearing distance of the King. The implements of war borne by our voyagers, appeared to great advantage over those of the Syracuseans; and, as warriors, it is easily seen that our voyagers are all superior in everyway. This the eyes of the Syracuseans can not fail to tell them.

Hypnothoon, standing upon a slight elevation, close under the balcony upon which King Heritoges and his chieftains stood, said: "Noble King Heritoges of Syracuse and Ortygia! We, the voyagers of the ship which is privileged by the consent of your highness to lie securely in your sheltered bay, have come to your beautiful shores from far-off Athens in Hellas. Noble King and Queen of Syracuse and Ortygia! We greet you with our best wishes for the welfare and greatness of the land over which you rule. Although we voyage over vast seas, doubly equipped with the best implements of war, our mission is one of peace and friendship with all shores. Commerce is the alpha and omega of our adventure. Our mission is one, not of war, but of peace.

"Noble King and Queen of Syracuse and Ortygia! From the hearty and friendly reception accorded to our Committee of Landing, the words 'war' and 'combat' are out of place, and instead may we hear only, 'Peace, Commerce, Friendship,' (great applause on all sides) to the glory of Syracuse, Ortygia and our beloved Athens. (Applause.)

"Noble King! I must not delay with many words, for our ship must yet sail far to the Pillars of Hercules before our ship's prow can be directed homeward. It is our wish that your warriors and maidens join us in games and sports and dancing before we depart for other distant unknown shores. In the meantime, our Committee of Commerce will be pleased to meet your tradespeople, traffickers and barterers, whom they will invite on shipboard to display to them the various kinds of Athenian Hellenic merchandise for sale and barter; also will they studiously observe and examine the various kinds of merchandise of your tradespeople; such as you have and we have not. Such will be bartered for and in such a manner as to be of profit to both Syracuse and Athens. 'Thus,' say our Athenian philosophers. 'In peace and friendship gathereth a city and nation more surely and securely wealth and opulence than by bloody plundering and sacking of cities in war.

For,' they say, 'perceive ye not the Phoenician merchant cities of Tyre and Sidon—cities whose merchants are princes and whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth?' Our large ship is a merchant sample ship carrying only several of each kind of goods and wares as are made and grown in our Athens and vicinity. Noble Heritoges! Our Athenian nobles have sent out this ship, firstly, for the purpose of fostering commerce with distant lands, and, secondly, to gather the wisdom of the world from distant shores; for say our philosophers: "There exists no land or peoples from which we can not gain and add to our knowledge of things.' No longer will I delay, but only wish to say, with great pleasure will we be pleased to mingle in games, sports and dances."

King Heritoges stepped to the front of the balcony and replied: "Noble voyagers from far off distant Athens! The medal presented to me by your Committee of Landing, on which your wonderful ship is brought to view, also has inscribed thereon the Four Hundred of Athens; therefore, can I address you as Noble, Beautiful Four Hundred of Athens! I welcome you to my shores. My eyes and ears are entranced; mine eyes behold the beautiful, friendly scene before me perfectly; but my ears do not understand fully what has been spoken in the Athenian tongue. But truly enough have I fully understood by the resemblance of your Athenian to our Syracusean languages; it proves what our traditions say, namely: that our Syracusean ancestors, endless moons ago were wafted by storms from their Grecian homes to these distant shores. There are things one may even see and know but cannot explain. My people have come to me and said there is a large, wondrous, friendly ship in the bay. How did they know it was friendly? They could not explain why they knew it was a friendly ship. So it is with me. I see and know and feel you come with minds filled with peace; not war. Although my people outnumber yours, there also in your presence, dwells only peace and friendship in our minds. We can strike flints together and the sparks will signify our true, warm friendship. The names Athens (Hellas), has a pleasing sound. From generation to generation have our people listened with admiration to stories of its wise and brave men and women. Noble Athenian Four Hundred! We know that a ship so grand, whose voyagers include so large a share of maidens blessed by the gods, would not land on distant shores for the purpose of conquest and battle. Your valliant Hypnothoon has said you landed here for the purpose of friendly commerce and to mingle in joyous amusements with our people. May the games and dances now begin.

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Acrobatus will now lead the way to our athletic field. A feast will we hold this day in your honor."

Under command of Marstenes and Rosania, our voyagers, ac-

accompanied by a far greater number of Syracuseans, in military order, arrived at the athletic field.

The large open plain is bounded on the west by low rocky hills, on the sides of which were hewn many rows of seats for the spectators. Our voyagers first sang our Athenian opening song at contests, beginning:

**When Greek meets Greek on festal day,  
The watchword is Fair Play, Fair Play.**

As sung by those who joined in it, one can not hear it too often. Greatly it seemed to charm all Syracuseans; for King Heritoges arose and said after the subsidence of the applause had made hearing possible:

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! Greatly would it please even unto the least of us if you would again sing and play that noble song." (Great applause.)

Once more the song resounded, accompanied by the ship's musicians, composed of members of the ship's Four Hundred. At its termination was prolonged applause.

Kentosmetos, one of the Committee of Prizes, standing on the judge's stand a short distance from the King, said: "Noble Four Hundred of Athens! This one song alone informs us Syracuseans that in the realm of song and music, we need not attempt to vie with you; therefore, I have been appointed to hand to you this bronze gilt lyre as a prize due to you as victors in the contest of song and musical instruments. It is ever Syracuse's wish and hope that often during your friendly sojourn among us, we will be honored and charmed by the skill of your musicians and the sweet, powerful, god-gifted voices. (Great applause by Syracuseans.) Surely the sirens on the rocky shores would be silent on hearing your charming music."

Sopranes, one of the maiden voyagers, escorted to the judge's stand, replied as follows in a rounded, clear voice: "Noble King and Queen, brave Syracuseans, men and maidens, friends! I have been asked to thank you in the name of our Four Hundred for the beautiful prize presented to us. We cannot quite call it a prize, for as yet, there has not been a contest. But we accept it as a friendly gift, with great pleasure and appreciation. Saying that we maidens outvie Sirens in song, is truly great praise, for they tell us that Sirens lure the bravest and strongest of sailors to destruction by their songs." The King bowed.

Kentosmetos arose and said: "Dancing will take place first, after which games and contests will follow. One of our profound Syracuseans has informed us that Homer, the greatest of all your Hellenic poets and bards, should have said: 'Dancing is the sweetest and most

perfect of human enjoyments.' Therefore, noble Four Hundred of Athens, have we in honor of him, whom you and all Hellas hold in reverential remembrance, placed dancing at the beginning of our first day's festival." (Applause.)

Kentosmetos called out: "Syracuseans, first may we witness the spear and shield dance." A large number of Syracusean warriors ran, walked and danced in various attitudes, swinging their shields and spears in graceful movements to the beating of several drums and cymbals. Next followed the maiden's Diana dance. Many Syracusean maidens, with bows and arrows in their hands, marched in rows of four through intricate movements all ending with dancing and reeling in various movements, often striking their bows with their arrows in rhythmic time to the music of harp, viol, lute, flute, cymbal and drum, the music of which was pleasant to the ear, and very lively. Applause greeted its close.

Gracio, of our Committee of Games, arose and said: "Noble Syracuseans, new to us are many of your graceful, intricate movements in the dance. We will, no doubt, try to remember them and on again landing in your beautiful bay, we may also display our skill in the dancing of same. Our maidens and men will now perform the Neptune dance in honor of him on whose endless realm the Fates have decreed we must yet voyage for several moons to come. The dance is also known as the Wave dance, in honor of Neptune. The incense in the tripod which Orato, our priest, has just lit, will ascend as a sacrifice to Neptune, and the dance will continue until it is burnt out and its glow expended."

King Heritoges, his nobles and ladies, all seemed to be greatly interested in this dance which was plainly indicated by their close attention and attitude. The full number of musicians, composed of our noble voyagers, first played the wave-like Neptune dance through once; and, on the second playing, over one hundred of our maidens, holding aloft a tiny bronze trident, moved gracefully forward two steps and back one step until arriving at a certain point. Then the same number of our men proceeded in the same wave-like manner until each stood alongside of one of the maidens as a partner. The couples then marched back to the starting place. Each maiden presented the gilt trident to her partner, who held it high in the air with the other hand clasped around the maiden's waist; and thus all danced around in a large circle until our priest called out in a strong voice, "Neptune!" then all dancers stood still in rows by couples, and still bending in wave-like motion and with wave-like, flowing music, sang:

"We sing Thy praise in the dance,  
O Neptune, God of the Sea!  
We sing Thy praise in the dance,  
In wave-like melody.



Thy waves and surges strong,  
O Neptune, God of the Sea!  
We praise in wave-like song,  
On land and on the sea.

O'er Thy blue endless realm,  
O Neptune, God of the Sea!  
May safe our man at the helm  
Steer us from dangers free.

We praise Thee in the dance,  
O Neptune, God of the Sea!  
We praise Thee in the dance,  
What'er our fate may be."

At the close of the last verse, they all danced in couples again, holding the trident high, as before, dancing in graceful, slow, wave-like motion until Orato, our priest, seeing the burning incense was fully consumed, motioned to the musicians to cease. Although it was a joyous dance, with happy, smiling faces, its close was not followed by applause because all felt that after dancing and music in praise of the Gods applause was out of place.

Venortius, one of King Heritoges' nobles, spoke from the judge's stand, as follows: "Noble Four Hundred of Athens and Fellow Syracuseans! There will be held a three-days' feast in honor of our guests. It is the hope of his highness, King Heritoges, and of all Syracuseans that you will decide to remain among us many days longer. Tomorrow games and contests will again take place. King Heritoges has willed it that now all proceed to the near-by banquet boards, which are bending with the weight of firstlings of fruits and wild game of our forests. It has been agreed by all that the Syracuseans will lead the Athenian maidens and Athenians-Syracusean maidens to the banquet tables. King Heritoges will first choose an Athenian maiden and will lead the way to the banquet board."

King Heritoges and all his noble warriors walked toward our Athenian maidens and with courtly grace, gallantry, King Heritoges said: "Noble maidens, I will not delay in making choice, for where all are the perfection of beauty and nobility, to make a choice would be bewildering. Thus will I walk straight forward and the noble maiden nearest, will I have the great pleasure to lead to the banquet."

Modestes, happening to be nearest to the King, in company with him, led the way to the banquet, followed by the others.

Our Priest Orato and Sircuno, Priest to the Syracuse Gods, sat at one end of the long center table. Orato arose and said: "Noble banqueters-Syracuseans! Our Gods may not be your Gods, and your Gods may not be ours. On whatever shores we may land, we worship only our gods; but also be it known, we mock not the gods of other lands.

It has been agreed that Sircuno, Priest to the Gods of Syracuse, lead in prayer; and if we feel that I also should extend our thanks to our Gods of Greece, it remains my privilege to do so."

Sircuno, Priest to the Gods of Syracuse, arose and said: "Noble Banqueters, Brave Athenians! Our Gods may not be your Gods, nor your Gods ours; and we also do not mock the Gods of Greece, however strange some of them may appear to us. We are told that Zeus is your God of Gods, also is he our God of Gods (some call him Jupiter), but many other Gods have you which are strange to us; so at this banquet it will be fit to invoke the blessings of Zeus only—the God of Gods: O Zeus, the incense now ascending to Thee at this Athenian-Syracuse banquet, O may its sweet perfume be sweetest savor unto Thee. Thy goodness it is, O Zeus, that causes the banquet board to bend under weight of rich, savory, steaming firstlings of sheep, of cattle, cereals of the field and firstlings of fruit and wild game, of sea, river and forests. The observance at a feast by our Athenian guests, O Zeus, is also as that of our Syracuseans. Our noble guests also partake not thereof until offerings of the same, with libations, have ascended in vapor to Thy high abode. O Zeus, God of Gods, we humbly thank Thee for the feast so bounteously spread before us at this banquet and we pray may our offerings be acceptable as ambrosia and nectar unto Thee, O Zeus."

After the burnt offerings had ascended, the banqueters regaled themselves with the savory viands and fruits. Syracuse wine was several times passed around to all in gracefully curved drinking horns. At intervals, during the partaking of the meal, the following men and maidens at different times arose and spoke as follows:

Diagorax said: "Brave Syracuseans! Although we are on a far-off distant shore, we feel that we are among people with whom we can claim kinship. We feel that we are among trusty friends. (Applause.) May your Gods bless you for the noble feast held in our honor this day. Also let us hope, may we not too many moons hence also greet you in Athens and truly a feast will we hold in your honor. Two more days will we sojourn among our friends. May our commercial friendship prove to be to the mutual profit of Syracuse and Athens. May the Gods ever look down with favor on the noble King and Queen Heritoges; to the welfare and greatness of Syracuse and Ortygia. (Applause.) In that spirit, may we ask our drinking horns to be refilled with clear Syracuse wine and passed around and partaken of by the banqueters."

King Heritoges, who was still a young man, arose and said: "Noble adventurers! Four Hundred of Athens! Your noble words of friendship and welfare for our Syracuse and Ortygia sounds pleasing to our ears and delights the hearts and minds of all my people. Not being fit for a King to talk at length, Sicilotes will address you instead."

Sicilotes, one of the nobles arose and said:

"Athenian Four Hundred! Brave Adventurers! Your monster ship yonder, lying in our bay, strikes us with wonder, awe, admiration and we may also say with reverence. The feeling that arises on beholding your wonderful ship, creates the thought that the Gods must look down with great favor on the nation to which the ship belongs. Truly does it look like a gift from the gods. Your ship looks like a many-winged chariot speeding o'er the liquid plain. That such a ship's voyagers should be the favored of the earth, seems very fitting. Sad will all of us be on viewing the departure from our bay of your grand ship. Also allow our hearts to speak out—sad will many of us feel at the departure of your noble beauties. I will not use words of praise, for our Athenian guests stand not in need of praise. Noble adventurers! With greater pride than ever can we, from this day forth, recall the tradition that our ancestors in the far misty past were driven to these Sicilian shores by storm from distant Greece. No wonder that their superior strength, courage and wisdom drove the simple people that lived here from the most fruitful lands. Although our language has through moons of separations drifted somewhat apart, still we are already beginning to understand each other much better. But there is one language, no matter how far distant apart peoples may have lived, or whatever different tongues they may speak—that language is often understood more truly and more deeply than the language of words. It is, as you all may guess, the language of the eyes. Yes, the language spoken with the eyes this and the forthcoming two days, between our men and maidens at our feasts—may it bear fruit to the glory of Athens and Syracuse. (Slight applause.)

"Adventurous Athenians! You are out on the wide seas, landing at distant shores for the purpose of friendship and commerce. Our barterers and tradespeople will be glad to meet you. Phoenician merchant ships, but very much smaller than your grand ship, come to our bay at long intervals of time to exchange and barter merchandise of various kinds with our tradespeople. Phoenicians look for a large profit; and, richly laden, return their ships homeward. Phoenicians are born barterers, traders and merchants. Much more would our Syracuse traders prefer to trade with your Athenian merchants.

"Phoenicians say that because they were driven almost into the sea by more powerful surrounding nations, so that it has become a by-word; 'Phoenicians stand with one foot on land and one foot in the sea.' The Gods in the stillness of night spoke to their King, saying: 'King of Phoenicia, of what does the flat world consist?' The King somewhat absently answered: 'Of land and water.' 'Rightly hast Thou answered; it consists of land and water,' spoke the God. 'They have driven thy people unto the shores of the sea, but a vast empire shall be thine and thy people's inheritance; an empire, the greatest in the world shall thy

people inherit. King of Phoenicia, truly will its vastness astound thee. The limits of the flat world shall be its boundary. Many cities and rich shores in far-off distant lands will be washed by the restless billows composing thy empire. The stationary star in the north blue vault above, may it be called the Phoenician star; by it guided, will thy seafarers sail in many ships over thy boundless liquid empire to distant cities that lie on its shores, bays and rivers; and returning, will bring to your Phoenician shores rich merchandise. Thus will your ships waft the riches of many distant shores to your own Phoenicia and your cities become rich and powerful, so that it will become a saying in Phoenicia: "The ship bringeth abundance from afar." It is said that the Gods also spoke to the King further: "The vast sea shall be the Phoenician Empire. But, O King, needful is it to know that the ruler of thy empire of the sea above all mortals is Neptune. To him never cease to pay due libations, sacrifice, thanks and prayer. For without the favor of the gods, the greatest of empires must fall."

"Noble Athenian Four Hundred! So speak and narrate the Phoenician seamen and traders to us. Phoenicians claim the sea as their empire; so willed by the Gods. This, noble guests, I tell you, so that you will keep distant from their ships and cities, like strong Carthage. Much smaller are their ships; but they are the greatest of seafarers. I have been asked whether we Syracuseans know where Ophir or Tarshish are; lands or shores from which the Phoenicians carry rich silver and gold. None of us know where Ophir lies; but Tarshish we know must lie not far from the Pillars of Hercules.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens! King Heritoges has appointed and honored me to present to you this Phoenician work of art, representing Hermes (Mercury), who presides over commerce. By his winged cap and winged sandals and his carrying a rod entwined with two serpents, called Caduceus, you all no doubt know him. Every Phoenician ship constantly carries an image of him, who presides over commerce. So, too, may he who presides over commerce, find a place on your great ship and thus obtain his favor towards a successful commercial adventure. Noble Commercial Voyagers! I also present this finely carved red wood caduceus, of Phoenician origin. May your ship's priest indue you with commercial craft refined by holding the same over your heads, as do the Phoenicians upon embarking upon their commercial voyages. (Applause.) Noble Four Hundred of Athens! Upon this auspicious day, allow me to conclude:

Long after you return  
To your fair native shore  
Your music still will dwell  
In memory, evermore.

Long after you are gone  
Your songs will still ring on,  
Will oft, through memory's ear,  
Our moods elate and cheer.

Long after you are gone  
Your songs will still ring on,  
And pleasantly recall  
Four Hundred—Handsome all.

Long after you are gone  
Your songs will still ring on,  
Will oft waft clouds away,  
By night as well as day.

Long after you are gone  
Your songs will still ring on,  
And bring to memory's view  
The noble, brave and true.

Long after you are gone  
Your songs will still ring on,  
Recall the sport and play  
Of this, our festal day."

(*Applause.*)

Hypnothoon, who with Marstenes and Rosania, had been in conversation with Theognis a short time before, arose and said: "Noble Syracuseans! Upon stepping upon your fertile soil, we immediately felt we had landed among brothers. (*Applause.*) Brave friends, we find, beyond much doubt, and we honor ourselves by so saying, that you are the descendants of our Hellenic race, your forefathers having landed here in the misty ages of the long ago. Not long did it take us to understand each other. From this first day's feast, from the brotherly and sisterly friendship and rich banquet spread before us, we look forward to the two remaining days with great pleasure. (*Applause.*) It is our hope to live and enjoy the day when Syracuseans will also tread upon our Athenian soil, for that is the only way in which we can fully show our thanks and appreciation of your noble, friendly greeting. (*Applause.*) Phœbus has just passed the Zenith and much more would we have to say and would we be pleased also to listen to at this banquet, but especially for our maidens' sake, we must say that at our previous landing, the air was so dense with falling ashes from Mt. Aetna that we all feel that we should enjoy an ocean bath before Phœbus passes down the west side of the world this day. Then we all will be refreshed and in a mood to engage in the games which are to take place on the two remaining feast days. Therefore, may swimming, high and low diving and boat rowing contests take place for the remainder of this day. Marstenes and Rosania will now form us in marching order for our return to the ship, where we can come in

touch with and enjoy the refreshing element of Neptune's liquid realm, to which we also invite all Syracuseans to witness and take part in the contests."

Kidnapdeus, one of the nobles who sat alongside of the King, immediately arose and said: "Noble Four Hundred of Athens! It also pleases us greatly to follow in the procession to the shores near your grand ship and take part in and behold the aquatic contests. Noble Four Hundred! His highness, King Heritoges, just asked me to say that one of the most pleasurable events of the three days' feast held in your honor will take place on the third feast-day. We know, Noble Four Hundred, without asking, that you all delight in hunting, which truly is a noble passion. There is wild game in great numbers at a close distance on hills, mountains, valleys and forests—such that flee on wings, as well as such that leap and bound or run on feet. Noble Four Hundred, none of you need fail of returning without a trophy of the chase. Syracusean hunters will accompany you and lead to haunts of the kind of game you prefer, but no Syracusean will hunt game for himself on that day. Early in the morning will the chase begin and shortly after Phoebus has passed the zenith, we will all return laden with various trophies of the chase. Early, even before Aurora heralds the coming of day, after prayer and sacrifice for success to your Artemis, our Diana, goddess of the chase, we will march with a large number of Syracusean hunters to carry your bows and javelins to the mountains and valley forests. On the march to the mountain side and valley forests, there will be sung in honor of your Artemis, our Diana, goddess of the chase, who always carries a bow and arrow; our hunting song, beginning:

O Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
O lead us to the wild beast's lair.

"The King's chariots will later also follow and stand ready to take such of the maidens back who may have become injured or too tired to walk back. Noble Four Hundred, may the march now proceed to the ship."

Marstenes gave the order to our warriors to fall in line ready to march back to the ship, which was followed by Rosania in command of our maidens. A large number of Syracuseans insisted by their actions, that they desired to walk in the march with our Athenian maidens, with whom they had sat at the banquet board. Marstenes again commanded all the voyagers to fall in line in the same manner and order for the ship as when they came from the ship. Rosania also spoke the same to the maidens. Marstenes, finding some of the Syracuseans determined against even the will of our maidens, to walk in their ranks, found it necessary to say in a very strong, deter-

mined voice: "Noble Syracuseans, Athenians insist that military commands must be obeyed always! Athenians will not march until our commands are fully followed."

Soon all were in marching order. The Syracuseans followed in long processions with drums and music. Arriving at the landing, all the voyagers went on the ship. King Heritoges, with several of his most intimate nobles, were invited to come on board and view the ship. One of the nobles came on the ship and said it was against the King's laws and also against the wishes of his people that their King should set foot on any but Syracuse ships.

Orientes, standing on the bulwark of the ship, spoke out in her clear, sweet voice, towards the wharf: "Noble Syracuseans, brave friends! Although his highness, your noble King Heritoges, can not accept our invitation to come on board of our ship and view its large departments, we still have the honor of asking him to permit his people up to the number of three hundred, according to his selection in lots of fifty at a time, to visit our ship."

King Heritoges stepped forward from the nobles to the wharf's edge and replied: "Charming Athenian maiden! Your full rounded, clear voice, inviting my people to visit your great wonderful ship *Aeolus*, the deep pleasant voice of a most beautiful charming maiden, truly an invitation by such a voice and from such a source, is equal to a command which can not be disobeyed by any mortal worthy of the name *man*." (Applause on all sides.)

Gracio, master of athletics and games, announced from the bulwark: "Be it known to all the people, the swimming, diving and rowing contests will now take place." The aquatic contests were, to a great extent, and could without much effort, have been won by our voyager contestants, but as guests, they refrained from making the necessary efforts. On the shore, in the presence of the King, the victors received their various prizes.

All the Athenians being again on the ship, Sophon, standing on the bulwark, said: "To us Athenians from this day on, the word Syracusean and the word Friend will have the same meaning. Therefore, I can address you as friends. (Great applause on shore.) But we can even go farther, believing almost beyond all doubt that you are descendants of our Hellenic race and we address you as brothers-countrymen. (Great applause.)"

"Our Committee on Commerce says your barterers and tradespeople have met them in a very friendly way and that many valuable Syracuse goods have been exchanged for Athenian goods to the profit of both Syracuse and Athens. (Applause.)"

"That is the real first object of our grand ship's voyage—commerce for the good of the shores we land at and for the good of Athens. You



have told us that Tarshish, from whence Phoenicians obtain gold, lies not far from the Pillars of Hercules. We will not forget that, and as the Pillars of Hercules is the furthest western limit of our journey, the Phoenician ships' also, we will make diligent search and inquiry to discover the shores or lands of those gold mines. If we are successful in obtaining gold from Tarshish, we will upon our return here, pay you in Tarshish gold for the information given to us. (Great applause.)

"Upon the ship's second voyage from Athens, if the Fates grant it, the ship will be laden with a larger and more varied stock of merchandise and our Committee of Commerce will be able to sell, buy and barter to a greater volume and extent than at this ship's first voyage. Our Captain Arteus, whose power on the ship is similar to that of a King on land, is very anxious to complete our voyage in the shortest possible time. Therefore, we can not to a certainty promise that we can remain two days longer. We announce this, for he may decide to sail at any time suitable to him.

"Noble friends, whether we remain two days longer or not, one thing is certain, this Syracusean-Athenian festal day will remain in our memories until each of us passes to the shades below. The thought and remembrance of this joyful, noble festal day, will throughout our lives bring the pleasures of the day before our eyes again—will make us think of the brave, noble, valiant Syracuse friends we met in joyful, worthy contests on the beautiful grand island of Sicily. Hunting on your mountain sides and in the valley forests where wild streams are rushing onward and small and large game abound in great variety as you say, Oh, that would be great sport for all of us. The chase is a noble passion, as also is the longing to sail over the waters blue in fast ships. Syracuseans! Friends! The shades of night will soon spread their wings over land and sea and as they close this joyous noble festal day, our voyagers in song and music, will sing a farewell song, expressing our appreciation of your noble Syracusean friendship." (Applause.)

The rigging and cross-trees and masts, up to their highest tops, are crowded with our men and maiden voyagers, who with those on deck, and the music, sang the following:

#### FAREWELL SONG TO THE SYRACUSEANS.

Farewell, grand shore; farewell, broad hills;  
Farewell, ye valleys green;  
Farewell, brave men; farewell, fair maids;  
Farewell, Syracusean scene.

Of you we'll think until we sink  
To darkest shades below;  
Will oft recall our pleasures all  
Till Life's last blood drops flow.



Farewell, proud land, farewell, O strand  
Of noble friends and true—  
Where Ortygian Isle rests like a smile  
Upon the waters blue.

Farewell, farewell, oh, oft we'll tell  
Of this grand festal day;  
Of friends we made—of games we played,  
In beauteous bright array.  
Farewell, Farewell, Farewell.

The King, nobles and populace cheered, and as darkness was beginning to lower o'er the land, the crowds and the King, escorted with music, returned to the town and castle.

The roll call on the ship showed that all the voyagers were on board. After the roll call, Terrafirma ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow Voyagers, as darkness is fast covering land and sea, I will only say what is already known to some of us, namely: that our ship will not remain here two days longer, but will, for reasons which will be explained by Marstenes on the coming morning, sail out of this bay, during the night perhaps and procede on its voyage westward. That is all to-night."

Anaxogeros:

This night will have little for me to record. All is quiet on ship and land. The ship's flags have all been hauled down. Seamen are hauling the floating wharf on deck again. The connection with the shore is broken. Hilicarus says: "Captain Arteus has not yet stated when the ship will sail." It is past midnight. Captain Arteus is on deck, holding a conference with several of his officers. Hilicarus says the captain has ordered all things to be gotten in readiness for sailing. He informs the seamen that it is not necessary to be in haste, as there is ample time before the east shows signs of coming day; also tells them to work as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb the voyagers in their sleep. The night land breeze is blowing mildly o'er the bay. Aurora's first dim light in the east is noticeable. Captain Arteus has ordered the hoisting of the sails. The large stone anchors are hauled on deck. Proudly is our *Aeolus* sailing out of the bay into the wide, open sea. Syracuseans will look for our ship in the morning, but will see it not.

With all sails set, we are now rounding Point Plemmyrium, southward, with great speed. Aurora has stepped aside for Helios. Helios has risen above the waters. Gold-tipped wavelets are dancing in the morning breeze. The voyagers are coming on deck. The wind has changed to the north. One of the officers says if the wind remains so for many days it would carry us to the Pillars of Hercules.

Our ship is now rounding Cape Pachynum. Our course will now be in a northwesterly direction along the coast of Sicily. The voy-

agers are all on deck. Our priest ascends the rostrum, surrounded by all the voyagers.

After lighting the tripod, Orato says: "Noble voyagers, upon this bright beautiful morning, it is our first duty to thank Zeus and all our Gods that we are still here to view this beautiful morning. Oh, Zeus, most glorious of the immortals, God of Gods! To Thee our thanks ascend, for Thy protection against the designs of those whom we called friends. Verily they were our friends. Alas! too good friends, more than friends, for they deeply admired and loved the maidens of our ship so truly that they were willing to give their lives in the attempt to secure their close friendship for life. But, O Zeus, Thou hast in a manner, made their loving designs known to us and given us due warning, so that instead of the loss of many lives, and perhaps our great ship, we are here far from the designing Syracuseans' shore, sailing onward on our noble mission of commerce and peace. May the incense arising from our tripod to your Olympian abode be acceptable to Thee, O Zeus. So pray with humble hearts to Thee, O Zeus, all who dwell within this grand ship's wall."

Clad in the garb of Hermes, Orato continued: "Now I will hold the caduceus over each of your heads singly and with silent words of invocations, indue you with commercial craft refined."

Emporiacles of the Committee of Commerce spoke from the rostrum, as follows: "Fellow Voyagers, your Committee of Commerce has been received with great friendship by the Syracuse barterers and tradespeople. They were also in our ship and we have exchanged many useful articles which can be seen in our ship's store room. We find that trade with Syracuse would be very profitable. But as we were hastily informed that our ship would remain only one day, we could not trade to such an extent as if the ship had remained for the time as proposed. We can report that commercially our landing at Syracuse was a perfect success." (Applause.)

Hypnothoon, standing among the voyagers, on deck, said: "Fellow voyagers. Theognis will relate matters that will explain why our ship did not remain two days longer, as was our first intention."

Theognis spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers, you all know that it is also my mission to mingle among the people, especially the prominent personages, unnoticed if possible, in order to detect, if possible, whether any war-like feelings or designs have a dwelling-place in the hearts of the people, chiefs or kings against us Athenians. I know not why, but I felt as if I were being told by some higher being that I should remain unnoticed, if possible, in close distance to King Heritoges, and his nobles; to watch and listen intently to find out whether they were real friends or partly enemies of our ship's commercial designs.



ALL THE VOYAGERS, INCLUDING THE MAIDENS, ARE INDUED WITH  
COMMERCIAL CRAFT REFINED. (See page 280.)

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"The Syracuseans, being far greater in number than our Athenians, I thought of the not impossible. Fellow Athenians, during your wave dance and song, in honor and praise of Neptune, I sat quite unnoticed to the left, not far back of King Heritoges. I acted as though I were half asleep, but kept my eyes open enough so as not to miss any of the King's and surrounding noble's excited movements and gestures, and, let me remark, not to miss their intense longing and critical glances at our Athenian maidens. The light wind blowing in my direction, made their words strike my ear very distinctly. At times I felt startled within me, but I remained seemingly unconcerned and watched the dancing.

"At times, various of the nobles would jump up and point out to the King or other nobles, with words of admiration, to some one or all of our maidens. They all went into high ecstasies over their beauty and graceful movements. So far, their intense admiration pleased me greatly.

"King Heritoges, who is a young man, I heard say: 'To select a maiden from the large number of Athenian beauties, is difficult. If one looks at a light blonde, she is very pretty; if one turns his glances toward a brunette, none can be handsomer. If a dark blonde passes by, none can be more charming. Truly,' said the King, 'some of those Athenian maidens must remain with us.' So spoke the King, with deep determined earnestness.

"One of the nobles, near the King, stood up and said: 'Nobly spoken, your highness. Such god-favored beauties should not all be allowed to escape from our shores.'

"One noble said: 'Many lives would it cost to retain even the least of them. For the noble Athenian's bearing and eyes tell one that they would all die first, to a man, before they would allow one of their maiden voyagers to remain here. Pray to the Gods,' he said, 'that this grand friendly Athenian-Syracusean festal day be not turned into a terrible deadly, bloody combat between distant brothers.'

"Another of the nobles said: 'We can plan to keep some of those beauties here without resorting to combat. We can offer Syracuse maidens in their places.'

"Another noble stood up and said: 'Those stalwart Athenians are still strangers to you, it seems.'

"A number of the nobles arose excitedly at the same time and gave it as their opinion that if they did not plan to keep some of those beauties from departing with the ship, they certainly were not worthy of the name of men.

"Another noble said: 'I'd be willing to place my life on the balance for any one of those beauties, as far as that goes.'

"Another said: 'Their graceful forms and movements, as seen in the dance, in honor of Neptune, and their beauty is beyond expression.'

"King Heritoges said: 'The longer and closer one looks at them, the more charming and irresistible they appear. As one glances from one to the other, each one seems the most beautiful.'

"One of the nobles near the King said with deep feelings of admiration: 'Truly the various kinds of perfect beauty is bewildering. Come, let us plan to keep at least six of the large number of Athenian beauties.'

"One of them arose and said: 'That can be done without giving the Athenians any reason for bloodshed.'

"'How?' asked one of the nobles. 'Do you mean to barter them for Syracuse maidens, allowing two for one, perhaps?'

"'No,' the other replied, 'if King Heritoges is satisfied to have me unfold the plan, I will do so.'

"'Yes,' said the King, 'unfold it. We need not carry it out if it does not seem feasible.'

"'Surely,' said a noble, 'two for King Heritoges and four for some of us nobles—six in all—would not be many from such a large number of young maidens.'

"'I will explain, as I intimated before, how to plan it,' said the noble who had suggested a scheme for retaining the maidens without resorting to strife, 'so that we'll say six of the beauties can be held back from departure with the ship when it leaves our shores. At the coming banquet, after the games, have it announced by one of us that King Heritoges has planned the Athenian-Syracusean festal day so that its greatest and most interesting and exciting feature will take place on the morning of the third day; namely, a grand hunt on the mountain sides and in the valley forests is to be announced at this day's banquet, to which all Athenian men and maidens are to be invited in the name of King Heritoges. We are to accompany them with dogs for the chase, but no Syracusean, it should be stated, shall attempt to secure trophies of the chase. When out in the forest charlots should be in readiness, into which six of the maidens should be hurried by men who are dressed as robbers and brigands, and swiftly driven to far distant, densely secluded hunting huts. There they must be held captive, but treated well until the Athenians are on some far distant coast. That will not cause bloodshed, for we all can pretend to make great efforts to capture the robbers. We can not be held responsible for the kidnapping of their maidens by lawless brigands. Also we can offer six of our Syracuse maidens for those stolen by the brigands. The Athenians and their ship can not remain here long and thus without bloody combat or loss of life, can we secure at least six handsome, god-gifted beauties.'

"Fellow voyagers," continued Theognis, "this is all I can say in regard to the matter." (Great applause.)

Marstenes ascended the rostrum and said: "I have proof, fellow voyagers, that what Theognis says is true. King Heritoges and his nobles sat in the center of thousands of spectators that viewed the dancing from the long rows of stone seats cut out of the hillside. As the wind blew the words in the direction of Theognis, sitting not far from the King and nobles, as he did, he could hear their remarks and conversation plainly. At the close of the dance, we well know Ven-norteus, one of the nobles, in behalf of the King, invited us to the banquet board. The King, nobles and many of the most prominent of the populace descended from their stone seats to partake of the banquet. Theognis also left his seat and came directly to me and related the remarks and conversation he had heard, the same as just given by him here. He also, at my order, informed Hypnothoon and Rosania.

"We four held a short conference and it was decided that Hypnothoon should, at the banquet, say that it was the wish, especially of our maidens, to return to the ship to enjoy a much needed bath in the bay so as to refresh and invigorate themselves for the coming two days' feast and also to invite the Syracuseans to take part in aquatic contests, such as swimming, rowing and the like. You remember that in quite an abrupt manner, you were ordered to fall in line to march back to the ship. Just before the banquet took place it was that we were apprised by Theognis of the scheme of the Syracuseans, namely: that the King and his nobles had agreed upon a plan to have at least six of our maidens remain in Syracuse and that the King and nobles had decided that at the banquet, in his name, the Athenians, men and maidens, should be invited to take part in the grand hunt in the near mountain sides and in the valley forests. Fellow voyagers, we all heard Kidnapdeus extending the King's invitation to us to take part in that grand hunt which was to take place on the morning of the third festal day. The invitation was extended to us at the banquet, just as Theognis had heard them plan it and as he had informed us it would be. That was the proof of the correctness of Theognis' discovery. The chariots in the forest would be taken from their driver by nobles garbed as brigands, who would force at least six of our maidens into the chariots and would drive hot haste to distant haunts. Thus would King Heritoges and nobles and the Syracuse populace stand forth as innocents, as it also was planned that they would make a great show and strenuous efforts in aiding us to regain our kidnapped maidens. If we had not been forewarned by Theognis, what would have taken place, and how would it all have ended? Let us dismiss such thoughts from

our minds. Thankfully can we say the Gods look down upon us with great favor."

Charmione ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers, it is certain that the Syracuseans could never have carried out their schemes fully, for each of us maidens would have fought unto death before permitting ourselves to be captured alive. Also, I am asked to say by all our maiden voyagers: never again will we go to the banquet board with strangers as our escorts at future landings, however noble they may pretend to be. We have reasons which we need not state. All of us maidens extend our thanks to those who have planned to save our lives; especially thankful are we to Theognis; endlessly thankful are we to the wise favorably inclined blue-eyed Goddess Minerva, for say the wise, 'Behind every good thought, word or deed, standeth some god.'"

Timocles speaking from the rostrum said: "Fellow Commercialists! The small town called Syracuse is, as yet, not claimed as a colony by even the Phoenicians. Therefore, on our second voyage we Athenians, with a force of warriors, ought to establish a colony there; or in not many moons a colony may be founded at Syracuse by Corinth."

All sided with Timocles that the ship's future voyages should not be strictly voyages of peace, but voyages to establish trade and colonies, by force, if necessary.



## CHAPTER XII

### *SAILING WEST FROM SYRACUSE*

Strabo of the Landing Committee spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow Sea Rovers, Captain Arteus and your landing committee have agreed that the ship should stop at as few landing places as possible, so as to reach the Pillars of Hercules and thence return to Athens in the shortest number of days possible. Capital Arteus says that he believes that on the shores over the sea, to the south, lies the growing determined Phoenician city of Carthage.

"Captain Arteus has ordered the ship to be headed in a northwest direction, which, according to information which he received from a Phoenician source, will in an unknown number of days, bring us to a large island called Caralis (Sardinia)."

Resignatis, whom her fellow voyagers have nicknamed the Cassandra of the ship, on account of her predictions that the ship would never return again to its native shores, ascended the rostrum and said:

"Fellow voyagers, Strabo has just spoken and his words indicate that he is wholly unconscious of the fact that our ship will never again return to our native Athens. You have named me Cassandra, because you say I am the only one that predicts evil. I feel deeply; feel that it would be wrong if I did not state that which the Fates have made known to me, namely: that our ship and all its voyagers, Captain and seamen will never again return to Athens."

One of the men voyagers asked Resignatis, "Are you a prophetess?"

She replied: "I have never desired to be a prophetess; but I feel and I know that our ship will never again return to Athens. It will sail away farther and farther, but never again will it return to our Hellenic shore."

I feel, I know, the Fates ordain  
We never shall return again.

Another voyager asked: "If we are not to return, what will become of us?"

She replied: "I can not tell. I do not know any more than you do. I only know that we will never again return to Athens."

Another voyager asked: "Will our ship be overwhelmed by the sea; dashed against rocky shores? Stolen by pirates, or what?"

She answered: "As I said before, I do not know, I only know that we will never again return to Athens."

One of the maidens asked: "Resignatis, if you really believe what you say, how is it that you are enjoying yourself just as greatly as we do?"

She replied: "Why should I not? We can do nothing against the will of the Fates. We all know that we must die some time; but do we on that account refrain from enjoying ourselves? I have and I am going to enjoy myself all I can, as occasions present themselves on our voyage, just because of our shortness of time, perhaps. Truly we should enjoy ourselves while yet we may, for when we open the door that passes into tomorrow, who knows what we may experience on that side of the partition?"

Polybus ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow sea-rovers, you all look upon Resignatis' or Cassandra (as you more correctly have named her) predictions lightly, but I will only say:

She carries Sybils in her mind.  
They are a far more subtle kind  
Than those on plastic art are wrought  
A God-like inspiration, thought.

One of the other maidens spoke up and said: Resignatis, when I happened to bounce upon you, sitting alone, the other evening, I found you looking very, very sad."

"Yes, that is true. I felt sad for a short time only, because I was thinking how often, oh how often, those who are dear to us at Athens and to whom we are dear, too, will again and again wander to the sea-shore or up to the Acropolis to look out over the blue sea with the hope of sighting their great ship *Aeolus* on its triumphal return. Yes, I felt sad at the thought of how often, how often our dear Athenians will look for the ship that never will return. For many moons will they watch and look for our return until the certainty of our not returning grows stronger and stronger, their watching and sighting on the sea-shore and on the Acropolis less and less; until our grand ship and its voyagers will pass from the memory of man into everlasting oblivion. Yes, I was sad as those thoughts ran through my brain. But only for a very short time; for my reason told me that my sadness would avail them nothing. Our Athenians are no cowards or weaklings, and know as well as we do that all things are according to the decrees of unalterable Fate. Fellow Voyagers, never again will anyone find me looking sad, nor, I hope, find anyone else looking sad. Fellow voyagers, I never again will refer to what the Fates have decreed;

But, while yet we may,  
Let's all, every day,  
Enjoy and be gay.

Optimitos, one of the men voyagers, spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow Voyagers, Resignatis is happy; we are happy; all are happy, and our grand ship is sailing proudly onward with all signs presaging a propitious voyage." (Applause.)

The voyagers are passing time by engaging in throwing the discus. We are sailing along the southwest shore of Sicily with a northerly breeze, all sails set, cutting the liquid blue with foaming speed. We are now passing the west end of Sicily, out of sight of all land.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *TAKING BAPTISM OF THE SEA*

The north wind has increased and the surging billows are running high. Initloteus, one of the voyagers, has ascended the rostrum and says: "Fellow voyagers, Hilicarus has informed me that it has been discovered that one of our sailors has never received the seaman's baptism of the sea. On all Phoenician ships sailors are required to undergo the baptism of the sea, which must take place on the first opportunity of high rolling billows. The mountain-high billows that the north wind is now rolling forth with valleys in between, provide a good opportunity at the present time for the sailor to take this baptism which, both for his own good and that of our ship, it is of the utmost importance that he receive as soon as possible. The sailor will, at the bow of the ship, stand on the lower rope that leads diagonally to the bowsprit and with outspread arms, holds himself by the ropes that run up to the bowsprit at his sides. When the ship dashes into the large, surging billows, he will be out of sight, under the water, and when the ship rises again, he will reappear to view on the bow above the water. Thus, standing at the ship's prow must he pass beneath and through three billows.

"He then climbs on deck again and is then presented with a small, neat, lustrous conch shell, signifying that he has received the baptism of the sea and that he is recognized as a full seaman. The baptism of the sea indicates a liking for the sea, a friendly feeling towards the elements over which Neptune holds sway, and as it is in honor of Neptune, it makes a propitious voyage more likely."

The sailor climbed down the bow, watched until the ship had risen its highest out of the water, then quickly slid down, standing with his feet on the lowest bowsprit stay-rope, held himself on the side ropes and then plunged with the ship into and through the long, high, surging billow. Thus, deep below the billows, he dashed three times, climbed on deck again, where, amidst the applause of his fellow seamen, Captain Arteus presented to him a small, brilliant conch shell as a certificate of full seamanship.

Initloteus continued: "Fellow voyagers, Captain Arteus says that no burden will he carry as to voyagers taking the baptism of the sea, but will leave that to the Committee of Rules and Order and to

every voyager himself. He suggests to make no hurried decision, collectively or individually. We are commercial seamen and on such a long voyage we want to be in harmony with the custom of the sea; so say all of us voyagers, especially do we in every way wish to honor Neptune, therefore have all of us men voyagers determined upon receiving the baptism of the sea."

Rothia ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers, I have been appointed to say that we accompanied this commercial voyage with the understanding that wherever the ship sailed we sail; wherever the ship lands, we land; whatever you'll do, we'll do; whatever you'll dare, we'll dare. Your danger shall be our danger; your fate, our fate. And now, fellow men voyagers, it seems we maidens are to be the only ones on the ship who are not to be baptized, and are not to receive the baptism of the sea, and, perhaps, therefore, be the cause of an unpropitious voyage. At this moment let our silence speak stronger than any words we could utter."

Scriborites: After a general conference with the Committee of Rules and Order, and also with Captain Arteus, Initioteus said from the rostrum: "Fellow voyagers, Captain Arteus has suggested that if all are determined to receive the baptism of the sea the men should pass under three waves and the maiden voyagers under one wave. Also shall a seaman be stationed out on the end of the bowsprit."

The men voyagers in scanty attire singly took the baptism of the sea, dashing with the grand ship through the huge billows three times, climbing over the ship's bow again in their water-dripping plight.

Next each maiden scantily attired in a white sheet, with a hole for the head and holes to pass the arms through, slid down and with feet on the lowest rope, dashed far under and through one billow. Each climbed over the ship's bow on deck again, looking, with their white water dripping sheets and heavy, loose-flowing hair, like beautiful mermaids just come out of the sea.

All passed along smoothly until the last maiden, as the Fates would have it, was swept away into the sea by the fearful power of an extra huge, surging billow. The seaman who, through Captain Arteus' orders, was out on the end of the bowsprit, raised his arm, which signal was understood by the seamen standing on opposite sides of the ship, who immediately threw a small cedar raft overboard on their respective sides. Two of our men voyagers immediately jumped overboard into the sea from the same side of the ship. Captain Arteus shouted that none should jump into the sea, and thus kept others back who also were ready to jump to the maiden's rescue. A boat was launched but the high seas filled it with water. The ship was sailing forward with a great speed.

Captain Arteus gave orders to lower some of the sails. On looking

back, our two men voyagers could be seen when raised by the billows, clinging to one of the rafts. Still further back among the surging seas only a head was visible on the water, then again sank out of sight, and nothing but the surging sea was visible to the moistened eyes on deck, until raised by another billow; Flotonia's head, with face turned from the ship, came to view again.

"She is still swimming! She is still swimming! She is still swimming!" rang through the terrible excited voyagers. The men voyagers had been making and now lowered into the sea a larger floating raft. Three of them jumped into the sea and swam to it. They could not make any headway against the large waves with the raft.

Flotonia's head in the distance still comes and goes out of sight with the rising and falling of the powerful billows. "She is still swimming! She is still swimming! Oh, save her!" were the words that came from the voyagers, as her head arose in sight above the billows.

Captain Arteus shouted: "Haul up the largest rainbow flag." It will show that we are doing our best and will lend hope. "She is still swimming! Oh, she is still swimming! Oh, save her! Oh, save her!" came with hopeless, saddened speech from the voyagers.

The watch on the mast calls down, "She is swimming toward the small raft."

Orato, our ship's priest, has lit the incense on the tripod and is praying to Neptune for her rescue.

The watch on the mast calls down, "She has reached the small raft! She is clinging to the raft."

A subdued feeling of exultation greeted his announcement. "Hoist up all the rainbow flags," shouted Captain Arteus. Captain Arteus went up a short distance on the main mast and shouted to the helmsman how to steer. Hilicarus was given orders to have several more sails lowered.

Flotonia can now be plainly seen hanging onto the raft. She has several times waved with her hand. Hope runs high on our ship again. "She is going to be saved," resounded on all sides.

The ship is sailing very slowly towards her over the high, surging billows. Within hearing distance the maiden and men voyagers shout out towards the sea: "Hang on! Hang on! You are going to be saved!"

The ship is now very close to her.

Marstenes with a light rope fastened around his body under the arms jumped into the sea and swam close to the raft. He assisted Flotonia onto the raft, which is pulled alongside the ship, and Flotonia is hauled on deck, saved, amid cheerful rejoicing of her fellow voyagers.

Flotonia didn't want to go below deck to her quarters, but in-

sisted to take a rest at the bow of the ship. Now the watchman on the mast called down the whereabouts of those men voyagers who had jumped into the sea and were clinging to the two floating rafts. They were all soon taken on deck again and happiness again reigned on our ship.

The voyagers again donned their regular attire in place of the scanty white baptismal sheet, excepting Flotonia, who unexpectedly, with great alertness, passed over the bow of the ship, slid down, stood with her feet on the lowest rope again, and as the great ship plunged into a high, rising billow, passed along under it, and at the ship's next rising, climbed back over the ship's bow on deck again, and ran, with her heavy brown hair almost covering her face and water dripping from her white sheet, up to the rostrum, and said: "Fellow voyagers! Many are my thanks to you for my rescue, also endless will be my thanks to our gods for my rescue. I would have swam and reached the raft sooner but often the sea washed my hair over my face so that at times I couldn't see until I swam and turned so the sea washed it back away from my face again. Once, on turning around, I saw the rainbow flag waving from the ship's mast. That told me I was not forgotten. The reason I was swept from the bow of the ship was because I misjudged the sea's fearful power. I did not hold on with sufficient strength. Now, fellow voyagers! I didn't want to be the fault of hindering our ship from having a propitious voyage, because of my not having received the baptism of the sea. Fellow voyagers, now, each and every one on the ship has in honor of Neptune and the welfare of our great ship received the baptism of the sea."

Captain Arteus, stepping up to a number of voyagers, said: "Noble Four Hundred of Athens: It is the Spartan-Athenian training that has made you what you are, pleasing in every way for the eyes of the gods and man to look upon."

Graphitus, one of our fellow voyager artists, ascended the rostrum and said: "The baptism of the sea is, with such high, heavy billows, a shuddering sight to behold. Sitting out near the end of the ship's bowsprit, tied by a seaman, so I could use my hands to sketch the baptismal scene, one felt almost to a certainty, in each instance, that the maiden would not come to sight again upon the ship's next rising. Down the bow would go until the water would reach up under the arms and then came the powerful, high, hissing, rising billow, under and through which the maiden must pass. A great suspense fell from my heart at the end of each baptism, as I saw the heavy, flowing hair arising in a confused mass out of the water. Would that a better artist than I had been in my position. A more beautiful picture would be impossible to sketch. First, a maiden with a wealth of hair, clad in a white sheet, with holes for head and arms, standing with bare feet on the lower

bowsprit stay rope, with outstretched arms, holding herself to the rope on each side, with head erect, behind which hung long, flowing hair, truly a more majestic figure would be impossible to imagine. The ship would sink down and then the high, onrushing, angry billow followed as if determined to sweep all before it. But equally, in all her majesty, arises the maiden with the ship—the maddening billow passes on. Also like a most beautiful mermaid stood each of our maidens at the ship's bow, as the ship arose out of the dark, blue, heaving billows!" "Fellow maiden voyagers, I have drawn sketches of your baptism of the sea and if I get time on our voyage I will present to each of you a picture of yourself." (Applause.) Now one of the men voyagers spoke up and said: "Graphitus! Those pictures will be valued and admired more, and will be of much more interest to us men than to our maidens."

The ship is sailing with all sails set again on its western course. The rainbow flags are all down. No land in sight. Phoebus is setting down at the west side of the world. Anaxogeros, night scribe, is on deck for duty.

Hilicarus, second ship's officer, says Captain Arteus has ordered to sail during the night with only half of the ship's sails set, so that the ship may not sail past land, which he expects to sight by the light of the next rising of Phoebus. The vault above is covered with dark clouds. The night is densely dark.

Hilicarus says: "We do not know directions now, but allow ourselves to be guided by the direction of the waves and wind, believing that it is still north wind."

Orato, our ship's priest, has come on deck, and in the dense blackness of the darkest of nights, has ascended the rostrum and lit the incense in the bronze tripod and is praying to the gods.

O, fair Diana! may your light,  
So silvery clear and wondrous bright,  
Shine down on Neptune's liquid realm  
So that the steersman, at the helm,  
May guide our ship from dangers free,  
And O, Phoenician star! to thee  
We also pray for thy true light  
To guide us safely through the night.

Slowly onward our ship is sailing, in the starless darkness of night. Whether east, south, north or west, Hilicarus says we cannot know to a certainty, but let us believe that the wind is still from the north and so by wind and the motion of the waves we believe we are sailing west. He says we are sailing very slowly, so at daybreak we



will not be too far from anywhere. In the vault above stray stars are now and then to be seen. Hilicarus says: "I have just seen the Phoenician star (North Star) through a rift of clouds." The wind is still north and we are sailing in a westerly direction.

Aurora's first dim light is spreading over the sea. Phoebus is now arising but a heavy, gray veil covers his face. Captain Arteus is on deck. The watchman in the mast calls down, "Land towards the north." Captain Arteus commands the helmsman to steer in that direction. Polybus, with his superior god-gifted vision, has been ordered by the Captain to come on deck.

Polybus says: "Yes, it is land, in the direction in which our ship is sailing." Captain Arteus commands all sails to be hoisted; also the rainbow flags. All voyagers are on deck. This land is one day's sailing northwest from Sicily. It may be an island. We cannot tell. Our ship is now lying in a bay close to shore. The Landing Committee has rowed to the shore. The people of the land have gathered along the shore; there is a small town.

Strabo, of the Landing Committee, has returned on the ship and says: "There would be no object to remain at the place long, and if the Committee of Commerce would go on land they would soon find whether time lost here would be profitable." The people are not warlike. The Committee of Commerce also goes on shore. Several of the traders with our Committee of Commerce have come on the ship. The traders are shown the merchandise that our ship has for barter and exhibition. Our Committee of Commerce and the traders are returning back to land. A quantity of our ship's wares have been transported to shore, for which our Committee will select wares from among those of the strange people. After a short stay our Committee of Commerce and Landing has again arrived on the ship. The people on the shore are slinging large stones on our ship. Marstenes has placed two of our ship's large catapults in working order and has them pointed to a stretch of land from which the slingers directed stones towards our ship. The slingers have in the face of our large catapults, which can shoot many stones and arrows at a time, walked back to a far greater distance from the ship. The Committee of Commerce reports that the merchandise of those people is not worth landing for.

Theognis ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers! The language these people speak is very hard to interpret. The name of the land (island, I believe,) is Caralis (Sardina). The people are gathering in greater and greater numbers, which shows that the people live mostly inland. They are not warlike, and they wear their hair long. They speak a very soft, musical sounding language. Their language is strikingly peculiar. I at once heard that they continually

spoke in rhyme. I first noticed it in short sentences. They never talk without having two sentences end in a common rhyme."

One of our voyagers spoke up and said: "Then they must all be poets." Theognis replied: "Yes, each one is a poet, but very likely doesn't know it. The more I listened to them the more musical their language sounded. The language sounded something like subdued singing. Even their exclamations are followed by a second exclamation to rhyme. In their short sentences the rhyme is most striking and first noticeable. At times, on hearing them talk, it reminded me of our ship when one sees the rising and falling of the wave, for they seem to speak in a sing-song, flowing manner. But whether short or long sentences, all end with a rhyme. They use more words than any other language I ever heard; for their language requires them to keep on talking until it rhymes. Their accents are not all on the same order, but always are their rising and falling inflections musical. Although one cannot understand their language, it is agreeable for the ear to listen to. When listening to a long conversation between them one expects that they will fail to rhyme; but, no, the rhyme comes in very agreeably somewhere. Rhyming seems to come so natural with them that it would require a great deal of effort on their part to express themselves in any other fashion. Their whole language is in agreeably rhymed verse; not in one kind of verse, it seems, but in many different kinds, suitable to the different kinds of conversation. The children talk in rhyme as well as their elders.

"Fellow voyagers, as an interpreter of spoken and gesture language, the highly musical rhyming language of these people is naturally very interesting to me. It is said on the ship that we cannot be far from the Pillars of Hercules, which is our, or any other ship's, furthest western destination.

"Fellow voyagers! I would like the privilege of staying among these people and study their peculiar rhyming language and, landing here again upon your homeward voyage, I would again join you."

After a short interval of time Hypnothoon spoke up to Theognis and said: "I am to say that the object of this voyage is not for the sake of poetry or musical language, but the alpha and omega of the voyage is Commerce, and only Commerce."

The rainbow flags have all been hauled down and our ship is leaving the bay for the wide open sea in a southerly direction. The ship has now changed its course to a westerly direction. The wind has changed to the south. It is gaining in strength. Phoebus has set in the west. Anaxagoras is here for the night.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *PIRATE'S ISLAND*

Many of the ship's sails are being lowered. During the whole night our ship has only a few sails set; she has been slowly sailing on a westerly course. Aurora is illuminating the eastern sky. Scriborites, the day scribe, is on deck again.

Scriborites: No land in sight. The warm, south wind is blowing a good gale. The outlook from the mast is calling down, "Land! Land!" Captain Arteus has ordered Polybus, the magician, to scan the waters. Polybus points out where the land is coming to sight. All the voyagers are on deck. Captain Arteus has ordered the hoisting of several more sails. Land is now in plain view. Our ship is now sailing into a bay on the east side of an island. The ship's large stone anchors have been lowered to the bottom. The ship is now lying near the shore. In the bay, further inland, can be seen many small row boats. There are only a few people to be seen. The Landing Committee, Terrafirma, Strabo, Fatallus, Greetus and Theognis, have gone on shore. The ship's rainbow flags have been hoisted. There is no town near the seaside. The people seem to be friendly. One of the many boats is rowing around our ship. Rosania, commander of the ship's maidens, who has just come down from the masts, says there are hundreds of small ships further up the bay, and that there must be many more people on the island than we have so far seen. The sand time measure has been turned four times, and yet the Landing Committee has not returned to the ship. The outlook on the mast cannot espy any of them. Marstenes, according to the ship's rules, has passed over the ship's floating wharf to the shore with a strong force of warrior voyagers, spearmen and bowmen. All are clad in heavy coats of mail and well equipped for battle. Marstenes and his warriors have marched inland and are out of view. A large number of small and large boats, with many men in battle array, issue forth from a protected bay and are attacking our ship with slings and arrows.

They are fierce pirates, some of whom are trying to board our ship, but have found our ship's warriors dealing blows that sent them into the sea, dead or maimed. This island proves to be inhabited by pirates. Our voyagers, under command of Marstenes, are returning on a running march. They have arrived at our shore landing. The rainbow

flags on the first sighting of the pirates were hauled down and a red battle flag hauled up, to show Marstenes that a battle was on. Marstenes' forces on land have forced the pirates' boats away from the ship's wharf. The land force is on ship again. Marstenes and several others of his land force are dangerously wounded and have been carried on the run to our ship. The pirates, with tarred torches, are trying to fire our ship. Fireballs are also beginning to fall on the ship and against the sails. They are quickly thrown overboard or extinguished by the seamen. Captain Arteus orders the hoisting of all sails. The anchor ropes are cut and our ship, with a fair breeze, is sailing from its moorings out toward the open sea. While our ship is sailing along the bay to the open sea the ship's rigging and masts to the very tops are crowded with maiden and men voyagers, who are told by those who have been on land to look to the right and behold a castle some little distance inland. The red flag is being hauled down. Our ship is now out in the open sea, sailing in a southerly direction. All the voyagers have come down from the masts. Polybus, the ship's magician, says the white appearing castle seen over and beyond the trees in the near distance is covered with the skulls of men. At first sight the white castle appears pleasant to the view; but at second view, he says, it being faced on all sides with human skulls, it impresses one quite differently.

Captain Arteus orders all preparation for battle removed and all things are placed in regular order again.

Fatallus, of the Landing Committee, ascended the ship's rostrum and said: "Fellow sea rovers, upon landing we could only see a few persons and a feeling of suspicion crept over us from the beginning. We couldn't understand the people's speech. But they understood that we wanted to know where the town was. They pointed out the path and walked along with us, at the same time blowing a bark whistle. We could see an opening among the trees in the distance and a long stone wall. Following the path in that direction, we were surprised and surrounded by warriors, and taken prisoners and put in a small stone hut near by. Without arms, as is our order as Landing Committee, we could not offer resistance; and if we had we would have all been killed, for we were outnumbered. We can say no more than that we were released from our dark prison by our fellow warriors. The rest can better be told by some one of our warriors."

Ronoktades, third in command of our ship's warriors, spoke from the ship's rostrum and said: "Fellow adventurers! On landing, the people all kept out of sight. Marstenes led us all on the wide, beaten path inland and ordered the blowing of a horn at intervals. Seeing a stone hut in the deep forest Marstenes, with a part of our force, marched up to it. On calling aloud if there was anyone inside, he

heard the shouts of our Landing Committee. The oaken door was broken open, and they were released. Following the wide, beaten path we came to a large stronghold with high stone walls. We could see no gates. It is a large, strong fort. Later we found that the entrance to the fort led under the walls. On a grassy elevation, near a corner of the fort, stands a big castle. But as Polybus has rightly said, "Its outside surface is entirely covered with human skulls."

Our force marched up to the underground gates leading to the inside of the fort, but we found the heavy, oaken doors closed. The walls are built slanting over head. All was silence. Not a human being was to be seen or heard. Marstenes, in the lead, we marched close under the wall of the castle to view the same as closely as possible. All at once from several openings of the castle many arrows and very sharp pointed spears darted forth into our ranks. We immediately retreated beyond reach of their catapults, carrying our wounded along, among whom is our commander Marstenes. They seemed to have made Marstenes their main target. Although dangerously wounded he asked whether we could not effect an entrance into the fort, and fight them on a more equal footing.

We selected the best possible position away from the castle and by forming a human pyramid, four men high, the highest could see a force inside of the fort far greater than ours and well equipped with instruments of war. If we had not such strong coats of mail, many of our force would have been killed instead of wounded.

It was decided to return to our ship, as we had our Landing Committee safe with us. After taking a good, careful look at the large, ghastly skull castle we began carrying our wounded back to the ship. After having proceeded a short distance they came after us in a run and attacked us with bows and arrows and spears. Our armor is much stronger and much more arrow, stone, club and lance-proof than their armor, or than any other people's armor.

We were reminded by one of our warriors that we were not to fight and risk our lives for a useless, unprofitable purpose, against unworthy foes; so we fought defending ourselves and hurried back on a running march, carrying our wounded to the ship. We then saw another large number of pirates in their boats trying to capture our ship. They were certainly fierce pirates, and their home is in the stone wall near a corner on a slight elevation of which stands the stone castle completely faced with human skulls.

### SKULL CASTLE

All of you voyagers have seen the white castle in a distance through the tree openings. We have sailed into a pirates' bay—into a wasp's nest, so to speak. We all now know that this island is a pirates' home

and place of refuge. We will ever remember it as Pirate Island and certainly will not try to land here again. Many must be the treasures stored within that stone wall and castle. Truly all seamen that do not return to their homes have not been overwhelmed by the sea, but as the great endless number of skulls show, many are captured, robbed and killed by sea pirates. Great wealth must the pirates possess.

If our ship had not been so large it would have been easily captured and we all would have been killed like those of the other stray ships before us, and our skulls would have been added to serve as small ornamental parts of the ghastly skull castle. The island has been the home of pirates for endless moons as the castle clearly indicates. The tower is the principal part of the castle. The square part of the castle is also faced with skulls. Also a new addition to the square part is faced with skulls as far as it stands finished. They will not likely finish that new part until they have secured enough human skulls with which they can face the new addition. It must have taken many moons to secure so many skulls, for on the lower part they are much darker in color and look older than those higher up. There is no space between the skulls. They all extend from the stone wall about half their thickness. From a distance the skulls in their regular order appear like very fine ornaments. The tower and all the balance of the castle looks highly ornamented. The white tower in the sunlight looks beautiful, but on closer view the castle looks dreadful, ghastly, gruesome; not fit for human beings to inhabit. Oh! for one of our Athenian bards to behold when the sun is in the zenith or at night in the silvery light of the moon! What a sight those myriads of eyes have beheld in life—of beauty, of sorrow, of tears. What sounds have resounded in those ears—of joy, of mirth, of despair! But, O, I will not try to lead our thoughts in such dreadful channels; and let us all not allow the pirate island and its castle of human skulls to find a place in our memory. I will now close my report with a wish and belief that Nemesis will mete out punishment to the pirates of Pirate Island, according to their deserts."

The ship's roll call shows that all voyagers are on the ship and that the wounded can also come on deck again in a few days. Our ship is sailing in a southwesterly direction. Phoebus is lowering at the western end of the world. Surrounded by all voyagers, Orato, Priest on our ship, standing on the rostrum, says, "O, Zeus and all the Gods that on high Olympus dwell, with joy in our hearts, we thank ye that to the roll call after the fierce battle with the pirates, every one of our voyagers has been able to answer 'Here;' not one is missing. But, O Gods, all are still with us. All of my fellow voyagers, O Zeus, have asked me, your humble servant, O Zeus, to ascend this rostrum before Phoebus sets in the west, before darkness closes this blood-stained day; to thank you as the incense ascends to your high abode, for the cloak

of protection you have spread over us, thus bringing the vile designs of the pirates to naught. O Zeus, may the kinds of incense be that ascend with our thanks and prayers to Thee for many moons to come; and may we hope that the exquisite aroma will agreeably perfume the high Olympian abode of the Gods. \* \* \* O Ares (Mars), God of War, with the incense arising from our tripod also mingles our thanks and prayers to Thee, O Mars. For Thou, O God of War, in the fierce conflict with the pirates wert favorable to our side. Without Thy aid, O Mars, our fate would have been total destruction. Whatever strength, valor, dexterity, strategy, armor or weapons we possess, without Thine and Zeus's favor, our destruction would have been complete. May the incense arising be also as sweet savor unto Thee, O noble God of War."

Phoebus is descending at the west side of the world. The night scribe is on deck.

Anaxogeros: The stars are beginning to shine brightly in the vault above. The ship is sailing in a southwest direction. The warm wind is from the south. We are out of sight of land. What a great contrast is the quiet, mild-breezed night to the noise and tumult of the death-battling day. The outlook on the mast calls down "Land! Land! Straight ahead!" Capt. Arteus has been called on deck. He has given Hilicarus orders to sail slowly along its coast until daybreak. More than half of the ship's sails are lowered. Slowly the ship is sailing along the seemingly distant shores. Aurora heralds the first signs of coming day. Captain Arteus is on deck again. Smoke is arising and houses are visible on the shores of the bay that opens to the sea on the south. Our ship is now lying moored by stone anchors close to the shore. All the voyagers, excepting those wounded, are on deck. The day scribe is on deck to relieve me.

Scriborites: Our ship is lying close to shore in the bay, surrounded by beautiful scenery. A small town is close to the bay. Many people, old and young, are on the shore waving green twigs. The Landing Committee is now on shore. The people seem to greet them in a friendly spirit. The King's castle, it seems to be, stands on an elevation a short distance from the shore. The landing committee has returned to our ship.

Greetus, of the landing committee, reports: "Fellow voyagers, this land is an island called 'Balear.' The King lives in yonder castle. Theognis made known to him by gesture mainly, that the honey we presented to him was a gift from the voyagers of our ship. Also the bronze medal of our ship was presented to him, which he accepted in a friendly manner. He invited all to come to shore. There seems to be an air of friendship surrounding the town and its people. The King and his nobles accompanied us down to the shore where some of the



nobles and many people are now singing. The land looks like a paradise. Oranges and all kinds of fruits are bending the trees."

Many boats in the bay are rowing close to our ship. Many maidens also are on the shore and are holding flowers in their hands. The men voyagers, under command of Baldoridus and maidens under command of Rosania, are now marching up to the King's castle, headed by the voyagers' musicians. The King's nobles and warriors are also following in marching order. The large force of Island warriors is standing in military order in front of the stone castle. The town on all sides, excepting on the sea side, is surrounded by stone walls. The castle itself is also surrounded by a moat and stone walls.

The King, whose name Theognis says is Pamar, has invited the commander of our forces and fifty of our voyagers to visit him in the castle walls. The object of our voyage, commerce and friendship and peace with distant lands has been explained to him. Theognis says the King is pleased with our visit and wonders at our grand ship. The rainbow flags also seemed to delight him.

The Committee on Commerce says there is no use in remaining here at this island on account of commerce.

Romonites, addressing the King, said: "Noble King Pamar! We feel that it is a privilege of the gods accorded to us even if only for a short while to sojourn in your land—a land with beautiful mountains, valleys and forests, lakes and streams; where the air is ever perfumed with musk and the waters of the brooks are of the essence of roses. Long is our journey and short must be our stay at all landings. Therefore, we must now return to our ship. King Pamar, whoever lands on your beautiful shore cannot leave it without deep regret. Our short sojourn here, where not only nature smiles, but where also joy and mirth and good cheer prevail among young and old will ever be kept in pleasant remembrance."

The roll call showed that all were on board again. Our ship is now slowly sailing in a southwesterly direction. Anaxogeros is on deck. Hilicarus says: "The fires on the land aid us in knowing directions."

Only gentle billows are ruffling the sea. The night is starless and Captain Arteus wants the ship to sail along slowly. Grandly is our ship sailing further and further from our native Athens. Something has struck against our ship. The outlook on the cross-trees shouts down: "Look overboard to the left! A large sea monster has struck the ship."

Hilicarus, a seaman and myself looked and beheld a large sea snake nearly as long as our ship. Its head with open mouth and the middle body and tail are plainly visible above the water. Its bump made the whole ship tremble. It held its head toward our ship in defiance and dashed the waters into foam in a furious manner. It had two strong



horns on its head and a bushy mane. It kept alongside our ship for quite a distance.

Hillicarus gave orders to call Capt. Arteus, the voyagers and Graphitus, one of our ship's artists, in particular; but to Hillicarus's chagrin before any of those called had time to come on deck the monster sea serpent had dived out of sight.

Graphitus could only sketch the sea serpent from the description given him by Hillicarus, others and myself. Graphitus said, "In tomorrow's daylight I will finish the picture of the monster sea serpent, which will assist in adorning the walls of our ship's principal hall." The trembling of the ship as the serpent bumped against it was felt by all below deck and awoke many of the voyagers. It is day.

Scriborites: Our ship is lying at anchor close to shore. A town lies at the foot of a hill. The houses are of stone. There are many small boats along the shore and bay. All the people are standing on the shore, including many spearmen, clubmen, bowmen and slingers. Our landing committee has gone on shore. They are greeted by warriors wearing bright waving horsehair on their helmets. Our committee is accompanied by a great crowd of people on their march to the King's castle. Slingers on shore are sending large stones over the ship's mast far into the sea. They're very expert slingers. Our landing committee is returning to our ship. They are marching in line with a large procession of warriors and people. They seem to be marching to the whistling and music of many men and maidens, accompanied by drums and cymbals. The people do not appear to be war-like. The landing committee has returned to the ship.

Terrafirma, of the Landing Committee, spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow sea rovers! The people here do not seem to be war-like. The King accorded us a friendly greeting. We gave him presents and he returned the compliment by giving us some bright conch shells. They seem to live almost entirely by fishing. We do not think it would be well for our committee of commerce to lose time here in finding trade when there is none. The people, old and young, men, women, girls and boys, even small children, all seem to feel happy—for they all whistle. We could not understand their peculiar language, so it will be well to hear our interpreter of spoken and gesture languages speak."

## CHAPTER XV

### *A WHISTLING LANGUAGE*

Theognis ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow sea rovers! Your committee of landing, I believe, has judged the conditions here aright. I believe, also, it would not be wise to lose time at this island. The people seem to live mostly on fish. This island is of no profit to commerce. The language of the islanders I can't even call a spoken language. It is the most singular and peculiar in the world. We well remember the language spoken on the island which some of you named the 'Poet's Island' where old and young spoke in a very sweet, agreeable wave-flowing cadence, always ending in a rhyme, the island where I desired to remain and acquire their language if possible. But it was not to be.

"But the language of this island—I can hardly say spoken by its people—is even far more peculiar and wonderful than that rhyming language spoken by the people of Poet's Island. Here it is difficult to understand. At first on hearing them whistle, I thought they were calling one another; thought they made use of whistling the same as other people only in a far more striking and more frequent degree. My observation soon made known to me that they had no real spoken language; but that theirs was purely a whistling language. We can now hear the people on shore loudly whistling towards us, also whistling in their language to each other. It didn't take long to convince me of the fact that the people of this island convey their thoughts, wishes and desires to each other by whistling. Every man, woman, boys, girls, old and young, converse with each other in that way. They can whistle a far deeper and higher tone than other people can; also in a far greater variety of shades of sounds and manners of whistling.

"I gave it very close attention; and the longer and the more I heard them converse with each other the more agreeable, wonderful and natural it appeared. By their actions I could see that they understood each other apparently as well as we can with our spoken language.

"The King also whistled and all the nobles spoke to each other in their whistling language.

"On leaving the King's castle our landing committee, accompanied by the King's nobles, walked between two rows of noble maidens and young men, who all whistled in unison in a very melodious manner.

"We later found that they were singing a song in our honor. Their

whistling song sounded very beautiful and interesting. Never before have we heard such beautiful whistling music. While on the so-named Poet's Island, I didn't make any attempt to talk with them in their rhyming language, for I am not a poet.

"But I did try to talk to these people on shore by whistling. I would, however, not advise anyone to try to talk to them by whistling. Our landing committee is witness. While we were standing surrounded by large numbers of warriors and people, all of whom were talking to each other and to us apparently in their whistling way, I thought I had discovered the meaning of some of their whistling sounds. So I whistled back to them to see what effect it would have. I whistled in particular to a comely young maiden standing close to me. The maiden, with others, blushed rose red and with other maidens flew from our presence. Several of the young warriors with fire flashing in their eyes, rushed up to me and held war clubs over my head in an intense angry, threatening manner, whistling in no friendly tone. I had a right to expect that my last day had come, through my attempt at talking a language of which I knew not one single sound. The crowd around me was enraged; but it seemed to dawn upon them that after all, I didn't know what I was talking or rather whistling about. My whistling must have contained sounds that expressed insult towards the maiden. I made no further attempt to talk—to whistle to them.

"Fellow voyagers, it just comes to mind, at Athens, while walking home from an oration held by one of our Athenian philosophers, in company with one of my comrades, I began to whistle. After a short time my comrade said in a thoughtful way, 'Theognis, you can't sing well, but you can whistle badly.'

"I find this day that my comrade must have judged rightly; for the people on this island, upon hearing me whistle to them, found it so bad that they wanted to kill me. No, I have no longing to remain at this island, as I had at the Poet's Island. To attempt to learn their whistling language would undoubtedly be a matter of life and death."

Our ship, with a light breeze, all sails set, is sailing in a westerly direction. The ship is out of sight of land. The wind has lulled down into a perfect calm. The ship lies perfectly still, with its bow pointing from our desired course. Mindoritus, standing alongside of the helmsman, says:

"Blow, blow, ye winds,  
And lash the sea to foam,  
As o'er the deep blue sea we roam,  
Far from our native home."

Orato prays to Aeolus to break the calm and give us fair wind. A rainbow flag is hoisted on each of the four masts, in honor of *Aeolus*, God of the Winds. The flags on the four masts are waving in oppo-

site directions. After all flags wave and the wind blew steadily again in one direction and our ship was again sailing on its course, Pindarus, who had read an improvised rhyme to the voyagers, the truthfulness of which all acknowledged, handed it to me as a matter of record. It is as follows:

There is a calm upon the deep,  
The God of Wind is fast asleep.  
The sea glistens far and wide—  
A mirror bright on every side;  
One can behold reflections fair,  
The maidens with their wealth of hair,  
Who now and then look down, behold  
Their image true, of beauteous mold,  
In sunlight calm, the sea doth seem  
Like to a beauteous restful dream.

And in the calmness of the night  
When moon and stars are shining bright,  
A mirror of the world, O sea!  
The fiery orbs reflect in Thee.  
With these so near and those so far  
We doubly view each twinkling star.  
Our ship no progress now doth make,  
No fiery glistenings light its wake.  
Our ship is swaying round at will,  
For all around is calm and still.

O, sea, thou'rt like our lives, we find,  
With moods of many a varying kind.  
And, too, we see progress would stay  
If calms would hold o'er storms full sway.  
Our ship's artistic sails, so fair,  
Feel not the slightest breath of air.  
Still motionless our ship doth lie,  
Our helpless steersman scans the sky  
And flags on high, and prays, "O, please,  
"Aeolus, send a favoring breeze."

Whilst waters glistening all around,  
With reverence deep, without a sound,  
Orato on the rostrum high,  
With incense rising to the sky,  
Invokes Aeolus, who holds sway,  
O'er winds and storms by night—by day.  
All voyagers now stand around,  
In silence pray, sincere, profound,  
Orato, praying long, not loud,  
And then again rejoins the crowd.

And said:

"Captain Arteus.  
Let's raise the rainbow flags on high,  
Where winds first show that stir the sky."

On four masts each soon hung a flag,  
Still, windless—something like a rag.  
High on the rostrum now again  
Orato spoke in words quite plain:

“O Aeolus, God of the winds,  
Although around, no land we see,  
We raised our flags to honor Thee,  
For, O, we believe your hands so soft  
Delight to wave our flags aloft.  
Delight to wave, caress each flag,  
That now, O, hangeth like a rag.  
We pray to Thee with incense rare,  
O break the calm with breezes fair  
So our great ship can sail again  
Right proudly onward o’er the main.”

They looked aloft, they looked around—  
But only calm seemed to abound,  
But shortly up the steersman spoke:  
“The calm, now surely it is broke;  
Look up aloft,” he shouted loud.  
And then they stared, the startled crowd.  
The flags were waving, that was true,  
The steersman knew not what to do.  
The ship, it minded not its guide.  
Some sails were here, some t’other side.  
The ship sailed round and back again.  
The Captain spoke in language plain,  
To helmsmen and to sailors all,  
Words that ’tis well not to recall.  
Bewildered, all the sailors, each,  
For sails were here, then out of reach.  
A gentle breeze was blowing now,  
Now this way points, now that, the bow.  
The ship would sail no course at all,  
But turn in circles, large and small.

The Captain shouted, “Down each sail,”  
As if a squall had struck, or gale.  
The steersmen sweat, the Captain swore,  
In language never heard before.  
The ship now stood with poles all bare,  
And gentle breezes waft the air.  
The steersman shouts, “O, Captain, see  
What may the wind up there now be.”  
He looks. All look, and now ’tis plain  
(Each thought at first “Can we be sane”)  
They all agreed they say aright  
A great bewildering, wondrous sight.  
One flag waved west and one waved south,  
One east, one north, and thus with mouth  
Wide open, each beheld the masts on high  
With flags a-waving in the sky  
In all directions; now ’twas found

The reason why the ship sailed round,  
Regardless of its helm so true,  
But soon again the breezes blew  
From south. And then with sails its best  
Our ship sailed proudly towards the west

Orato said:

"Aeolus heard our prayers, 'tis true,  
But wished to show what he could do.  
He wished to baffle us, you know,  
And thus each flag, it waved just so!  
But now again south wind holds sway,  
Fair wind that speeds us on our way.  
Further and further from Attic's land  
To some far, distant, unknown strand."

The watch on the mast called down: "Land, land ahead! To the right!" Captain Arteus commands the ship in that direction. Men and maiden voyagers are all climbing up the masts to see the land. With all sails raised the ship is sailing along with great speed. High bluffs are in plain sight. Our ship is sailing close to the high shore bluff. Maidens can be seen waving flowers and branches. The ship's top sails are lowered. The ship is sailing very slowly along the abrupt shore bluffs. A path is leading up to the bluffs from the landing wharf. Beautifully, but scantily dressed maidens are singing with wonderful, powerful seductive sweetness.

The eyes of all on ship, particularly the sailors, are all in the direction of the maidens singing so wonderously, so invitingly, on the bluffs above. There is a beautiful garden-like forest and fine green-clad bowers on the bluff above, where the tuneful maidens dwell. Sailors are becoming oblivious to the officers' orders. Captain Arteus finds he is losing command of the sailors. The handsome maidens also, with small stones tied to the stems of bouquets of flowers, are throwing them down from the bluff, towards the ship, some of which have fallen on the ship's deck. But mainly it was the sweet powerful voices that captured the listeners.

Theognis, our ship's interpreter of spoken and gesture language, is up in the cross-tree trying to interpret their songs if possible.

"They are sirens. They are sirens," spoke Hilicarus to Arteus. The helmsman, of his own will, headed the ship towards the land. Hilicarus struck him down, and took the helm and brought the ship again on its course.

Marstenes commanded all the voyagers to join in a well known song accompanied by the voyagers' musicians. The grand chorus of our ship overwhelms that of the Sirens. With Hilicarus at the helm and the powerful chorus of our voyagers, the ship is sailing from the island and beyond hearing of the alluring music of the sirens. The sailors looked

back with longing glances, but are again obeying the commands of our ship's officers. Many must be the ships and sailors that are lured and charmed into destruction by the sweet seductive songs of those sirens, that resound down to passing ships. Captain Arteus makes it known that this will be and is the only instance where he will overlook the sailors' disobedience and lack of strict attention to duty. In all other cases it would have been punished by death.

The island where the sirens dwell is out of sight and all again is in ship-shape order. As Theognis came down on deck, from the cross-trees, some of our men voyagers asked him if he had interpreted the sirens' songs.

"Impossible," said some of the voyagers. "He don't understand their language."

Theognis said, "Yes, I noted down the songs."

"Rostrum! Rostrum!" shouted the crowd.

Theognis ascended the rostrum and said: "Voyagers afraid of sirens! That is the way I feel that I should address you at this particular time. I find that by my knowledge of different languages I have discovered that the Phoenician ships must, as at Syracuse, also touch upon this shore, and Phoenician seamen, perhaps, touch even more than its shores.

"The beautiful sirens must have come in frequent contact and conversation with Phoenician sea rovers; for after they sang their songs a second time, I was able to understand them. The bluff is about the same height as the cross-trees and so I was within a good hearing position. Now, although the songs of the sirens are very agreeable and sweet and tuneful to all ears, the words of their songs may be such as not to please or sound agreeable to the ears of many of our fellow voyagers. Therefore, I believe they should remain dumb on parchment."

"Read! Read! Read!" came from all direction.

"Fellow Voyagers," continued Theognis, "of course you didn't sing those songs. I didn't sing them, and reading them would be only what others sang. I don't claim that I interpreted every one of the songs. And even then I will reserve the right to read as much of what I noted down as I deem best. If you had been upon the cross-trees and could have beheld them as well as I have, you wouldn't have thought it necessary for us to sail away from them. The charming sirens try to throw some color into the rugged sailor's life.

"Well, I'll read a part of one of their songs which I interpreted. It is as follows:

O, ship, ahoy! O, ship, ahoy!  
We dearly love each sailor boy.  
We love the men that cleave the wave,  
So handsome, rugged, strong and brave;

*The Original Four Hundred*

So daring, O so fearless free,  
A-dashing o'er the deep blue sea.  
O, come and take a needed rest,  
Upon a friendly maiden's breast.

O, ship, ahoy! O, ship, ahoy!  
O come with us, sweet life enjoy.  
O come where mirth and song hold sway,  
Far better than the salt sea's spray.  
O, life is short and time flies fast,  
It's better here than on the mast.  
Our language you can understand,  
Our eyes, no matter from what land.

O, ship, ahoy! O, ship, ahoy!  
We love thee, brave, bold sailor boy;  
Your manly voice, so strong and gruff,  
Like ocean's roaring billows, rough,  
With all our charms, with all our arms,  
We greet you, leaving all alarms  
Of storms forgot, in loving glance,  
In soft caress and whirlwind dance.

O, ship, ahoy! O, ship, ahoy!  
Brave sailor boy, O, come and toy  
In fond caress, and softly press \_\_\_\_\_."

"But, fellow voyagers, I leave the rest blank on my parchment."  
(Applause.)

Our maidens said that it was little wonder that seamen could hardly withstand the allurements and charms of the beautiful sirens and their sweet seductive songs.

Our ship is cutting the waves southward. The outlook on the mast calls down again, "Land, land, to the west!" The ship's course is changed to the west. With a fair breeze the land is coming in plain view. The sails are lowered and our ship is lying close to shore in a small bay. A few houses are seen near the sea side. The landing committee with a force of voyagers, under command of Balordius, have gone on shore.

Instead of the people coming to view our ship they all seem to be going inland from us. Our voyagers are also marching inland. The boats lying in a narrow stream near by are small. Fruits grow on the island in great abundance. Wild animals are also plentiful, as the skins hanging around the houses indicate.

All the ship's voyagers have also gone on land. There are only a few houses on the shore and few people are to be seen.

Our voyagers from inland are now returning. They are carrying some of their number who have been dangerously wounded back on the ship.

Balordius commands all to return on the ship.



On arrival at the ship, Balordius ascends the rostrum and reports: "Fellow adventurers! This island holds no inducement to commerce. Fruits and fish are its main products. The people live mostly away from the shore and we found them in great numbers inland. Neither Theognis, nor any of us, could make them believe that we came in peace. They are in one particular, the most expert and dexterous bowmen, spearmen and slingers that we ever saw; we have never before heard of their equal. We could not mingle with them or approach them for they steadily retreated in somewhat military order.

The women seemed to hide out of sight. There are many high, abrupt stone bluffs further inland. While we were marching along side of one of those large stone bluffs, nearing a corner to the right, we were surprised and fiercely attacked by darts, stones and spears that flew around the corner. We were marching near the corner, on the south side of the stone bluff and could not see any of the people, although we knew they were on the west side of the bluff, at a short distance from us. We soon observed that they could shoot, sling stones and throw their spears around sharp corners. It was at that attack, out of sight of their warriors, that so many of our fellow voyagers were so dangerously wounded by spears, stones and darts, thrown and shot around the corner of the bluff by the island warriors. They would not come out in the open but would always take such positions behind the stone bluffs so they could shoot and throw at us around the corner without exposing themselves to our spears and arrows.

To earnestly battle with these people would cost us many lives. The superior thickness of our whole armor saved our wounded from instant death, for these people can shoot and throw around the corner with the same deadly force as if shooting or throwing in a straight direction.

Venturides, who stealthily scaled one of the rocky bluffs and singly watched how they set off their darts, stones and spears so they would fly around the corner of the stone bluff can himself tell us what he observed."

Venturides spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow Voyagers! I as well as all the rest of us, was very curious to know how they could shoot and throw around sharp corners. After quite a difficult climb, I succeeded in reaching the top of the bluff near which our comrades were wounded. I stealthily ran to the west side of the bluff, almost directly over the island warriors. On looking down I could see their actions plainly. The stone slingers ran about three steps forward, stopped suddenly and with a peculiar twist sent the stone flying in a straight line until it reached the corner around which it flew like a bird. So too, in the same way, did they shoot the dart and throw the spear, taking a strong short leap at three paces, stop abruptly, and then gave a sudden very peculiar twist to the twang of the bow; also in their

throwing of the spear. I was so interested in their manner of throwing and shooting and so eager to learn the same, if possible, that I exposed myself to their view, and I with my greatest speed returned to my comrades. In my haste I almost fell down the side of the high stony bluff.

This island can not interest our committee of commerce, but upon our homeward voyage it would seem well to land at this island again and, through gifts, attempt to have several of us voyagers try to learn their peculiar manner of shooting and throwing around the corner; thus bringing a new, useful, powerful art of war to our Athens." (Applause.)

Mondarites, among the voyagers on deck, said: "So that we can find this island again, upon our return voyage, let us name it 'The Island Around the Corner.'" (Applause.)

The stone anchor is hoisted. Our ship is now sailing in a westerly direction. The wind is from the south. Phoebus is lowering in the west. Our night scribe is on deck.

Anaxogerus: A warm, south breeze is wafting our ship on a south-westerly course. We are out of sight of land. The blue vault above is cloudless. The crescent moon and twinkling stars are reflected on the mirror of the world.

Hilicarus, second officer, looking up to the North Star, says: "According to the information received at Pama, we will sight land in the morning." Several stars are falling in various directions from the blue vault above, but there are enough stars left yet. Slowly, quietly, but majestically, is our ship sailing over the smooth bending star-reflecting sea. Aurora tells of coming day. The day scribe is on deck.

Scriborites: No land in sight. Many birds are swaying on the billows. Capt. Arteus says that that is a sign that land can not be far distant.

The outlook on the mast calls down: "Land, Land, to the west!" Our ship is sailing in the direction of land. Small boats are seen near the shore. Capt. Arteus, who was up the mast, says it looks as if there is an entrance to a sheltered bay, and a good place to land. It may be the Bay of Palos. Polybus, our ship's magician, who is gifted with superior vision, says there is a fine opening into an enclosed bay. Our ship, with half of the sails set, is sailing into the bay. It is now moored at anchor very close to land. A small town is near the bay. Many small boats are on land and in the bay. The people are running to the shore.

Our landing committee has gone on its mission. They are walking with the people towards the largest looking house. Slingers are throwing oranges and apples on the ship, also are throwing oranges and apples and other large fruit against one of the principal sails—the only sail that is left up. The fruit falls on deck as it strikes the sail.

Polybus, our ship's magician, calls out: "Don't eat them. Don't eat

them. They may be poisoned." One of the sailors had eaten a part of an orange and was taken quite sick. The apples and oranges were examined and all were found to be slightly discolored by some poisonous substance inside. None were eaten.

The landing committee returned and said that the town is named Payloris. The King had accepted the gifts and seemed honored by our ship's presence in his bay. Theognis said they can speak some Phoenician. The committee of commerce and a large number of men and maiden voyagers are now on shore. All of them have been warned not to eat or drink anything at this people's landing.

King Paylostus is informed of the object of our Grecian ship's voyage and also that the voyagers would be pleased to engage in Grecian sports and games with his nobles, warriors and also maidens.

The maidens of Paylos fastened a small cedar twig and flowers to the garments of our men voyagers and also to the garments of our maiden voyagers.

Under the leadership of King Paylostus all marched, passing under hastily constructed floral arches to the athletic field near the palace. In all contests our voyagers were far superior to those people in games of dexterity and strength. It also was observed that they were not trained to use both hands equally well, as our voyagers had been. Our Spartan-Athenian training of both right and left arm and hand alike, showed itself to great advantage at these contests, each of which could have been easily won by our men and maidens if they had made efforts. In comparison, these people seem very helpless with the full use of but one of their arms. The people of Payloris could not help but notice the usefulness and desirability of being able to use both arms and hands equally well.

King Paylostus' nobles informed Marstenes that the King had ordered a banquet to be in readiness in honor of the great ship's voyagers.

At about the same time a messenger came from the ship and reported to Marstenes that Capt. Arteus had sent him to say that the skies looked as if the wind was liable to change suddenly, and as the breezes were still fair to sail out of the narrow entrance into the ocean the ship ought to lose no time, but should sail out of the bay at once, for a change of wind might compel our large ship to remain in the bay for a number of days, unable to sail out.

It is a fine bay for shelter, something like a small lake, with a narrow opening to the sea.

Marstenes, after listening to Capt. Arteus's messenger, ordered the horns to be blown, which is a signal for all voyagers to fall in line for marching order to the ship. Marstenes gave the reasons to the King through Theognis, our interpreter, why the voyagers could not remain to partake of the banquet, which was being prepared in our honor.

The Paylorisian maidens entwined the voyagers' spears and bows with small twigs and flowers. With music and songs, our men and maiden voyagers marched down to the ship accompanied by the King's nobles, the King and his warriors and his people. Several beautiful garlands and flower arches were passed through on our return march to the ship.

As if by magic, these were erected by the people in our honor.

On leaving the strand for the ship, many beautiful bouquets of flowers were given to both men and maiden voyagers.

After the roll call showed that all the voyagers were on ship, the voyagers, accompanied by the ship's magician, sang a beautiful farewell song, after which the stone anchors were hauled on ship board, and with full sails, all rainbow flags waving, our ship sailed proudly out through the narrow opening into the sea.

It could be plainly seen that the people regretted greatly that our ship could not remain longer; for they had thought we would remain several days as the arrangements indicated.

Our ship is now sailing in a southwesterly direction. Marstenes ascended the rostrum, and said: "Fellow voyagers! In that beautiful sheltered bay, we likely would have stayed for several days, but we had a right to look at their proposed banquet with suspicion. Capt. Arteus had given us a hint and he gave us a good excuse and reason why our ship should sail forth into the open sea without delay. At this landing we have been met by extremes. Upon our arrival the most deadly scheming—upon our further sojourn and departure the most friendly and apparently sincere actions! The large quantity of fruit, apples, oranges, and such like which the warrior slingers took out of baskets and with their slings threw against our ship's sail so they would fall on deck, was without doubt a scheme through which they hoped to get possession of our grand ship. They planned to poison all or enough of our people on the ship so they, without great resistance, could capture and get possession. That all the fruit contained deadly poison, we know for a certainty.

"While we were on land three of our fellow voyagers said they did not believe that the tempting fruit was poisonous, and that they were not afraid to eat it. They were warned, but in a spirit of daring, they cut the fruit into four parts and ate as a trial, each one of the parts. They immediately became very sick, speechless and whole body lame, and are even now still suffering. Eating the whole fruit, it is apparent, would have resulted in instant death or complete helplessness.

"The scheme of securing possession of our ship through poisoned food may have been planned by only a few warrior slingers, upon seeing our grand ship lying in their sheltered bay. The possession of our ship is certainly worth scheming for. The actions, while on land of King,

nobles and of all the people were attentive and friendly. Nothing but an air of friendship seemed to greet us and prevailed.

"But Theognis, who can understand their manners and intentions better than any of us, firmly believes that from the king down the intention was to secure possession of our great ship by the aid of poison. He believes that if we had partaken of the banquet it would have resulted in our death or complete helplessness against attack. After that they would have made an attempt to take possession from those remaining on board. They very likely would not, even then, have succeeded in taking the ship, but it seems to have been their plan. But we are not certain; for it is the gods only who can know the schemes that evolve in the brain of mortal man."

Emporosodes, of the Committee of Commerce, spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers, we have obtained through barter several kinds of merchandise which all can view in our store room. Commercially, this landing has resulted in success, for the good of Athens and Payloris. At this landing future Athenian traders should land, even if Phoenician traders should claim it for themselves."

The ship is sailing in a westerly direction. On our voyage at such times when the bow of our ship swings to and fro from its straight course Capt. Arteus often calls out to the steersmen:

"Steady your helm!"

Nautinidus, one of our voyagers, in whose ears the command seems to have emphasized itself, has just handed the following to Corea, who read it in a sweet, clear voice from the rostrum.

#### STEADY YOUR HELM!

When from its course the ship doth swerve,  
Steady your helm!

The captain's plain commands observe,  
Steady your helm!

When storms run high with darkened skies,  
When charmers tempt with luring eyes,  
When intense grief or malice craves,  
When passions riot, anger raves,  
Steady your helm!

O swerve not from your courses right,  
But with the mind and with all might,  
Be it by day, be it by night,  
Steady your helm!

Thus will the ship in triumph sail,  
Against all baffling storms prevail;  
The harbor enter safely, grand,  
And thus, until the ship doth land,  
Steady your helm!

(*Applause.*)

The ship is sailing in a southwesterly direction in sight of land close along the shore. A sailor is constantly measuring the depth with a

sounding stone. To the seaward waterspouts are seen. These seem to connect the clouds with the sea by a very graceful pillar of water. Oristotle, our ship's artist, will preserve them in a sketch. Our ship is almost becalmed. Close to the ship there are four large water spouts hissing around our ship. Their form is like a sand-time glass.

Orato, on the rostrum, is invoking Aeolus and Neptune to preserve our ship from their terrible destructive powers. The giant water spouts are racing with great speed on the water. Two of the immense whirling water spouts broke and fell into the sea only a few ship's lengths astern of our ship.

With an increased breeze our ship is sailing away from this dangerous region.

Our ship has now entered a river, running into a bay that faces to the south. A small city is on one side of the river. Small boats are on the river bank, also in the stream, with many rowers. Slingers are slinging stones on our ship. Archers are also shooting into the sails of our ship. Marstenes with our men voyagers has gone on land fully prepared for battle. The people are all running towards their King's castle. It is surrounded by a stone wall. Many of the King's warriors are within the castle. Marstenes, Sophon and Theognis, without armor or spears, by the aid of a pyramid of four men high, formed by the voyagers standing on each other's shoulders, scaled the wall as the gates were closed, and thus they visited the King in his castle. Theognis found that some of the King's nobles understand a few words of Phoenician. He explained to the King the peaceful object of the ship's visit, upon which the King ordered the gates to be opened and commanded his people not to shoot darts or sling stones at the great ship in their bay.

We asked where Tarshish lay, to which the Phoenicians sailed for gold and silver.

The King said that Tarshish was further west, near the Pillars of Hercules. It was, he said, some distance inland, on a large river, but, said he, no people excepting Phoenicians can go or sail there for there are many Phoenician warriors there all the time ready to fight against any ship that tries to sail up the long river.

The King said that once upon a time in his young days, he had sailed up that large river, but he and people from other shores were told to return home at once or they never again would return. "I believe I know," said the King, "what they would do if your grand ship would sail up the river towards Tarshish for gold and silver. They would let it sail the river a distance, and then they would blockade the river with stones, so your great ship could never sail out and never return home again. The people of that country help the Phoenicians. All other peoples from far off shores must stay away or be killed and their ships taken away. If you sail into that river," said the King, "you are lost,

for the Phoenicians and people of that country say that river and country belongs to Phoenician only."

The King and all his warriors and people marched down to the wharf where our ship landed. Some of his people began to throw stones against the masts of our ship.

Marstenes formed our ship's warriors into line and threatened to make a desperate charge into the people and warriors, but King Abderaus and his chiefs, through Theognis, informed Marstenes that our voyagers were welcome and that King Abderaus wanted his land to become a part of the nation that owned such a grand ship. He wanted to submit to the rule of a nation whose noble people could not but be true descendants of the Gods. He and his nobles desired to be subjects of our great Grecian nation and wished to give his land and people under the rule and protection of our Grecian race.

The King, followed by his nobles, went to the river, where in a solemn manner the King partly filled a large, fine conch shell with river water. Then he placed a few small stones in it and a handful of yellow earth. Then with earnest solemnity, in the presence of his chief, presented the shell containing earth, stones and water to Marstenes, who accepted it with words of thanks, in the name of our Athenian people, and had it carried on the ship.

This giving of water, stone and earth to Marstenes signified the giving of his country to our Grecian nation, to the land which owned and from which our magnificent ship sailed. King Abderaus instructed Marstenes to give the conch shell, containing the water, stone and earth of his land, to the King of our nation as a sign of submission to the nation who owned the large ship. The King said: "He and his people felt proud to be a part of and be under the rule of such a superior race of people."

The King was assured that all would be carried out in accordance with his wishes, and that when our ship sailed from the Pillars of Hercules on its return voyage, it would again sail into his large river.

Several presents were given to the King and to his nobles. And then our ship, with all rainbow flags waving, and a fair breeze, sailed out into the sea again.

Our Committee of Commerce did not discover any very valuable articles of trade here. Marstenes said:

"We'll take the land gift of a nation in all seriousness; for in time, we Athenians may find it of value to have a harbor of refuge among the friendly people far distant from our native Athens. Let us say to ourselves," Marstenes continued, "this day we have received a kingdom as a gift, consisting of rocks, water and earth."

Darkness is coming over the sea and land. The moonlight scribe is on deck.



**Anaxagorus:** The ship is sailing along the shore towards the west. Since sailing from our last landing-place the voyagers have caught many fish of various kinds. Capt. Arteus has ordered Hillicarus to sail slowly along the shores so as not to sail past possible desirable inlets and cities. Phoebus will soon throw his brilliant rays over land and sea. The day scribe is here to relieve me.

**Scriborites:** Bright is the morning. The ship is slowly sailing along the shore which is north of us. The ship has for the most part of the day been becalmed, with shore in sight. The night scribe is on deck.

**Anaxagorus:** The ship is hardly moving through the waters on its westerly course. The stars are shining brightly. None of the voyagers came on deck during the night; but now Polybus and a few other voyagers come on deck nights it seems to hold secret conversations. Polybus, truly, is a mischievous person, which I suppose all magicians are.

Polybus has been asked to join the commercial voyage to entertain the voyagers by his magic and also as an interpreter of signs, as a diviner and seer. He has exhibited many of his occult magical powers and predictions. Placing a bit of rope under an empty bowl, upon lifting it again, a large number of butterflies flew out over the sea. Also standing at the end of the long table at which all of us voyagers were seated at meal time, in the ship's large hall, Polybus said, "Voyagers, what kind of fruit do you like best?" Many said, "Grapes."

So he said: "Before you partake of the meal before you, noble voyagers, I will by my magic wand, after passing my hand over all of you, I will have placed before you a large bunch of purple grapes, which you will find very luscious."

The grapes appeared to all and were eaten by all, after which, with the second touch of his magic wand, on the end of the long table, he said, "Now you have eaten the grapes, and you can proceed with our regular meal." All were delighted.

Many other instances of his magical power could I record, but we were told magic was not for the scribes to record. Of late, nights, Polybus and a few of the other voyagers have gathered on the deck holding secret, suspicious conversations. It is day and the scribe has come to relieve me.



## CHAPTER XVI

### *PHILOSOPHIZING ON SIZE OF SUN, MOON AND FLAT EARTH*

**Scriborites:** The ship must have made little headway during the night, as we have only now a steering breeze. All the voyagers are on deck. Land is stretching along our north shore.

Sophon ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow adventurers, before our departure from Athens, several companions and myself measured the size of the full moon with a stick, as the moon arose up out of the east abyss of the world. At dawn this day as the sun arose we also, under like conditions, stepping back fifteen paces and with a stick, also measured the size of the sun as it arose out of the east abyss of the world. The measurement on this stick shows that the moon and sun are about of one size. Also looking from the same distance through a square frame, have we found their sizes to be about equal.

"This knowledge may not be of any real value and will, of course, not make the sun or moon give us any more light; but it will for all time to come set aside dispute as to the comparative size of the moon and sun. The right time to measure the size of the moon and sun we all know, is just as they arise over the east end of the world. It is then when one can look at them with full open eyes and see them plainer than at any other time."

Curiolina spoke up and said: "Sophon, we maidens and also some of the men, have asked ourselves: Supposing a ship were out on the wide unknown sea, west beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and it would sail and sail and sail towards where sea and sky meet, where would it reach and how far would it be? How long would it take to sail there, and how do things look where sky and waters meet?"

Many of the other maidens also spoke up and said, "Yes. Yes! Let us hear how it is thought the world looks out where sky and waters meet."

Sophon answered: "How agreeable it would have been if several of our Athenian philosophers and bards could have accompanied this voyage; but as they are all older than the age limit of the voyagers accompanying this adventure, they could not accompany us; all being over 348 moons of age.

"We find that upon this large ship, upon such a long voyage there is

more time than we know what to do with, and we find that there is no better place than on a ship for study for the narration of stories, amusements, and interchange of opinions; no better place to give and take instruction and listen to orations and stories of all kinds.

"I am asked to give my opinion as to how the world looks out on the unknown sea where the water and sky blend. I know that Hypnothoon has received special teaching of our most noted Athenian philosophers on such subjects; and therefore I would ask Hypnothoon to ascend the rostrum and upon this beautiful quiet day on the sea, give us the benefit of the lectures he has attended.

"We all have attended the lectures given by our noted philosophers; but upon the subject of inquiry by the maidens and others I believe Hypnothoon has always showed special predilections for." (Applause.)

Hypnothoon ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow sea rovers! You have all attended the lectures as well as I have; but by rehearsing what we have been taught, it will recall and strengthen the same. If I do not rehearse correctly, please let me know, for as our philosophers have often said, 'pointing out one's error leads one back toward truth,' and should always be accepted as a friendly act, even if it comes from an enemy.

"You have asked me to describe how the world looks out on the vast unknown sea where the waters and sky meet. You ask what would happen to a ship if it would sail and sail out to the utmost bounds of the earth, where the sky and waters meet. The philosophers have told us that there are things so sacred that the Gods do not want man to know or speculate upon, for there are so many things the philosophers say, at one's feet, which man should first understand before looking over and beyond, even unto the end of the world. Also are there places on the world's wide plain which the Gods do not want man to journey or sail to; where they do not want man to behold or tread upon, because such places are not for man's dwelling place. If curiosity should ever prompt man to voyage or sail to such forbidden places of the world, he would never return again and his rashness would be punished by suffering and death. Certain destruction and death would be the fate of any ship that would venture to sail and sail out to the world's utmost bounds. We have heard it said: Do not long or aspire to know the secret of things at the end of the world. Ill luck will befall those who even speak or speculate on things which belong to the secrets of the Gods; we have been taught: 'that the fear of the Gods is the beginning of wisdom.' There are places on this world it is claimed where man should not tread. The ends of the world are such places.

"You know that we have heard our philosophers say that there are some things so sacred that man's thought should not dwell upon, for it causes the Gods' displeasure. The philosophers say that it has often

come to pass that when a mortal's inquisitiveness and curiosity reach beyond the limit prescribed by nature, the Gods' displeasure has led them into a bewildering labyrinth of thought; and such often the gods make mad. Philosophers, however, are allowed to speculate and discuss all things, for they know of the things that lie around their feet; and they alone have a right to speculate on all things. We are all graduates of noted philosophers' schools, and being on an important voyage out on the wide sea, it is only natural that we should ask ourselves how things may look at the utmost bounds of the world, where sky and sea blend. We know and can see that the surface of the flat world is roughened by valleys and mountains. We know that water and land, blue vault above, and sun, moon and stars, make the complete world. Water and land compose the parts of the world on which we tread, sail and dwell. The sea we are sailing on is named Mediterranean, because it is in the middle of the world. Phoebus, the sun, is drawn in a golden chariot by fiery steeds over the blue vault above; and when he sets down in the west end of the world then his chariot speeds along the deep abyss, the sides of the world towards the south and around to the east. Aurora heralds his presence. After a short rest, Phoebus arises in the east again.

"Thus endlessly again and again, day succeeds night. If the sun would remain stationary in the blue vault above and never set, its constant rays would dry up the waters, and all plants, and all life would disappear from the world's wide surface; and there would be no orderly time for rest and waking.

"As our philosophers have often said: 'Observe all things the Gods have wrought with contemplation, and your wonderment will expand.' The moon and stars also receive their light from Phoebus.

"The world is in shape like a large, round, flat disc. The flat world as we all can see, is varied somewhat by valleys and mountains. Its length and width and its size is as far as the east is from the west. There are two different comprehensions. One is that there is a very narrow, unevenly raised strip of land on the edge, around the ends of the world, so that the stream of ocean cannot fall or flow over the world's end down into the dark abyss.

"Those that claim such a theory say: "That which is on the flat world belongs to the world and is intended to remain thereon and not come in conflict with things beyond its domain.

"I remember Terminalodos, one of our Nestors, who also held the opinion that there is a narrow strip of land around the edge of the world, said: 'Let us imagine and see how it looks at the west end of the world. Does not the very thought of its grandeur permeate our very beings with astonishment, awe and sublimity!'

"Standing at the brink of the world we would behold the dark,

fathomless abyss below and the blue ether above and beyond. And standing there, remaining there for a time, one would behold Phoebus in his golden chariot, drawn by fiery steeds, descend down into the deep abyss at the world's side, dispelling darkness on his every side. Upon having descended to his accustomed depth, on leaning over the abyss, one would behold Phoebus far below, along the earth's side, moving as if in flight, with great speed toward the south end of the world. Phoebus would first appear as if the whole world were ablaze; and as he passed onward and onward in the distance until almost at the turn at the south end of the world, he would lessen in size and appear in the deep, far distance as a monstrous blazing star.

"No man will ever be vouchsafed to behold such a sublime spectacle and if he ever should, no language would be able to give adequate expression to the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. There are places on the earth where man should not go, the ends of the world are such places."

"Hypnothoon continued: 'The most noted philosophers say that the stream of ocean flows around the outer edge of the world, at which places the water is shallower than its otherwise unfathomable depth. But the depth at the very brink over which it flows and falls down into the dark abyss is still very deep.'

"So our most noted philosophers tell us that the world-circling ocean at the world's end is constantly rushing down into the deep, dark abyss. As it falls and falls down, down, it turns into foam, then into mist, and then rises up to the sky and forms clouds.

"Some have given as their opinion that the ocean stream flows so powerfully and swiftly along the outer edge of the world that no ship could sail across the stream and arrive at the end of the world.

"But the most noted philosophers say that the outer ocean at the ends of the world fall over and down into the dark abyss at the world's sides. But no water is lost; all comes on the world again as rain.

"So it has been for all time.

"All other things which are not water that may fall down over the end of the world will, they say, on account of the vast distance it would fall, and its increased swiftness of fall, burn, flame, and arise to the sky, invisible to the human eye.

"So the abyss at the ends of the world is always kept clean of whatever may fall over.

"And if a ship should sail and sail over the end of the world it would, in its deep fall, burn into flame and arise out of sight to the skies invisible.

"It is thought by some that the distance to the end of the world is so vast that no seaman would live long enough to complete the voyage, and consequently no ship can ever sail so far.

"We have seen a monster sea serpent, but it is claimed that further out in the sea the larger are the sea monsters of endless kinds, and it is thought by seamen, who have given the matter great thought, that sea monsters of many kinds roam about in the ocean near the ends of the earth so powerful that any ships attempting to sail to the brink of the world would be destroyed by them.

"Also is it thought that even if the distance would be within the life of seamen, the fearful storms raging there would engulf all ships of whatever size. So it seems impossible for a ship to sail to the end of the world, according to the most profound opinions.

"We have heard of seamen's stories where a ship had been driven by a storm so near to the end of the world that the seamen from the ship's masts could plainly look into the far off abyss and see vapors arising there.

"Also, of ships that have never returned, seamen have said that they were forced by storms over the end of the world.

"But, like all who pass to the shades below, they could not return again to make their fate known.

"Whether any ship has ever plunged over the brink of the world only gods can know.

"A sailor's story also tells us that once upon a time their ship was driven by tide and storms and winds so near to the end of the world that they, from the ship's mast, could already see the vapors arise at the end of the world and plainly hear the awful roar of the falling ocean o'er the brink of the world into the deep abyss below. Sea monsters of the most hideous guise roved about in the ocean at the end of the world in vast numbers, as large in size as their ship, and some much larger. Some had great horns projecting from their heads, and also had long, heavy, waving manes. Any one of the powerful, hideous monsters could have capsized their ship; but it is thought Neptune looked at them with compassion and in the nick of time prompted a monster sea serpent to rescue the ship from being washed over the brink of the world.

"The sea monster, with its powerful jaws, took hold of a stray rope that was hanging over the prow of the ship and pulled the ship far from the powerful stream of ocean, after which Aeolus blew a fair gale, and thus did the sea rovers, after many moons, return safely to their native shore.

"I once asked Marathondes, one of our Nestors, what he thought of the many sailor stories of having sailed near to and having beheld the end of the world. He answered, 'Sailors who are lulled to sleep by the cradle of the deep, seem to dream so profoundly, that even long after they are awake the scenes and occurrences that were so vividly por-

trayed in their dreams make them believe that such actually were real, true facts.'

"We have also heard of the story of a noted Captain who said, upon returning from a long sea voyage, that he had returned from a trip to the end of the world. He said that at the end of the world there is something like a dark, heavy, misty wall, or curtain, as it were. And arriving there no ship could proceed any further. He said, at or near the end of the world there is no longer any distinction between air, earth or sea, but a kind of a mixture of all three, forming a substance resembling a thick, glutinous consistency, rendering all navigation and further progress of the ship impossible.

"Whether any of the various sailor stories are true or not, the gods alone can know. The majority, and most profound philosophers, opine that 'vapors ascend at the end of the earth.' Fellow adventurers, now I believe I have told you more than I really know." (Applause.)

Hypnothoon's lecture as to how things were at the utmost bounds of the earth was listened to by all voyagers with close attention. Captain Arteus was now asked what he thought how things looked at the end of the world.

He answered: "The distance is so far that no ship's crew would live long enough to sail there. The heat of the sun near the end of the world would in itself kill all seamen."

The ship, with full sails, is moving only fast enough to keep its bow toward the west. The shores to the north are just visible.

Diagorax spoke from the deck as follows: "Fellow sea rovers, if Aphrodite (Venus) and her lovely son and messenger, Cupid's presence is not allowed on our ship, we, however, find that Pegasus has not lost his opportunity to accompany us; for several of our men and maiden voyagers have been busy and have compiled a version of the end of the world in condensed verse form. I am to say that the declaimers have not entirely composed the verses themselves but in their haste have inserted suggestions given by several others of our fellow voyagers." (Applause.)

Aurathone ascended the rostrum and read:

#### IF WE SHOULD SAIL

If we should sail where Phoebus sets,  
Where at the brink his face he wets,  
To rise refreshed and bright again,  
Illumining all the world's wide plain—  
Our ship would plunge, O, that is sure,  
With Neptune's rushing waters pure,  
Down into dark unending space,  
Forever lost to this world's face.  
Our ship would plunge and fall and fall,

And that would be the end of all  
Of us; and falling swift and deep  
Adown the world's dark end so steep.  
Our ship through friction soon would burn  
As flame and smoke, to earth return,  
Like meteors falling in the night—  
That burn and blaze—then out of sight.  
Our Athens never again we'd see,  
Such dreadful end our fate would be. (Applause.)

After the drinking horns, filled with clear, pure Grecian wine had been passed around to all voyagers, Salamistus ascended the rostrum and read from a papyrus scroll, in a deep, clear voice, with great deliberation, as follows:

### THE WORLD

No thing can endlessly extend;  
All things, we know, must have an end;  
And if a ship should sail and sail,  
And sail and sail, and sail and sail,  
At last 'twould reach the great world's end,  
Where land or seas and skies do blend.  
Before the end it might strike land,  
According as the Gods have planned.  
But all around great waters pour  
The world's end o'er, with awful roar—  
Down, down, until the foaming mist  
To earth arising, doth insist;  
For nothing from this earth can stray;  
In time all findeth back its way.  
The seas of falling waters wide  
That plunge deep down the world's dark side  
Resolve to foam, to mist, and rise  
And form new clouds up in the skies.  
The freighted clouds with purest rain  
Float o'er, refresh the earth again.  
Thus endlessly, from time's first day,  
The waters fall and rise and play.  
The deep abyss around earth's ends,  
Adown which ocean's blue descends.  
Allows not things of earth to stay,  
In flame or mist must take its way  
Back to the earth without delay.  
In flame like meteors in the night  
That fall and blaze—then out of sight.  
The world is flat, as wise men know;  
Around it circling oceans flow;  
And if a ship should sail and sail,  
And sail and sail, and sail and sail,  
It might, O, sail against some land  
That others say lies like a band;  
A narrow strip just at the brink  
Of the world's edge, so others think.

*The Original Four Hundred*

So ocean circling stream can't flow  
 O'er earth's far end, as others know.  
 The wisest, speaking of earth's end,  
 Say: "Vapors from its end ascend."  
 So clouds can form and rain refill  
 Each ocean, river, lake and rill;  
 And to refresh the thirsty land,  
 The springs and plants on every hand.  
 So 'tis quite plain, and all should know,  
 That o'er earth's ends the oceans flow.  
 Thus waters come and waters go,  
 As long as Gods will have it so,  
 And if a ship should sail and sail,  
 And sail and sail, and sail and sail,  
 At last 'twould reach the great world's end,  
 Where oceans blue and sky do blend.  
 The streams' great pow'r then would insist  
 And draw the ship down in the mist  
 Of roaring oceans falling wide,  
 Adown earth's dark abyssmal side.  
 Down, down, a ship would fall and tumble  
 Below the mist and ocean's rumble;  
 Would fall and fall down distant space,  
 Burn into flame—and then erase,—  
 Just like a flashing meteor's light  
 Ablaze—and all again is night.  
 Thus into space the ship would rise  
 Beyond the trace of human eyes.

O, such would be the direful fate,  
 Too awful, dreadful, to relate,  
 Of any ship upon the sea,  
 That would sail out where oceans fall,  
 For that would be the end of all.

(Applause.)

Scriborites: The ship is sailing slowly, as if it don't want to interfere with the reading of verses that treat of the utmost bounds of the earth. Aeolus, the God of Winds, perhaps is smiling, while listening to the ideas we mortals have of the end of the world; for Aeolus, on his high, endless wanderings, knows well how things look at the world's brink.

Orientes ascended the rostrum and read from a papyrus scroll in a sweet, full rounded, very distinct voice, as follows:

**THE SUN, THE HEART OF THE WORLD**

We ask where does bright Phoebus stay,  
 Throughout the night, when he is away?  
 The warmth, the light, the life of all  
 Earth's creatures, plants, both large and small.  
 O, as from out a fiery heart  
 His rays dart forth in every part  
 Of earth's wide plain, and freely give



Their warmth and light so all may live  
And see the beauties of the world.  
On land and sea, in sky unfurled,  
The heart of all the world is HE.  
His rays give light to me and thee.  
The sun, or Phoebus, is his name,  
The words to us are all the same.  
We ask when he sets in the west  
Where does he rove? where does he rest?  
Our great philosophers, profound,  
Whose thoughts revolve around and round,  
Until they know the reasons why  
Of things on earth, on sea and sky,  
Have taught us, each and every one,  
Also of stars, of moon and sun,  
As follows: You'll remember all,  
Therefore let us again recall:

The sun and moon are near one size,  
That best is seen when they arise  
From out the world's dark, deep abyss,  
Near seas where monstrous serpents hiss.  
The sun, moon, stars, set in the west  
Because the Gods so think it best.  
The dark blue vault where stars do shine  
Doth speak of Pnoebus's love divine;  
The stars receive from him their light,  
So they can shine throughout the night.  
The sun's gold chariot down earth's sides  
Is drawn by fiery steeds with strides  
That far surpass the swallows' flight;  
They onward speed with all their might  
Around the south end of the world,  
Ablazing like a fire ball hurled  
By Jove's strong hand through distant space;  
And thus they fly and onward race  
Around to east, to Orient,  
Where short they rest, for powers spent.  
When fair Aurora's rosy hue  
Tells us his rising soon is due.  
Not long, O, need we have to wait;  
And Phoebus bright, in regal state,  
Steps forth from fiery portals grand,  
With crown illumining sea and land.  
'Tis day! All life has come to light,  
From restful sleep throughout the night.  
Thus follow day and night, we know,  
Because—the Gods will have it so. (Applause.)

Orato, our ship's priest, ascended the rostrum and said: "Fellow voyagers, we know that in certain times of the year Phoebus remains longer in the blue vault above than at other times. We know that there are longer and shorter days. In some time further back than

ours, mankind, on noticing that the days were getting shorter and shorter, were seized with great fear. Noticing that the sun's presence in the blue vault above was constantly growing less and less, the darkness of night growing longer and longer, the days shorter and shorter and shorter, they were terrified with the thought that Phoebus in time would forsake them entirely when all would result in complete darkness, ice and death. In time it became known that there was a shortest day in each year. That from the shortest day on, Phoebus on arising would again gradually lengthen his stay in the blue vault above. Our forefathers and mothers designated the day on which the days begin to lengthen as a great festal day of thanks and prayer with sacrifice to Phoebus, Zeus and all the gods that on high Olympus dwell, for the return of Phoebus, the heart of the world, as Orientes expressed herself.

This day so set apart by our sacred ancestors is, as we all know, also our most prominent day of thanks, prayer and sacrifice. And so will it remain among the wisest of mankind for all time to come. The point at which Phoebus ceases to increase his stay of absence and turns to prolong his stay in the blue vault again, is the most important of events to mankind. Therefore do we, as did our forefathers, greet his return and celebrate the great festal day in his honor with thanks, prayer, sacrifice and athletic games, songs, dance and great universal rejoicing. Much have we discoursed on Phoebus, the light and life of the world; and it is meet and fitting that we conclude with giving thanks and sacrifice to 'Phoebus, the heart of the world,' as Orientes has so affectionately addressed him."

With a deep, clear voice, with incense arising at his side, Orato said:

Since Time O first its course began,  
O, sun! O warmest friend of man—  
Thou, great source of light and life,  
Hast in all lands, without vain strife,  
Received the worship of the wise  
Of every race, for human eyes  
Cannot behold thy glorious rays  
Without bestowing thoughtful praise.  
Thou sets apart the day and night,  
With darkness and with cheery light;  
So orders time for work, for rest,  
For so the Gods have thought it best.  
Without Thee, all would darkness be,  
All icy cold, and life would flee.  
O sun! Like millions gone before,  
Like millions when we are no more,  
We thank thee in our living day  
With sacrifice for each bright ray,  
Until we also pass to rest,  
Because the Gods so think it best.

Aristogiton, who next ascended the rostrum, spoke as follows: Fellow Searovers! We all agree with the opinions expressed in regard to the flat earth, size of the sun and moon, and the manner of the sun's rising and setting.

As you have called on me, I will state an opinion of mine held even in my boyhood, in regard to the sun.

Here, far out on the sea beyond the hearing of our philosophers, where they can not laugh my idea to scorn, I will venture to explain the opinion I hold in regard to the sun's consistency.

I can not expect but that you will consider me quite presumptuous in entertaining a view which is totally at variance with the teachings of our philosophers.

Although the sun is the source of the light and the heat of the world, my belief is that the sun itself need not necessarily be a glowing mass of fire. In my opinion **THE SUN IS COLD.**

I can more readily conceive of the sun being a cold body, than an everlasting burning disc or ball of fire.

Fire consumes and changes the form of things.

The sun since the memory of man has not changed.

This sun theory of mine was formed on noticing the heat generated by throwing cold water on cold lime.

In my opinion the sun is not necessarily hot, but is an immense brilliant body, diffusing light throughout the world.

Its rays are formed or thrown (like cold water on cold lime) down into the earth's atmosphere. The commingling or piercing of the atmosphere by the sun's rays causes motion, resistance, which produces the sun's heat.

The more direct and numerous its rays, and the heavier the air, the greater the heat.

On high mountains where the air is light, although nearer to the sun, icy coldness prevails.

Fellow Adventurers! I could give many more reasons for this theory, but rather advise to hold to the teachings of the philosophers.

Whether (Phoebus) the sun, is cold, or whether he is a glowing mass of fire, we will never cease to give thanks and sacrifice; and honor ourselves by reverently calling him "Our Warmest Friend."  
(*Applause.*)

The musicians on the ship and the ship's grand "Four Hundred" chorus, concluded by singing a well-known song in honor of Phoebus.

Phoebus, in his descent in the west, almost seemed to pause and smile on listening to the many words of praise and the strong, sweet, beautiful music that resounded far over the sea. The night scribe is on deck.

## CHAPTER XVII

### *ANAXOGEROUS SCENTS A PLOT*

**Anaxogorous:**

The wind is fair but very light is the breeze. Our ship doesn't seem to be in any hurry to arrive at the Pillars of Hercules. Several of the voyagers have come on deck and are fishing in the darkness over the stern of the ship. It is only an excuse for being on deck, I guess. The night is sultry and misty. No stars are in sight. A seaman cries out, "Look aloft. Look aloft!" On each mast's furthestmost point is a brilliant light. Hilicarus orders all the voyagers to come on deck if they wish to behold Castor and Pollux. The voyagers all rush on deck without much delay. The night is dark and sultry and misty. On the top of each mast is a light like a blazing torch. They seem to move higher and lower at times. The voyagers are greatly interested.

Captain Arteus is also on deck. He says to the voyagers: "Noble shipmates, Castor and Pollux have alighted on our ship. Their brilliant presence is a very good omen. We truly all have a right to rejoice."

The voyagers also see the furthestmost point of the ship's bowsprit ornamented in the darkness of night by a ball of fire; the bright lights on bowsprit and masts move with the swaying motion of the ship. They, after remaining for the greater time of the night, disappeared and all voyagers returned to their quarters.

Several voyagers have remained on deck. The number of voyagers gathered on deck nights for short conversation seems to be growing. Captain Arteus and Polybus seem to hold secret meetings, also including Hilicarus, second in command of the ship. Captain Arteus, Hilicarus and Polybus and several of the voyagers seem to be expressing their dissatisfaction on some matters on ship. Although they are standing together close to me the rostrum shields us from each other's view in the darkness of the misty night. But I can plainly hear every word of their conversation. I shall keep two records. One shall contain everything I hear and see; and the other shall be the regular record which the Committee of Rules and Order can demand and look over at any time.

They are all talking in a very earnest, determined tone of voice.

Captain Arteus says they have been talking about, "If the ship should sail and sail to the end of the world what would become of it?" Such far, high-reaching ideas fill their minds and shows their feeling of superiority, and also contempt over ordinary mortals. The remark made by the Voyagers' Committee that it was time for them to take part in sailing the ship, saying they could sail it as good as any living mortal, is an unforgiving insult to me. I have nothing to lose on this world. The only one I ever loved is lost to me, and I also would rather many time be lost to myself than return back to Athens again. I would delight in sailing over the end of the world if it were not for the oath I have taken. In my youth a noted soothsayer predicted that the Fates had decreed that I would be Captain of the grandest ship that ever would or could be built by mortal man, and that I would sail, and sail out into the great unknown sea further than any seaman ever had or ever would sail again."

"You can see," continued Captain Arteus, "that my position has been humiliated by the so-called noble voyagers beyond a true seaman's endurance. O, how often, when thinking of my lost love, have I, on looking where the sky and waters meet, longed to sail to the end of the world, over its edge, down into the misty abyss of destruction, and thus find rest for my aching, repining heart."

Polybus, the ship's magician, spoke up and said (and I heard every word he said): "Captain Arteus, we were astounded that you bore the deep insult inflicted upon your position as Captain—king of this ship, by the voyagers. Captain," continued Polybus, "there are at least seven of the ship's voyagers who are here now, myself and Hilicarus also, who all feel and agree that we would rather sail out to the utmost bounds of the world than to sail back to Athens, upon arriving at the Pillars of Hercules, if ever we arrive there." Polybus continued: "If we wish to carry out our plans it must be done in the greatest secrecy. Are you agreed to same?" All answered in a very emphatic, determined voice, "Yes, let us plan for and sail to the end of the world, if we ever arrive at the Pillars of Hercules."

Captain Arteus said: "Let us all join hands, circle around three times, as a joint pledge of honor, and true manhood, to keep our ways, manners and secret plans as secure from the knowledge of others as if we were one man."

I will not inscribe the seven voyagers' names on the secret record scroll. Hilicarus, on walking away to one side of the ship, noticed that I had been sitting so close to where they were standing that I must have overheard all.

He came up to me and said in a low voice: "Have you recorded the Captain's and our conversation?" I replied: "Do not be alarmed; but let me also belong to your circle of secrecy, for, upon listening to the

lectures on the end of the world, of which I only heard a very small part, as I must rest during the day, below deck, I immediately thought, O, if our ship only would sail over the brink of the world, for I can truly say that my lovesick heart will only find rest when it beats no more."

I asked Hillicarus whether he would not ask Captain Arteus to have me included in their circle of secrecy. Captain Arteus, and all others, I found, were eager to have me join their circle, and all joining hands again, we all circled around three times, signifying that our secret plan of sailing over the end of the world should be kept as if it were one man.

Polybus said: "There are different reasons for doing the same thing. Captain Arteus has two reasons why interest in life is a blank to him. We saw the beautiful, noble looking lady from our ship at Pylos as she threw her arms around Captain Arteus. She only consented to marry the rich Pylosian after being told that Captain Arteus beyond all doubt had found a watery grave in the storm that overwhelmed so many fishing ships. Even then we can know that she hesitated to become the rich, wandering Polysian merchant's wife. But the sketch which he showed her of his fine castle, and fine silk and ornaments of gold and sparkling jewels moved her hesitatingly to accept him. Thus was it again a golden key, as it were, that unlocked the door to her chamber for life. Secondly, the desire of a majority of voyagers to take part in sailing the ship, in a degree taking command of the ship, is an insult to Captain Arteus beyond all endurance."

Polybus continued: "I will give you my innermost reasons why I would rather sail over the end of the world than sail back to Athens. Fellow sufferers, I am a magician, seer, and diviner, and it is true that I am in some respects favored and especially gifted of the gods. But in a larger sense I am a human being just as you are. I have eyes, ears, taste, feeling, desires, and am moved by human beauty beyond my control just as are other mortals. I can see further on land, sea or in the sky than other mortals, that is true; but it is not with my eyes alone; I have something to aid me. The gods have gifted me with a very sensitive nature, and I can read the thoughts and intentions and discern the different leanings of mortals keenly. Besides that, I have made a study of them. I could have performed many more entertaining and surprising feats and performances, could have hypnotized all more frequently than I did. But I soon discovered that the greater the variety of performances, the greater grew the aversion against me by the voyagers; but especially the maidens. Upon passing near them their general bearing and looks are as if they are afraid of me. Whenever I walk in a direction toward them they hastily step back and look so frightened as if a wild bull was coming their way.

"I heard one of the maidens say, in great fright, 'O, he has the wisdom of a snake. They seem to look at me with alarm, fearful that I might perform some harmful trick. The simplest magic only have I performed so far. And as they appear to be in great dread that I am in league with dangerous evil demons, I have ceased to perform magical arts altogether, and have striven to be only as a voyager. For thus I hoped that they would not be in fear that I might bewitch them. They all fear to look into my eyes, and in my presence always look away from me.

"Now, as I said, I am on the whole only a human being, and am not unmindful of the beautiful maidens' charms. I am deeply in love with one of them. Now, as a magician, I ought not so to be; but I pray do not blame me, but blame the gods for having so created me. I have laid my magic aside and tried to gain her confidence, but impossible. She, like all the rest, and even more so, whenever I pass near, is ready to flee from my sight. While quite unobserved, I once said to her with the fullness of my heart:

With all thy beauty, with all thy charms,  
Come, fall into my anxious arms.

"She immediately fled below decks and remained out of sight for a long while, always looking at me from a distance, as if I were a demon in human form. I know she would rather jump into the sea than to allow me to talk to her or take her by the hand; and, as they all look at me and act as if I were a wild beast or demon in disguise, I feel that my aching heart can never again find rest until it ceases to beat. Therefore my great longing to sail over the end of the world, to attain to which end I can and will use my gifts of magic."

One of the other voyagers said: "If the finesse of a magician cannot gain their hearts, there is not much hope for anyone towards whom they have no leaning."

Polybus asked Captain Arteus whether he thought we would ever be able to sail so far as to the end of the world. Captain Arteus said: "No seaman has ever sailed so far and we cannot know how far distant it is. A small ship would be overwhelmed by storms before ever getting anywhere near it. Our grand ship must also brave many storms before arriving there, but I believe after many moons' sailing we would arrive at the verge of the world. Secrecy is our watchword. We all must do our best toward that end. My actions and moods will at times likely appear as if I was forgetting our secret compact. But let not that deter any of you from planning toward our common desired end."

Anaxogeros:

To be short, our seven voyagers, myself, and Hilicarus felt highly dissatisfied with matters as they were on ship and admitted

that on account of unrequited love, to which were added disdain and downright insult, we all hailed the proposed secret conspiracy to suggest to the voyagers that our ship sail out on the unknown seas, if we ever should arrive at the Pillars of Hercules.

Polybus has judged the maiden's feeling against him correctly. I heard several of the maidens say that our ship's magician and sooth-sayer looked through his heavy, long, brown eyelashes, with trickish scheming, and twinkling, mischievous eyes.

Captain Arteus said: "Fellow sufferers, it plainly seems we are all really in the same boat. Life to me, as you all well know, lost its hopes and charms many moons ago. And in such a state it does not require much to make me desire the end of all things. Woman, O woman. The fair Helen, nations warred for and countless heroes fell upon the battlefield in the full flush of youth and manhood. But the Fates decree that it shall ever be thus.

"And upon this trip, with the most beautiful women of the world, beyond expression and beyond all comparison, it is little wonder that some of the bravest hearts must bleed for want of responsive love. My love, although alive, is dead to me forever. If I were a landsman, and not a seaman, I would do as many a true, noble-hearted man has done: I would throw my life away in battle. I would rush to join the ranks of noble warriors and push forward with the foremost in the thickest of battle to charge the catapult and die a glorious death for some noble cause.

"But as I am a seaman, whose eyes, since my youth, have beheld the far distant blending of seas and skies, it is more fitting as a true seafarer that I seek my death by sailing out on the vast unknown ocean over the end of the world. Then, and only then, will my love-laden heart, that is fated to seek no response among the living, find its long hoped for rest."

Hillicarus said: "Aurora is announcing the coming of day."

Captain Arteus said: "It is well for all of us to return to our quarters and remain as far apart as possible, so as to forestall suspicion."

Phoebus is gilding a golden path directly towards our ship over the rippling morning sea. The day scribe is here to relieve me.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### *THE PILLARS OF HERCULES! THE PILLARS OF HERCULES!*

Scriborites:

Still dreamingly is our ship wafting toward the west. The watch on the mast calls down, "Pillars of Hercules! Pillars of Hercules! To the West!"

Captain Arteus is called. He and Polybus have come on deck. Captain Arteus has gone up the mast.

Polybus, with his superior vision, says: "Yes, there is an opening into the unknown sea. On each side of the opening are the Pillars of Hercules."

Captain Arteus has come down on deck again.

Captain Arteus said: "Noble voyagers, the Pillars of Hercules, the seaman's furthest westerly bounds, are now in sight."

Wild shouting and rejoicing followed this announcement. Captain Arteus ordered the hoisting of all flags.

The ship's musicians and the ship's full Four Hundred chorus sang to a well-known Grecian tune:

#### THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

The Pillars of Hercules, rocks of the land,  
To north and to south, enduring they stand,  
On shores where straits of Herculeum flow,  
To seas of which, O, little we know.  
The furthestmost west, the Pillars do mark,  
Beyond all's mysterious, dang'rous and dark;  
No seaman dare brave the dark threatening wave,  
Where storms and whirlpools and monsters do rave.

The voyagers, in order to get the best view of the water that connects the Mediterranean with the great unknown ocean and of the Pillars of Hercules, have crowded the masts up to their very tops. The maidens were given the preference and are occupying the highest points on each mast. Great cheering and rejoicing on masts and on deck resounds far over the waters. Incense is arising from two censers swinging at the furthestmost point of our ship's bowsprit. From the bright bronze tripod at Orato's side on the rostrum, incense is also ascending. Orato, surrounded by the voyagers, excepting those on the masts, prayed: "O, Zeus, god of gods, O, Neptune, god of the sea, O, Aeolus,

god of the winds. Ye have this day filled our eyes and our hearts with delight, for ye have vouchsafed unto us this day the great honor of beholding the Pillars of Hercules—the westernmost limit to which man should attain in his wanderings on Neptune's liquid realm. O, ye gods, our helplessness in storms and our knowledge of your omnipotence makes it plain to us that, not only through the great size of our ship, nor because of our Captain's and seamen's diligence have we achieved success, for above all and around all prevails your guiding and protecting favors without which our grand ship would be as a leaf blown by the winds. O, Zeus! O, Neptune! O, Aeolus! we humbly thank ye for having been privileged to attain to the seafarers' utmost westerly limits, and pray, O, may the curling incense ascend to your high abode and be as sweet savor unto thee."

Our ship, with all sails set and flags waving, is now sailing along the shore of the grand, high, rocky north Pillar of Hercules. On the opposite shore to the south appears to view the southern Pillar of Hercules. These Pillars of Hercules mark the western limits of Mediterranean seafarers. Beyond is the dangerous, great unknown ocean. Our ship is now rounding the southernmost point, Calpe (Europa Point), at the foot of the Pillar, and is sailing north into a bay.

Our ship is now landing at the head of the bay. The Pillar of Hercules' rocks is towering above us to the east. Our Landing Committee has gone on shore. Two small sail ships are moored along shore in the bay at a close distance from our ship. Captain Arteus and second in command, Hillicarus, say the ships are surely Phoenician ships. Captain Arteus has advised our Landing Committee and all on shipboard to be very careful to greet and meet the Phoenician seafarers all with the greatest of respect and as real friends.

Captain Arteus said: "We call those ships small, comparing them with our great ship, built by the gods. But they are large ships in the eyes of the Phoenicians, and larger than any ships we ever beheld, excepting our own. The Phoenicians would capture us or destroy us if it were not for the size of our ship. They cannot but be surprised; and envy and anger is no doubt stirring their minds and hearts, for we well know since time immemorial, the Phoenicians have been rulers of the sea."

The Committee of Landing has returned on deck. Theognis reports from the rostrum: "Fellow voyagers, we find that Phoenician ships sail to these shores. In the small town on yonder shore are no more than a few hundred people, most all of whom understand the Phoenician language. We met several of the Phoenician seafarers. They said that from the Pillars of Hercules they had sighted us far out at sea. They asked us where such a colossal ship hailed from. We told them from Athens, a city friendly to Phoenicia. One of the leaders

spoke up and said, in somewhat of a demanding tone: 'Has your ship received permission from the King of Tyre or of Sidon to traffic on these waters?'

"We answered that it was purely an Athenian adventure.

"He answered: 'This much we know: however large your ship, or however wise or brave Athenians may be, they are not fit for true seamen.'

"The leader, a captain, I believe, said: 'We are ready and going to sail on our return trip to Tyre, this day.' Then they walked to their ships."

Captain Arteus spoke up and said: "I do not believe that they will sail direct for Tyre; but I believe they will sail to the Phoenician city of Carthage, situated on the south shore of the Mediterranean. That city is powerful in the possession of many ships and is not nearly so far distant as Tyre. There these ships will make our presence here known and we can expect upon our return voyage, if they sight us, to meet them in a furious battle. But perhaps they will not be able to sight us."

Theognis said: "I can understand and converse with these people on shore and find out all about Phoenician traffic. The town's name is Calphus." The man on the mast, who is always on the outlook in port or on sea, calls down, "The Phoenician ships are sailing out of the bay!" And so it was. The two ships were sailing out on their return to Tyre or Carthage. They made not the least sign of having noticed us.

The Committee of Commerce, and a large number of voyagers under command of Marstenes are going on shore. A number of people are on the shore near the ship's wharf. The King, his nobles and warriors are well equipped with bows, spears, and also have large, well-made catapults. Demonstrations of friendship are made by maidens presenting beautiful flowers to the maidens of our ship. The King and nobles on horse lead our voyagers to the athletic field close by, which is well situated and arranged, very likely through the aid and advice of the Phoenicians.

The King's castle is situated on elevated ground, fortified by a strong, high, stone wall, to which entrance no doubt will be made under the walls, as no gates can be seen. A number of people can be seen studying our ship and people from the turrets of the castle.

Phoenician influence springs to view in all things, in the instruments of war, in dress and also in the houses of the people.

The King and his nobles dismounted from their horses and took their seats in the center of the stand of a long row of seats; each side of which was filled with spectators.

Leone had been chosen to address the King. She spoke in a

sweet, clear, round voice, and said: "Noble King Tyriostos, in the name of our beloved city of Athens, we greet you and your brave people with the true feeling of Athenian friendship. (Applause.) Long has been our voyage on Neptune's swaying realm. Through the favor of the gods we have this day arrived at our much desired goal, the Pillars of Hercules—the westernmost limit of the boldest of seafarers. (Applause.) The fame of the grand, everlasting Pillars of Hercules is known as far as the East is from the West. (Applause.) Many, O many, must have been the bold, daring sea-rovers that with undaunted determination started on their voyages with a hope and a desire of reaching and sighting the eternal Pillars that stand at the furthestmost western limits of seamanship; but they were forced to turn back or found an untimely rest in the ever open, ever closed, ocean grave. Not the grandness of our ship, O, noble King, nor seamanship alone have given us the opportunity to stand before you this day and greet you in true Athenian friendship; but the gods it was, who bestowed such a great favor upon us. Our thanks, prayers, and sacrifices will attest to our appreciation of their great beneficence in that behalf.

"Our eyes inform us that we are in a city, on a shore whose noble King and valiant people are among the favored of the earth. Noble King Tyriostos, we come in peace, not war. Our object is friendship and commerce. We come to join in athletic games, sports, the dance and song, and thus to feel that all mankind are brothers and sisters regardless of the height of mountains or the distance of land or width of seas that lie between our native countries. (Applause.)

"In Athens a saying is that women should not speak at length, therefore I will only say that the gift of the Goddess Flora presented to us maidens by the maidens of Calphus upon placing our feet upon your renowned shore, touched our hearts deeply." (Applause.)

Leone walked up to the King and presented a large, burnished medal to him, saying: "Your Highness, King Tyriostos, in the name of Athens, in the name of all voyagers, I present to you this medal, which was fashioned by one of our most noted Athenian artist engravers, after the description given by a Phoenician of the Pillars of Hercules. You'll recognize the Pillars, straits of Herculeum, and the great unknown seas beyond."

King Tyriostos was equal to the occasion. He accepted the medal with thanks, held her by the hand and kissed Leone, who struggled back without delay. He can truly boast in saying that he kissed one of the most beautiful maidens in the world.

Leone concluded: "In the name of all the voyagers of our ship *Aeolus* we thank your highness, King Tyriostos, the noble maidens and all the people of Calphus for all the evidences of true friendship existing on all sides. (Applause.)

"One of the nobles arose and said, in the Phoenician language: "King Tyriostos appointed me to say that at the close of the games he will also have the pleasure of addressing you. Noble Four Hundred of Athens, at present he would be pleased if you would join with his people in games such as are both common to Athenian and Calphusians.

"Running, casting of the discus, pole climbing, archery, and lance throwing were the principal games engaged in. All the games could have been won by our voyagers easily; but intentionally, playing without effort in most of the games, the Calphusians turned out victors."

At the close of the banquet, after several of our voyagers had spoken, King Tyriostos arose and said: "Noble Four Hundred of Athens; this eventful, joyous, Athenian-Calphusian festal day will be agreeably remembered until the last of our days. It will be retold to Calphusians again and again. The presence of your wonderful ship, with its beautiful, brilliant flags, waving from each of its four grand masts, and its beautifully painted sails, in itself gives to our city a festal day appearance. Unto many moons will our people speak of the wonder ship that landed at our shore, and the strong, stalwart, brave, superior, god-like race of people with whom Calphusians had the honor and great pleasure to mingle in games, song and dance. (Applause.)

"Noble Four Hundred, most of our people have never heard of your beloved Athens, because it is so far distant. From our Phoenician friends, who have trafficked with our city since endless moons, have I at times heard of Grecians and Athenians. With great praise did they speak of Athens, giving one the impression that its people were above common mortals, noble, brave and wise. We had but a very dim knowledge of Athens; but this day the mist that surrounded the names of Greece and Athens has disappeared from view. Of many lands, have the Phoenicians often spoken with hatred, but of Greece and of Athens always with respect. Now we see and behold the reasons thereof. Truly great must be the country in which that great ship was built, and a god-like, superior race of people must dwell in the land from which it sailed. We can believe that its voyage is one of peace, not one of war. For the ship itself presents a festal day and not a warlike appearance. Also the freedom with which you mingle in our games indicates that your voyage is not a warlike one.

"Noble Four Hundred, the large number of maidens, whose beauty of person and nobility of countenance beyond expression, show that your great adventure is not intent on war. Any one of them is worthy to battle for; yet would no true man allow the maidens themselves to share in the dangers of war wantonly.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, I also address you as friends, although after I have expressed myself and explained all, you may perhaps not look upon me and my people as such. This festal day is

a great surprise to us, for with no people are we supposed to mingle in friendship, excepting with the Phoenicians, whose language most of us can speak, and who have trafficked here even since the days of our forefathers. If we did not hold the belief that Athens and Phoenicia were not open enemies to each other we could not have allowed your ship to lie in this Phoenician bay nor allow the ship's voyagers to tread upon what we may call Phoenician soil. Phoenicians traffic with inland cities from here and return to Carthage or Tyre or Sidon laden with all kinds of valuable wares. They tell us that many cities have they built on distant coasts. Carthage have they also built, and our city also.

"The Phoenicians were the true friends of our fathers and also are they our true friends in war, in peace, and in traffic—commerce.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, you have come in peace and for commerce. As friends we must explain that our commerce all belongs to the Phoenicians. If it were otherwise it all would end in war and bloodshed. Phoenicians are brave, dauntless, seafaring people, such as have no equal.

"You have seen the two Phoenician ships that sailed away from here today. The Phoenicians said to us that from the top of the Pillar of Hercules they saw a great ship sailing close to the shore. They said no flag or sign did it show that it was a Phoenician ship. They said it had many brilliant flags waving but that the ship was a stranger. They knew it was a ship from some strange land, and admitted that their two ships could not fight or capture it on account of its wonderful size, especially if it carried as many men as its size would indicate. The brave Phoenicians have a certain right to the sea. Streams of blood have run on ship decks and many a ship have they destroyed or captured that tried to traffic on our bay. The two ships that sailed out will make the presence of your grand Athenian ship known with the greatest speed possible in Carthage and all other Phoenician cities along the coast, including Tyre and Sidon. We wish you, O noble Athenian Four Hundred, a propitious return voyage; but we fear that the combined strength of numbers of Phoenician ships which will be trying to find you, cannot but call forth a deadly combat. May I speak plainly? If it were not for the large number of comely and noble maidens of your grand ship I would not warn you of the dangers before you as I now do. I am not speaking as the Phoenicians would want me to speak; for I have explained it as if talking to friends. They desire to be our only friends. They have made it plain to us that it is best for us to have them only as friends in traffic. They attack, destroy, or capture every ship that comes here from any other shore for commerce. As the sun is inclining towards the western end of the world, I only wish to say that we all will remember the

joy of this Athenian-Calphusian festal day, with the advice not to remain until many Phoenician ships arrive; for we do not wish to have the waters of our bay mingled with the blood of our Athenian and Phoenician friends. Noble Four Hundred of Athens! may you all speedily return without combat to your great Athens again. That is my wish and the wish of all my people." (Slight applause.)

Marstenes arose and said: "King Tyriostos, we thank you for your plain words and your people for the pleasure of this beautiful festal day. King Tyriostos, our ship is on a voyage of friendship and peace. But any attack against our designs will be fearlessly combatted to the last drop of Athenian blood, on sea or on land. (Great applause by all voyagers.) It remains yet to be seen whether Phoenicia is to remain the monarch of the sea."

With music and song, accompanied by the King, nobles and people, the procession marched to the ship's wharf, where the maiden voyagers were presented with flowers by young men and the young men voyagers presented with flowers by the maidens of Calphus, upon which all voyagers returned aboard the ship.

Emporiacles, of the Committee of Commerce, spoke from the rostrum as follows: "Fellow voyagers, this city is fully under the control of Phoenician merchants. Its King has been named Tyriostos in honor of the city of Tyre by its merchants. The people dare not in the least barter with the people of any other land. The barterers spoke plainly and said trading with other distant people was punished by death. Our ship, they said, would be attacked by Phoenician ships if it remained until they came in large numbers. They gave us these golden nuggets as a gift. Such, they say, Tyrian, Sidonian and Carthaginian merchants barter for in large quantities. We asked them where the gold mines were. They said they did not know, but they were far away. On questioning further, we found out that the gold was from Tarshish.

"They said they did not know where Tarshish was; but we are quite certain Tarshish, from which the Tyrians get their gold, is not far from here. At present the personnel of our ship is such as not to allow us to seek combat, but upon our return to Athens our ship, with warriors only, should at once return here and with determination discover Tarshish—the source of Tyrian and Sidonian gold. As I have already said, we find that we cannot barter with the traders here unless with armed force, which is not the intention of this first voyage."

I understood from one of the traders that the true name of their town is not Calphus. But we can find here again, for we know it lies in a small bay bounded on the east by the Pillar of Hercules.

Hypnothoon spoke from the rostrum and said: "It has been agreed



by all voyagers that the ship remain here several days and in the meantime perhaps sail back and forth before the Pillars of Hercules."

The ship's wharf planks are hauled on deck and the time is drawing near for the dreams of night.

Anaxogeros, night scribe:

Darkness is o'er land and sea. Little will there be to record this night, the ship lying at its moorings. It is now past midnight. Captain Arteus, Hillicarus, and seven voyagers are here on deck planning to have the voyagers agree to sail out into the great unknown sea. Captain Arteus said: "I will only sail out on one condition; first, every voyager must agree to sailing out into the unknown ocean, and, secondly, must agree that I under all conditions shall have full command and control as to what course the ship shall sail. None must ever ask me to sail this way or that way, but all must sail wherever I command the ship to sail."

One of the voyagers said that that was exactly according to the laws of the sea, and no one would or could object.

Polybus said: "Let us stay here a few days and become better acquainted with the land and sea. That will tend to aid us in carrying out our plan."

Polybus also said: "In company with the native soothsayer, diviner of Calphus, I walked along the side of the Pillars of Hercules, where he revealed to me a place where the roveritus plant grows in abundance. This rare plant is known to many soothsayers. The dark, red berries taste agreeably sweet. Those who eat them are filled with a feeling of deep unrest. They stimulate courage and create a longing to wander from whatever place one may be. Those who eat its berries become oblivious of home, of their native shores, and are animated by an uncontrollable desire to rove onward and onward to new scenes and lands, looking forward with a victorious feeling to the obstacles which they may have to encounter on their travels. Those who eat of these exhilarating roveritus berries never know the cause of their great desire to travel further and further onward, and the word 'home' sounds insignificant and distasteful to their ears. On eating large quantities of the roveritus berries, it makes all feel as if they would like to fly onward and onward over land and sea from country to country. The feeling of seeing the world and distant countries is uppermost in their minds and desires. The further they travel the further off is the idea of returning home. The roving desire which the roveritus berry stimulates and creates does not lessen, but increases with travel. Its effect is not only immediate but usually endures for a great number of moons."

Polybus continued: "Captain Arteus, my discovery, through information of a brother soothsayer, of the existence here of the very rare



roveritus plant will beyond all doubt assist us in carrying out our secret plans of sailing over the end of the world, without any special efforts of our own."

Captain Arteus replied: "That is a good, fortunate discovery. The less effort it requires for us to successfully accomplish our object the better it is. I have made up my mind that all must agree and desire to sail out into the western unknown ocean. Otherwise I shall remain true to my oath—of which the gods were called as witness."

One of the other voyagers said: "We will leave that all with you, as we know we very well can."

Polybus spoke again and said: "We will find that the effect of the roveritus berries will be such that even if we should take the opposite course, a longing to sail out on the western ocean will make itself heard among the voyagers."

Captain Arteus, Polybus and the rest are back to their quarters below deck. Although the vault above is completely covered with clouds Aurora in the east is palely penetrating the gray clouds and is announcing the coming of day. It is day!

Scriborites:

The voyagers are all coming on deck. Marstenes, speaking from the rostrum, said: "Fellow sea rovers, are we going to sail from these shores without demonstrating through force that we do not recognize the claim of Phoenicia of having complete control of Calphus' traffic, barring out all other ships?"

Sophon replied: "There is a large reserve force of well armed warriors within the walls of the castle. This is known by the Committee on Commerce. Otherwise King Tyriostos, who has thus been named by the merchants of Tyre would not have talked so openly and fearlessly in his closing words to us at the banquet. As our committee advise, upon our return to Athens no time ought to be lost in returning here well armed with warriors only, and demand the whereabouts of Tarshish, and also perhaps of Ophire, the mines where Phoenicians obtain their gold. Our present voyage is not to invite combat, but to avoid it."

The applause that followed Sophon's remarks showed beyond all doubt that the opinion expressed by Sophon was in harmony with the ship's adventure.

### CLIMBING THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

It has been agreed that the day shall be spent in climbing the Pillars of Hercules and sauntering around its sides and shores. The voyagers are all on shore and are ascending the mountain on its west side, at various places. Arriving on its highest summit a wondrous view lay before the voyagers. To the south is Abyla, the southern Pillar of Hercules; between the north and south shores, the Straits of Herculeum;

to the east the broad Mediterranean, and towards the west the great unknown ocean.

Orato, our ship's priest, had carried his light bronze tripod along up to the summit of the Pillar. Surrounded by all the voyagers he filled the tripod with incense, lit it and as the fumes ascended from the tripod prayed with thanks to the gods for the honor and privilege accorded to the voyagers of the *Aeolus* in beholding from the summit of the Pillar of Hercules the beautiful scene in the distance, unto the great western unknown ocean. After Orato's prayer all voyagers joined in singing to a well known tune:

The Pillars of Hercules, rocks of the land, etc.

The sweet sounds of which seemed to resound even across unto the Pillar of Hercules on the south coast. Descending down the west side of the Pillar a beautiful, large cave was discovered. It is very high and endlessly deep. In it are many curiously shaped pillars. The stone figures and stone pillars are so beautiful that our voyagers remained in the cave quite a time, beholding, in the glare of torches, held by men voyagers, the beautiful interior with great, unnamable wonder. The most wonderful and most beautiful cave in the world, it must be, all agreed!

In a rocky dale, near the shore, the voyagers found a large number of thriving bushes, bearing luscious purple berries. After having eaten of the berries to their fullness, of which Polybus and several of the voyagers picked baskets full, all proceeded back to the ship, with a feeling that reminded them of having climbed the Pillars of Hercules. The sight from its summit and the discovery of the beautiful cave marked the day as one of the most delightful days of their lives.

In the absence of the voyagers the seamen had filled the ship's large water tank, which is at the inside bottom of the ship, with fresh water.

Anaxagerous:

All the voyagers have answered the roll call. All are on the ship again. Phoebus has set in the west and the voyagers are all down to their quarters. Anaxagerous, the night scribe, is here. The night scribe knows but little of what has happened during the day time; but has knowledge of many things that shun the light of day.

Hilicarus, second commander of the ship, Captain Arteus, Polybus, and the seven voyagers are all on deck in close conference. Polybus says: "The purple berries are the real roveritus berries. We will not fail to notice their exhilarating effect upon all voyagers. We have gathered several baskets full of the roveritus berries, which will be distributed while the ship is sailing to and fro near the Pillars of Hercules to the seamen and all voyagers. The exhilarating effect and the

great desire of sailing onward and onward which the roveritus berries create, last not only for a day but often for many moons."

It is past midnight. Captain Arteus, Polybus and the seven voyagers have gone to their quarters for the night. A large number of men and maiden voyagers have come on deck. They are saying to each other, "O, what a beautiful night it is, would it not be better if the ship were sailing out on the sea, instead of lying here quietly at its moorings?"

All voyagers are on deck. They never were as outspoken and lively as on this night. A large number of men and maidens are up the masts and out on the large yard-arms singing. Captain Arteus is on deck again and calls for the Committee of Rules and Order. The committee: Diagorax, Sophon, Pindarus and Meander appear before the Captain.

Captain Arteus said: "Is not the presence of maidens at this time of night against the rules and order of the ship?" Sophon replied that it was; but that all the voyagers, since climbing the Pillars of Hercules felt themselves so much awake that they all agreed to go on deck.

Captain Arteus said: "Is it not well to remember Philostenes's advice and warning, given in his farewell address? He said: 'It is not well for the maidens to remain on deck after dark, because in the darkness of night it becomes difficult to distinguish, discriminate, between what is proper and what is improper behavior.'

"I also remember, on listening to one of our orators at Athens speaking on the effect of light and darkness on the minds and actions of mortals, the orator said: 'In the shades of eve or night the ideas of what is proper easily become confused and erased.' In speaking of young men and maidens he also said: 'In the dark all nature seems to be suffering for want of a spark.' Also the following I recall to mind:

When darkness, like a cloak, doth shield  
From others' eyes our acts,  
Then, O, beware, thou dost not yield  
And follow tempting tracks.

"Also he said:

When darkness reigns, and none can see,  
Propriety, O, oft doth flee.

Marstenes, by order of the Committee of Rules and Order, had the trumpeters blow their horns and all return to their quarters again.

Polybus is on deck again. He says the roveritus berries it was that created a general feeling that the ship ought not to lie quiet at its moorings. The east vault is paling towards day. Scriborites is on deck.

Truly the ship will not remain here at its moorings for the day.

Every voyager, maid and man, since beholding the grand view from Pillar of Hercules has become imbued with a true seaman's feeling—a restless desire to sail onward over the bounding waves. All voyagers are on deck. It is a beautiful day. The birds are singing beautifully among the trees on shore, and our voyagers are all getting ready to sing a lively Grecian tune. The following, which has been composed on a previous occasion by one of our ship's voyagers and does duty as one of our ship's storm songs, beginning:

When Boreas storms in howling glee,  
We sailors, far out on the sea,  
Pity, O pity, the folks on land,  
Eyes and faces full of sand, etc.

The rigging of the ship's masts is crowded with men and maiden voyagers. Upon singing the storm song, Musicolus, leader of the ship's music, gave the sign from the rostrum, upon which all joined in singing the Storm Song as before recorded. Never before have our voyagers sung with such energy, spirit and abandon as on this morning. Their strong, sweet voices indicated that their hearts were in the song. They felt as they sang and sang as they felt.

After the singing, Kerdosocles, of the Committee of Commerce, spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow commercial voyagers, we have been told that we could not too often recall to mind and repeat to ourselves the great object of our great ship's voyage—commerce. We have successfully arrived at the Pillars of Hercules, the most westerly destination of the most daring seamen. (Applause.) Soon our ship will cut the liquid blue with its bow pointing in the direction of our native Athens again. If the gods grant us a safe return, much will the report of your Committee on Commerce contain in regard to the possibilities of a very profitable trade with the distant strange shores.

"Our ship, as we have found through conversation with the traders, at the places where we have landed, has not landed at one-quarter of the number of places to which the Phoenicians sail regularly. The object of this first voyage, as we all know, is not so much for real active trade as it is a voyage of discovery of trading places; voyage for the purpose of ascertaining the possibilities and value of commerce with strange distant shores. At various of our landing places we have formed bonds of friendship and have bartered merchandise of many kinds to the profit of our new-made friends, and also to the profit and glory of our own native Athens. (Applause.)

"The name of our beloved Greece, Athens, through our voyage is becoming favorably known to many shores where it was heretofore unheard of. What opinions the wisest of the people at the various shores where we landed hold in regard to the people of the land from which our

ship sails is not necessary to refer to. You all heard their more than fulsome praise. We can say that from the experience, observation and information we have gathered in regard to the value of commerce with distant lands, our voyage so far is a complete success. (Applause.)

"One of the thoughtful traders pointed out to us that our ship is too grand for real active commerce. Some goods would get too old before the ship's cargo could be gathered; and also for other reasons. The Phoenician ships we saw here, he thought, are the proper size for commerce.

"On our return to Athens, if the gods grant it, the committee will recommend the building of many ships of smaller size than the *Aeolus*; and your Committee of Commerce can already see in its mind's eye, ships laden with valuable wares, silver and gold, sailing towards Athens to the greatness and glory of all Greece. (Applause.)

"We have observed this: that without the loss of life, without conflicts, commerce cannot be made successful. Commerce cannot be established without bloodshed and war, therefore lies there a great hope for all of Grecian descent. (Applause.)

"Commerce is worth battling for; for it means all that is desirable for a great nation: wealth, power and progress in war, peace, literature and art.

"The nuggets of gold which we have received from the traders here, and their information in answer to our inquiries will, beyond all doubt, enable our next ship's voyage here, to return to Athens with a goodly cargo just as the Phoenician ships carry on returning to Tyre and Sidon. But, as we said before, we must battle for and bravely assert our rights to trade and barter with people on distant shores equal to those of Phoenicia. (Applause.)

"Sailing for commerce is equal to sailing to war for wealth. The personnel of a ship of commerce must consist of a goodly number of brave warrior seamen, language interpreter, and last, but not least, shrewd traders and barterers who know the value and desirability of wares for our Athens and for the people of the shores at which the ships land. It is looming up clearer and clearer in our minds that the value of commerce to a nation is such that the people who stay at home will find it to their interest and benefit to assist in building ships of commerce for trading to distant shores. We can understand plainer than ever how commerce can aid in making a nation powerful, strong and great. We, your Committee on Commerce, although our voyage is only half completed, realize more clearly than ever the meaning of the short saying spoken by our Phoenician friend Ithobal, which is:

A nation, to be grand,  
Must rule on sea and land.

**"Also :**

**"The ship bringeth abundance from afar."**

Kerdosocles descended the rostrum amidst applause. One of the voyagers said, "I observed that when Kerdosocles, in his remarks, referred to what the Committee of Commerce would report on our ship's return to Athens, a foreign expression passed over Resignates' our Cassandra's face. I would like to ask our ship's Cassandra whether she still feels that our ship will never return to Athens again.

Resignates replied, "Whenever I hear any of us voyagers talking about what he or she intends to say or do upon our ship's return to Athens, I know that such ideas are all vain, for the Fates have decreed that our ship shall never again return to Athens; nor will ever any of its crew or voyagers."

One of the men voyagers said, "Cassandra, allow me to remark you are too good looking to be gifted with the wisdom of prophecy. You do not look like a prophetess, and we are not going to believe your predictions."

Resignates replied, "I don't want to look like a prophetess, and I don't care whether you believe my predictions. All I say is the ship will never return to Greece again."

One of the voyagers asked, "Resignates, can you give us a reason for your presentiment?"

Resignates said, "I feel a shaping of coming events, although I can not explain all in words even to myself. We know that thought is deeper than words, and feeling deeper than thought. I will not speak much, but one often hears the word 'luck' used. There is no such thing as luck. The gods know what will happen tomorrow by the events of not only today, but by the events of many moons past. The events of today have been shaped by the wave like events of the past. The gods know the future by the wave movement of the past and present. The present is born of the past. I do not know whether it would be well for mortals to feel or to know the events that will happen in the future. All I know is that I have made my peace with the gods long ago, and that I will, for our short time is precious, enjoy the beauties and pleasures of the world to its fullest extent."

One of the voyagers said, "So you believe, in view of the short, precious time we still have before us, that we should enjoy ourselves with a sort of reckless abandon?"

Resignates replied, "Yes, I believe we are fools if we do not enjoy ourselves during the short time allowed to us by the Fates; enjoy ourselves, not with reckless abandon, but with thoughtful abandon. But I do not wish to be the cynosure of all eyes and will seek my quarters for a time."

One of the men voyagers spoke from the rostrum and said, "Fellow sea rovers, we have all received the baptism of the sea and we are fully conscious of the fact that with our natural superior gift of comprehension and our experience on the sea in all its moods, we are above and beyond the common seamen. We understand the philosophy of the sea, and of true seamanship more profoundly than has ever mortal man with the exception only of the great Ulysses, who will always remain the greatest sailor of all time. (Applause.)

"We have, after encountering Neptune's various moods, arrived here alongside of the Pillars of Hercules. This is an indication that the combined gods looked with favor on our trip and grand commercial venture. (Applause.) We are not common seamen and the gods have a right to expect more of us and our ship than of a smaller ship with common seamen. (Applause.)

"We have, it is true, sailed to these Pillars of Hercules, the furthestmost westerly limits of the bravest of sea rovers, but I ask, are we 'the Four Hundred of Athens,' to be guided by the limits of inferior seamanship? Fellow sea rovers, I will leave you answer that question. As for me, I feel as if I would like to fly to all the ends of the world." (Great applause.)

Norio spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow adventurers, we maidens all feel as if we could sail this grand ship, for we have carefully studied the captain's commands and observed the seamen's actions. But I will not talk long and will only relate a short dream that is still plainly before my eyes. I dreamt that after sailing many moons westward out on the vast unknown sea, our ship plunged over the end of the world, down, down! In the midst of the terrible, frightful fall and tumble, I awoke and thanked the gods that our ship was still lying safely near the Pillars of Hercules."

Captain Arteus walked in the midst of the voyagers and said, "Noble voyagers, the ship will for the balance of the day sail on our Mediterranean sea to and fro, before the Pillars of Hercules. During that time, noble voyagers, you can decide what course the ship shall pursue on the coming morrow." (Applause.)

The freedom given by the Captain to the voyagers of deciding the ship's future course, pleased all greatly. Our ship is now on the Mediterranean, where it will, for the remainder of the day, sail slowly to and fro, before the Straits of Herculeum that connects the great Mediterranean with the unknown ocean. The day is beautiful. A light, warm breeze is from the south. Our ship has now sailed across the Straits of Herculeum in plain view of Cape Abyla, the southern Pillar of Hercules. Just beyond, near the Pillar, on the south coast, is also a mountain that seems to hide its top in the clouds.

One of the voyagers speaks from the rostrum and says, "Fellow sea



rovers, it seems that all of us voyagers, men and maidens, desire that our ship should sail out through the Straits of Herculeum into the great western unknown ocean. There is such a great desire to sail out through the Straits of Herculeum into the ocean by all voyagers that the matter should be discussed fully and then be decided upon. Let us all discuss the question without ascending the rostrum."

One of the voyagers said, "If we are to sail out on the great unknown sea, we must well consider what dangers are known to have their home there. Large ship destroying and man eating snakes and monsters and unicorns are there. Ship destroying whirlpools, high waves, storms that can toss our ship about like a child's plaything. Well, we know that the wisest in all times hath said, 'The Pillars of Hercules—what is beyond is inaccessible, both to the wise and foolish.' Fellow adventurers, I only have given some of the dangers of the great western unsailed ocean; but as for myself, I would delight to sail out through the Straits of Herculeum on the vast, unsailed, unknown, mysterious western ocean." (Great applause.)

One of the maiden voyagers points on the sea to a beautiful, large black and white bordered butterfly, which has been blown on the sea by the south wind. It has fallen on the water and is helplessly moving its wings at times. One of the maidens said:

"Butterfly blown by the storm on the sea,  
All there is left, is pity for thee."

Resignates (Cassandra) standing nearby, said: "We on the ship are also just like that butterfly; blown on the sea, and all there is left, is pity for ye—and me."

The other maidens replied, "Surely we have nick-named you right; you are a true Cassandra; always predicting that evil will overcome us."

One of the maiden voyagers said, "Fellow sea rovers; we believe that there is not one voyager that objects to our ship's sailing out unto the western ocean. The ship, we believe, ought to sail a great ways out and then return and proudly sail with its prow pointing in the direction of Athens, homeward again. Some say what if one of its great storms would overtake our ship we should all find a watery resting place. We know that we have often said if we all go together at once what is the difference? Who'd care?"

A number of the men voyagers asked Captain Arteus to give his opinion in regard to the advisability of sailing out on the unknown sea.

Captain Arteus said, "Noble voyagers, whether the ship will sail out through the Straits of Herculeum into the unknown sea, that I will leave to the voyagers to agree upon and decide. But I state plainly that the ship will only sail out under three conditions: First, it must be



the wish of each and every voyager that the ship shall sail out. Secondly, the ship will sail out only with the agreed understanding of all voyagers that the ship shall be sailed by seamen commanded by seamen, on the principle that seamen must rule on the sea and not voyagers (landsmen). Thirdly, at no time shall any or any number of the voyagers indicate by word or action the course the ship shall sail—whether west, east, north or south or any other direction or course.

“With this understanding and agreement, noble voyagers, I leave the decision in regard to sailing out on the unknown western sea wholly to you. I will instruct Polybus to study the stars and in his various ways to find out any signs that may point for or against our sailing out into the western ocean. Noble voyagers, take the matter into profound consideration. Do not be hasty. Bear in mind the conditions which I stated and which all must agree to, before our ship can cut the foam of the great unknown waters.”

Captain Arteus walked to the stern of the ship. One of the men voyagers ascended the rostrum and said, “Fellow adventurers! fearless adventurers! We have heard and fully understood and realized the conditions under which Captain Arteus will sail out on the grand western ocean. The vote taken in regard to the matter shows that all of us voyagers agree and desire to sail out on the unknown sea in accordance with the conditions laid down by Captain Arteus. (Great applause.) Fellow adventurers, let us not call this unanimous desire and agreement final until all again are asked on the morrow morning. As darkness is spreading over the land and sea we all again can express our opinions and desires after having enjoyed the strengthening powers of Morpheus.” The night scribe is on deck.

Anaxogorous:

The moon and stars are spreading their mild lustre over shore and sea. Polybus is on deck, carefully studying the stars in the western vault above. Polybus, Captain Arteus and the seven voyagers are again considering matters in regard to sailing to and over the end of the world. Captain Arteus, Hillicarus, the seven voyagers and Polybus agree that it would require extra efforts to keep the voyagers from sailing out. Polybus claims that all the great determination and enthusiasm of the voyagers to sail out is the effect of the roveritus berries. Captain Arteus and the seven voyagers have gone down to their quarters again. Polybus, alone, has remained on deck, to study the stars.

Polybus and Hillicarus have called my attention to the fact that the grand meteor that has just descended, dazzling bright, leaving a long, fiery tail, descended in a westerly direction, towards the unknown sea. It was a wonderful fiery meteor, more glittering than I ever beheld. The heavens are now overcast with clouds. The south wind is lulled and deep darkness is all around. It is a sultry night. Thunder, light-

ning and rain are holding sway. Fiery zig-zag flashes, followed by deafening peals of thunder, glaringly point out the shores and the Pillars of Hercules in the pitchy darkness of night. Torrents of rain descend from the fiery vault above. It is past midnight. The storm has abated. The voyagers all seem to be restless for they are coming on deck.

One of the voyagers speaks from the rostrum and says, "Fellow voyagers, Polybus will now, before even Phoebus brings us day, inform us whether he has discovered or noticed any signs that augur for or against our sailing out on the great western sea. We voyagers feel as if we ought to sail out; for there is nothing that a true Grecian dare not dare." (Applause.)

Polybus was asked to ascend the rostrum and said, "Fellow adventurers, I yesterday and this night found, observed and noticed, various things and occurrences that denote signs auguring whether our ship should or should not sail out. This night while the stars were shining brightly, Hilicarus, Anaxogeros and myself beheld a most dazzling meteor falling from the heavens in a westerly direction over the western ocean. In its glittering descent, its long fiery tail looked like a long, fiery finger, pointing out towards the unknown sea. It remained in its fall much longer than usual, thus giving us a good opportunity to notice its long, fiery, finger-like form.

"Yesterday Captain Arteus and myself noticed a large albatross alight on the fore mast of our ship. After a short stay it flew towards the western sea. We did not call attention to it at the time, because some of the voyagers thoughtlessly might have disturbed it. During this night, just after the great rain storm abated, Castor and Pollux were brightly shining on the top of each of our ship's masts; a good omen always.

"Noble adventurers, Captain Arteus asked me to observe the blue vault above for signs that augur for or against our ship sailing out into the unknown ocean. In the early night, the heavens were clear and bright. Urso Major is overhead; the pointers, be it noted, are to the west of the zenith and point down to the Phoenician star. The Pleiades, be it also noticed, are about setting in the west to the right. The great streak of light in the vault above also points with its one end toward the western ocean. Brilliant, starry Gemini hangs like a golden crown over Orion's stars, which has set in the west side of the world.

"Noble voyagers, to rehearse all the starry signs that augur for our ship to sail out, would be tiresome, for they are endless. The vault above is now again covered with clouds and in this darkness of night we may not be able to see any more signs. But the day also may have signs in store for us."

One of the men voyagers spoke from the rostrum and said: "Fellow sea rovers! The fact that all of us are here on deck, before Aurora

has vanished into the darkness of night, shows with what eagerness we all desire to sail out upon the western ocean, regardless of its storms, high waves, whirlpools, or ship-destroying, or man-eating sea monsters. (Great applause.) For we are Grecians (applause), regardless of what the most daring and bravest of seafarers fear to do (applause), regardless of what the bravest of mortals ever dared not to do. (Applause.)

"Neptune, the god of all seas, and also Aeolus, god of the winds, expect more of us than of other mortals, on sea as well as on land. (Applause.) For us to have our great ship's prow turned in the direction of Athens without having sailed out farther on the encircling ocean, would be looked upon as cowardice by all the gods that upon high Olympia dwell. No such stigma will we allow to fall on descendants of our most illustrious, heroic, Grecian forefathers. (Great applause.) Polybus, upon a time, has truly spoken in saying that the presence of our grand beautiful ship on the unknown ocean with its bright rainbow flags, beautifully painted sails, on which also Neptune's picture is artistically displayed, and with its Athenian Four Hundred, would be looked upon by Neptune as a mark of honor. (Applause.) The very waves would be pleased and would be delighted to have our grand ship and its personnel glide over its ponderous, vast, heaving bosom. (Applause.) All the signs observed so far by Polybus indicate that the Gods wish us to honor the God of the Seas by our presence out on his great western unknown realm." (Applause.)

Captain Arteus has come on deck. Ascending the rostrum, Captain Arteus said: "Noble voyagers, seeing that you are all on deck, even before Phoebus has vanished the darkness of night, I have a right to believe we have a very auspicious day before us. Therefore, have I ascended this rostrum, because of the great importance of matters to be decided. It is well known to the bravest and oldest of seamen that at times landmen apparently display more courage and seem more fearless than real seamen. And why? Because they are blind to and are ignorant of the various dangers of the sea. Deep ignorance and folly at times may appear as courage.

"Noble voyagers, full well, I know the present courage and determination is not of that kind. I know that it is real courage and profound thoughtfulness that has decided you to sail out on the vast ocean of oceans. I do not look upon you as landmen and maidens, for your close study of the sea and all its wiles, and at times, assistance in handling and sailing our great ship, has on this long voyage, entitled each of you, noble Athenians, to the recognition and title of full seamanship. (Applause.) Nothing else could be expected, noble Four Hundred of Athens, from such as the gods have gifted with superior excellencies, including strength, determination, and fearlessness.

"Noble Four Hundred, you know I have taken an oath before all the

gods, upon our departure at Athens, and I wish to hear whether the oracle of Delphi, which was read before our departure at Athens, contains anything forbidding our ship from sailing out through the Straits of Herculeum into the unknown sea."

I, Anaxogeros, night scribe, got the parchment roll containing the Oracle of Delphi, on request of Captain Arteus, and with the aid of a light found that the Oracle of Delphi only advised on what day the great ship should start on its voyage, but nothing further.

Captain Arteus continued, "Noble voyagers, as the Oracle of Delphi says nothing that forbids our ship from sailing out through the Straits of Herculeum, I am not bound by any oath in that manner. The limit of our voyage was set to be the Pillars of Hercules, but the unanimous will of the voyagers on all matters was to be supreme." (Applause.)

Captain Arteus descended the rostrum and returned to his quarters below deck.

One of the maidens hastily ascended the rostrum and said, "Fellow sea rovers, it seems to me, it matters not whither we sail to or whither we go, or what may befall us, as long as we all go together." (Applause.)

It is raining lightly. The voyagers have all gone to their quarters for a short rest before Phoebus illumines land and sea.

Polybus says to me in confidence: "The roveritus berries have created a restless, wandering spirit in all the voyagers." The wind has lulled and the ship is lying nearly still on the Mediterranean, in front of the Straits of Herculeum. Aurora, through the opening of clouds, announces the coming of day. The day scribe, Scriborites, is now on deck.

Scriborites:

The voyagers are coming on deck very early this day. Captain Arteus asked Polybus to ascend the rostrum and announce in regard to the signs auguring for or against the ship's sailing out.

Polybus said: "Noble adventurers, I have studiously observed all signs and find each and all to indicate that the ship ought to sail out through the Straits of Herculeum into the vast unknown sea. (Great excitement and applause.)

"Neptune would feel honored and proud by your ship and the presence of its noble Four Hundred of Athens there. Fellow adventurers, watch those sea gulls—watch them fly! hear them cry! Onward towards the west they are flying—further and further until lost sight of—on the great unknown sea. Their cry as they flew past was, 'Sail out! Sail out! Sail west! Sail west!' Thus the graceful white sea birds, the true seaman's friend, have also indicated the direction our ship ought to sail. Noble Four Hundred of Athens, I can almost see and

hear the stars, moon and sun beckon to us as they travel their westerly course, calling down:

Sail west! Sail west!  
There things are best.  
Our course observe  
And do not swerve,  
Come, follow us! Come, follow us!

"All things in the blue vault above, we cannot fail to see, move west. And so for us it may be best such course to follow. Look at the tide. It is also flowing from the Mediterranean into the unknown ocean. Noble voyagers, look aloft. The breeze is from the east. If our ship were now left to itself it would, by its own wish, be wafted by tide and wind out onto the great western ocean. (Applause.) Noble adventurers, all I will say further upon this beautiful morning is:

"All signs taken, full well I know,  
Plainly portend, it shall be so." (Great applause.)

Captain Arteus spoke from the rostrum and said: "Noble voyagers: What is your decision? Shall, or shall not the ship sail out?"

As if with one voice, all voyagers shouted, in great glee, "Sail out! Sail out! Sail out! Sail out!"

Captain Arteus gave orders to have all sails and flags hoisted. And then walked and stood near the steersman at the stern of our grand ship. One of the voyagers spoke from the rostrum and said:

All signs invite us to sail west,  
To be the unknown sea's high guest;  
We, each and all, as Grecian braves,  
Must shirk not from his graceful waves.

#### THE AEOLUS SAILS THROUGH THE STRAITS OF HERCULEUM, OUT ON THE WESTERN OCEAN.

All is excitement on the ship, just as if the ship were just beginning to start on its voyage. Mingled feelings of mirth and earnestness prevail. All the voyagers are looking ahead out towards the great vast western ocean. Phoebus is just beginning to show his golden face between the opening of clouds in the eastern horizon. All the voyagers are at once greatly delighted. O how beautiful! O how grand! Such were the exclamations of delight to which all the voyagers gave expression. A bold, distinct, rainbow ahead of the ship to the west called forth the exclamation of delight, wonder and awe among the voyagers. A beautiful rainbow is arched directly over the Straits of Herculeum and appears as if it rests on the opposite shores of the Strait.

Polybus says nothing, but on walking through the crowd of voyagers, simply points ahead to the beautiful rainbow.

Voyagers are saying: "The rainbow is resting on the opposite shores of the Strait. The Strait is overarched with a beautiful rainbow."

Orato, our ship's priest, has ascended the rostrum. In silence he is imploring the favor of the gods for our ship and voyagers. Incense is arising from the bright tripod at his side. With all sails set and flags waving, our ship is sailing under the beautiful rainbow which, upon looking aloft, gradually vanished from the view. Both of our ship's artists, Orthocles and Graphitus, sketched the beautiful rainbow overarching the strait, and our ship with pictured sails and flags waving, just ready to sail under the rainbow.

Their sketches looked very true, and when fully finished and painted, will be beautiful and wonderful paintings. Athenians upon returning home, if the gods so will it, will have a picture to feast their eyes upon.



IRIS ARCHES THE STRAITS OF HERCULEUM (GIBRALTAR) WITH A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW AS THE AEOLUS SAILS OUT INTO THE GREAT WESTERN UNKNOWN OCEAN. (See page 354.)

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## CHAPTER XIX

### *SAILING WEST ON THE GREAT UNKNOWN OCEAN*

**Scriborites :**

Our ship with a light east breeze, with music and song, all sails set and flags waving, has sailed through the Straits of Herculeum and out on the vast unknown western ocean. The voyagers have all assembled near the forward part of the ship. Orato, standing at the prow of the ship, holding a polished, gracefully curved drinking horn, filled to the brim with genuine Grecian wine, spoke as follows :

"O Neptune, monarch of the seas, the greater portion of the world's flat surface, accept as a sacrifice for the honor of sailing upon your circling ocean, this horn full of wine, from the hills of our native Greece. May, O Neptune, its blending with the foam at the prow of our ship, be as sweet nectar unto Thee."

A large number of horns were filled with Greek wine and partaken of by passing from one voyager to another.

Orato continued, "With thanks, O Neptune, and all ye gods that have given us our grand ship, have given us the true courage, have given us the honor of sailing out on the vast unknown sea, we also partake of this wine, with deep reverence and appreciation, thus also indicating our good fellowship with Thee, great unknown sea !"

The east wind has freshened into a levanter, and our ship is foaming the sea towards the west with great speed. Glancing back to the east all land is out of sight. The night scribe is on deck.

**Anaxogeros :**

All voyagers have gone down to their quarters. Our first night on the grand world circling ocean promises to be clear and beautiful. The ship is sailing with great speed toward the west. A strong east breeze seems eager to push our ship out further and further o'er the rolling billows. Truly the gods seem to desire our presence out on the wide open ocean, especially Aeolus and Neptune, who, by wind and tide, have plainly indicated that our ship should not as yet return to Athens. As one of our Athenian philosophers said in one of his orations, "The strongest of all waves are the waves of Fate." And truly all signs and powers have decreed that our ship should sail ont on the limitless ocean. Captain Arteus, Hillicarus, Polybus, myself and the seven voyagers are in secret conference again.

Captain Arteus said: "The noble voyagers will have nothing to complain of. They asked and insisted to sail out. My conditions were often repeated and were fully comprehended by all. We are filling our heart's desire sailing towards the end of the world."

Polybus said: "The seamen have also been permeated with a restless desire to sail onward and onward. They also ate of the roveritus berries you gave them."

One of the seven voyagers said: "We feel that there are quite a number of our voyagers who, like ourselves, would also feel glad if they knew that our ship is sailing to the end of the world."

Captain Arteus said: "I know that our voyagers are too noble, too honorable, to ever ask that our ship shall ever sail in any certain direction; and if they should it would be of no avail. Our course will be west by south until we plunge over the brink of the world."

One of the voyagers said: "It will be not be necessary for us to hold any further secret meetings as Captain Arteus and Hilcarus determine the ship's course day and night."

I believe one of our maidens has expressed the general prevailing opinion when she said, "It makes no difference where we sail to, or go, as long as we all go together."

Captain Arteus said: "I may soon insist that the ship's rations shall be reduced to about half. This the voyagers will realize to be necessary."

Captain Arteus and all, excepting Hilcarus, have gone below decks to their quarters. It is near midnight. I have often thought that I would like to see how our grand ship looks with all its sails set. From the deck one cannot see how the ship looks from a distance. I crawled out to the end of the ship's bowsprit. Facing the ship, there loomed above the water, supported by the ship, tall masts, which in the dim night air, with canvas spreading out beyond the hull, seemed to tower to the stars in the vault above. The night breeze is just strong enough to fill all sails. The ship scarcely rose and fell as it sailed majestically onward o'er the grand ocean's heaving billows. How beautiful, sublime, glorious! The scene spread out before me. The grandness and proud determination and incomparable majesty with which the ship sailed onward creates a feeling within one as if it were a thing of life. With a great number of sails, one above the other, towering up to the clouds and the lower sails extending far beyond the ship's sides the ship itself, its hull, looks smaller than I had thought. Except a gentle splashing of foam against the prow, as it cuts the water, the ship sails noiselessly onward in all its sublime majesty.

Sailing further and further out in the vast unknown ocean, but whither! Yes, I asked, O great ship, whither are we sailing? But mutely like a Fate, the great ship sailed majestically onward. I went

back on deck. By beholding the towering, moving scene, memories of the scene of the departure at Athens crowded my brain; and if I had not been a Grecian, I would have given away to emotion.

The Four Hundred of Athens, the flower of Greece, are quietly sleeping within the walls of our ship. But whither is it sailing?—sailing to the end of the world!

Our sensitive fellow voyager, Resignates, seems to have predicted rightly when she said, "Our ship will never return to Athens again." Thus has it again been proven that some persons are of such sensitive nature as to be able to feel the waves of coming events.

The wind has increased. The masts, yards and rigging are creaking under the great strain of the sails. Our ship is sailing onward with tremendous speed. Hilicarus has given orders to lower the topmost sails. Aurora's rosy light is rising out of the sea to the east. The day scribe is on deck.

Scriborites:

Nothing but water in sight. The ship is running over water to the west with great force. All the voyagers are on deck. All have expressed their desire to take the baptism in the great unknown sea in the same manner as on taking the baptism in the Mediterranean. The men are to stand below in front of the ship's prow and pass under two waves and the maidens are to pass under one wave. In alternate order with the white baptismal sheet, men and maidens without delay received the baptism of the great unknown sea. Some thought the water was warmer than the Mediterranean and some thought it was colder. All felt as if they now were in close fellowship with the great sea.

As a gift and sacrifice to Neptune, the voyagers gave one of the large, bright, burnished bronze medals to Orato to cast into the sea. The medal, like all of the other medals, has a clear, distinct, portrayal of Athens and our ship on one side, and the face of a perfect man and maiden on the opposite side, on which also is inscribed "*The Four Hundred of Athens.*" Orato, surrounded by all voyagers, stood on the rostrum and threw the bright medal far over into the sea, saying:

"O Neptune, monarch of the greater part of the world's wide plain, with pleasure and great reverence we cast into thy powerful, blue, restless element, this bright medal, indicating the highest and most noble type of manhood and womanhood. We beg thee, O monarch of the sea, may the gift be acceptable and agreeable unto thee. In our humbleness, O Neptune, may we hope that our presence and the presence of our great ship out on the world-circling ocean is agreeable in thy sight and as an honor unto thee, O Neptune. Large is our ship, but, O Neptune, fully conscious are we that it is only as a plaything in thy powerful billowy hands. O Glorious God of the Sea!

"Long after we and ship are gone,  
 The medal bright will still shine on,  
 Beheld by Neræides swimming round,  
 With glancing eyes and thoughts profound,  
 Will endless rest on ocean's floor,  
 When we and ship are all no more;  
 Moons will come and moons will go,  
 But mortal man can never know  
 Or ever see the medal bright,—  
 Forever deep is out of sight;  
 But thou, O Neptune, canst behold  
 Its beauteous, reminding mold  
 Of us; the ship that sailed this day.  
 And thus in humbleness, we pray,  
 Accept it as a lasting sign  
 Of friendship, noble God divine,  
 From Athens' HUNDRED FOUR this day  
 With reverence, deep, O, thus we pray."

Orato descended from the rostrum and the voyagers engaged in casting the discus and other games. The ship is sailing onward, onward to the west. We all hope it will soon change its course again toward the rising sun but the noble feelings of our voyagers as yet will not humble themselves in making or even intimating such desires.

One of the voyagers spoke from the rostrum and said, "Fearless fellow sea rovers. In view of the fact that we are now sailing out on the great ocean and not on the Mediterranean any longer, for which the rules of the ship were ordained, all rules have become null and void and we voyagers are no longer bound by them."

One of the other voyagers also said: "Yes, we are no longer bound by any of those rules of order, for we are sailing far beyond the limits for which the rules were to apply. Also," he continued, "need no record be kept by the scribes, nor the days and nights recorded. What say ye, fellow sea rovers?"

All shouted, "No records, no rules, no time should be kept, for we are beyond the Pillars of Hercules."

This announcement relieves us scribes from keeping any further record; but I will keep records now at my inclination and at my leisure.

Darkness is beginning to spread over the great waters. The night scribe is on deck. I will inform him that we can now keep records of our ship's voyage at our own inclination and leisure.

Anaxogeros:

My fellow day scribe has informed me that we need no longer keep a ship's record, but that we can now record matters at our leisure. Hereafter, I will keep records as my inclination may prompt.

Captain Arteus, the seven voyagers, and Polybus are on deck again, holding their usual secret conference. Captain Arteus said: "Records

of nights and days need no longer be kept; so the passing of days will not be noticeable to the voyagers."

He also said: "We do not know how many days we will have to sail before we arrive at the end of the world, therefore, no more records should be kept of the number of nights and days."

The seven voyagers, I am quite sure, managed to have the other voyagers agree thereto. The records will not mark off time by the number of nights and days, and thus will not make it so easy to know the number of days the ship is sailing out on the great unknown sea.

Hillicarus said: "It seems Aeolus don't want our ship to turn back, for a strong, steady, east breeze is sending our ship onward over the sea with its most lively speed."

Captain Arteus said: "As long as the wind is fair for sailing to the end of the world our ship will carry sail unto the tearing or breaking point."

Captain Arteus also said: "We may at times to please the voyagers at day times turn our ship toward the rising sun with little canvas set, but will at night times, with the greatest possible spread of canvas, sail towards the west again."

Captain Arteus and all the rest, excepting Hillicarus have gone down to their quarters again.

There are none excepting seamen and officers allowed to get very near or speak to the steersman at the helm. I asked Hillicarus in what direction our ship is now sailing. Pointing up to the Phoenician star, Polaris (North Star), he said, "We are sailing west by south; just a little to the south of west."

The speed of our ship at present is such that it might be called flying over the water instead of sailing. The waxing moon and brilliant stars in the vault above throw a mellow light over all the leaping waters beautifully. Blushing Aurora is announcing the coming of day. But the day scribe will not be here upon Phoebus's arising, for hereafter the records of passing events will be kept only at the inclination and leisure of us scribes, but unknown to the voyagers. It is day.

Scriborites:

The night scribe, Anaxogeros and myself, will hereafter, unknown to the voyagers, keep record on private scroll and entirely at our leisure. Rythamondes, standing among a crowd of voyagers, said:

"Onward, like a fiery steed,  
Onward, thus our ship doth speed  
O'er the ocean; Splash! Splash! Splash!  
With a steed's determined dash.  
But, alas! where will it end?  
Far beyond, where seas do blend  
With the skies? O, who can say,  
Captain holdeth now full sway."

All the voyagers are on deck and can see that the ship is still sailing onward from the rising sun toward the west. But none dare speak, dare to break their word of honor.

Several of the voyagers, with the assistance of Orato, have constructed a neat wooden tripod. It is fastened in holes on a thick square piece of plank. The square receptacle on top is filled with rare incense. The incense is lit and the tripod set adrift on the great ocean. Orato, on the rostrum, prays in silence. Upon a sign, all voyagers said in unison, "O Zeus, God of Gods, Neptune, God of the Sea, Aeolus, God of the Winds, and all ye gods that upon high Olympus dwell, we beg, listen to Orato's invocation to the glory and greatness of Greece, and may the sweet rare incense arising and falling upon the sea ascend to your high abode and be received as a sacrifice unto Thee."

Orato has descended from the rostrum to the deck. The voyagers have mostly engaged in games of various sorts. Some of them have thrown out large hooks and have caught a number of fish. A large sea monster was seen in the distance but again disappeared out of sight. No more will the days and nights be recorded; but will run on unnumbered and unmarked.

**Anaxogeros:**

After many nights have come and gone I have again taken a look on deck. A number of men and maiden voyagers are on deck, for there are now no more rules of order to be observed. Our Committee of Conspiracy has assembled near the center of the ship, a good distance from the other voyagers. The night and wind is still fair. Hilicarus and the rest of us conspirators think that as our ship has been over nineteen days sailing west with fair wind, we can not be far from the end of the world. Captain Arteus also says we must be getting near to the end of the world.

He also says: "For us, out on the sea, whose hearts are broken beyond all repair, there is no more fitting manner of ending our lives than by sailing, plunging, tumbling over the end of the world. Queen Dido, of Carthage," he continued, "we have often heard it said, had a funeral pyre built and killed herself on it because of a broken love affair. Also on land, noble, heartbroken youths and men fling their lives away in battle. But for a true seafarer, sailing over the end of the world is the most noble, fitting and sublime manner of taking away one's life."

"Yes," said one of the seven voyagers, "I wish we were over already. The long suspense is much worse than the falling over the end of the world will be. It will suddenly bring an end to all love sufferings." Polybus said, "We are too far to turn back and we can't be far from the end."

Captain Arteus said: "When we can see the end, and if we have

time before we go over it, I will order the hoisting of all flags, for we wish to go down nobly, as true Athenian seamen."

This was applauded by us conspirators. But the other voyagers in the fore part of the ship knew not of what we were talking. It is again day. I will not come on deck again for many nights.

**Scriborites:**

It is now many days since I have inscribed events on my record scroll. Since these many days the god of the winds seems determined that our ship shall sail onward towards the west. Captain Arteus seems to allow the wind to direct his course. It is almost more than high time that we should command the ship's course to lay in the direction of the rising sun. But all have agreed to not even intimate what course they desire the ship to sail. Only on such agreement did Captain Arteus consent to sail out on the unknown sea.

In the face of the uncertainty of our fate all seem to be enjoying themselves even with a sort of abandon. With music accompaniment, all voyagers are singing a jovial company song, a part of which is:

Come, join in now. Come, let's sing now,  
Let us gay and happy be;  
Sing with pleasure, in sweet measure,  
Laugh and sing in jollity;  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Sunshine gilds the world's wide plain.

Come, join in now, come, let's sing now,  
Worry! pshaw, will kill a cat,  
While on earth still we in mirth will  
Join in laughter, song and chat;  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Sunshine gilds the world's wide plain.

With full sails our ship is unwearied, rising, splashing, falling, dashing o'er the sea, towards the setting sun. We have a right to fear that land hereafter will only live in memory, but never again will be beheld by any of us mortals who embarked upon this great commercial adventure.

It must be dawning upon all now that Resignates, our ship's Cassandra, talked knowingly when she predicted that we never would see Athens again. She, however, is among the jolliest on shipboard, as she says she knows life is short, and, therefore, we should lose no time in long-faced repining.

Such a brave, noble example is catching and has to a degree encouraged all on shipboard to enjoy the pleasure of each day as it comes and goes. Although nicknamed the Cassandra of our ship, she has the true Athenian spirit, worthy of emulation. The sun is far down in the west and all voyagers are again below deck.

**Anaxogeros:**

Many nights it is since last I was on deck, for I can now also freely mingle daytimes among the voyagers. As a night scribe, a certain feeling of fellowship has formed itself between myself, moon and stars. The groups and combinations of stars forming many kinds of animals, always delight my gaze. The constellation Cynosure (Ursa Minor) contains the Phoenician or Polaris star. I have become accustomed to look at it. As a night scribe, through the star knowledge of Hillicarus, I have become well acquainted with the names of many constellations and bright scintillating stars.

But when our ship sails down over the end of the world, all stars will at once fade out of sight forever. This is one of the nights on which our Conspiracy Committee is to meet.

Polybus, the seven voyagers, Captain Arteus, Hillicarus and myself are again in secret conference.

Captain Arteus said, "We are now sailing over two moons with good fair breezes toward the west end of the world."

He said, "We can not be very far from the end after such distant sailing." Captain Arteus said, "On the coming morrow we will with a light spread of canvas beat against the wind towards the east, and after dark hoist all sails and sail onward towards the west again."

Polybus said, "The maidens shudder at my sight and are more and more afraid of me; but when our ship tumbles over the end of the world, I will have one hearty laugh at them all." He continued, "Kissing is now a common sight, by day or by night. Their hope of ever returning to Athens is apparently growing less and less. They all seem determined to enjoy life while yet they may. They seem to be enjoying themselves with orderly abandon. We can't blame them, for it can not be long any more and of a sudden all enjoyment and life will forever cease."

One of the other voyagers said, "All voyagers can easily resign themselves to fate. For the steady unchanging fair breeze for sailing to the end of the world has proved that our course is the will of the Fates."

Captain and also Hillicarus said, "The wind blowing from one direction for so many moons is truly wonderful."

Several of the men and maiden voyagers are on deck. Our secret Committee of Conspiracy has again retired below deck. Phoebus will soon again gild the sea with his golden rays."

Scriborites:

The ship is beating towards the rising sun. At last Captain Arteus has commanded the man at the helm to steer the ship against the wind towards the Pillar of Hercules. The voyagers are all rejoicing on seeing that the ship has changed its course from west to east. The voyagers are engaged in spear throwing and other games. Sailing against the wind, allows slow progress for a ship.



**A DUEL ON THE SEA.**

Two of the voyagers have challenged each other to a duel with spears. One of the voyagers claims the other has spoken insultingly to one of the maidens. There is no more committee of order, but the voyagers assembled have agreed that no fighting, quarreling or duels shall be allowed on shipboard. It has been allowed that each duelist, one on each side of the ship, throw a heavy, long plank over into the sea, take six spears along, each, and from each plank out on the sea, fight their duel until one of the combatants is killed, or gives up, or has no more spears left. The voyagers assisted in throwing over a heavy, wide plank into the sea from each side of the ship. A bunch of six bronze pointed spears were also thrown after each plank. The combatants slid down into the sea with a short oar and swam to and stood on their planks. The ship is sailing between the two planks. On looking back, they were some distance apart, rising and falling with the billows. With a short paddle they slowly paddled their planks toward each other over the rising and falling waves.

Many of the voyagers went up the ship's rigging, cross-trees and yards, and the others crowded the ship bulwark to view the outcome of the combat. A feeling of disregard for life pervades all the voyagers for the probability of ever seeing land again seems very dim to all.

The combatants were only to cast their spears at such times when each one stood with a spear in his hand. The billows made paddling difficult.

After strenuous paddling, the duelists came within close throwing distance to each other. Both raised their spears and cast them at each other. The spears struck each other in mid air, glancing aside, and fell in the water. On the second bout the spear glanced from the side of one of the duelists' helmets. The other spear missed its mark and fell into the water. The ship was leaving the combatants in the distance. Captain Arteus ordered the lowering of several sails and turned the ship in the direction of the duelists.

The duelists had to use their paddles even more than their spears so as to keep their planks within casting distance of each other. On the third bout one duelist was struck in the arm and the other in the foot. The rising billows again and again carried the duelists from each other. Again and again the duelists paddled towards each other and cast their spears; but the ever rising and falling of the planks made it difficult to send the spear to its mark. Our ship now is close to the duelists. Without warning or notice two of our maidens, clad in their bathing suits, stood on the ship's bulwark and cried out, "Don't cast your spears! Don't cast your spears! Wait! Wait!"

Before the nearest of the voyagers could hinder it, they slid down the

side of the ship into the ocean and swam to their respective duelist's planks. On seeing the maidens swimming towards them, the duelists did not take up their spears again, but each paddled towards one of the maidens, who in the high heaving waves, were a much greater distance from the planks than they could have judged.

All fear now was for the maidens, for there was more danger of their being overwhelmed by the billows than of the duelists being killed by the lances.

After a time of intense suspense and excitement on the ship, the maidens each grasped their respective planks. But as the planks were not buoyant enough to hold both duelist and maid, each duelist also lowered himself into the water, and duelist and maid, holding each other by the arms over the center of the plank, were enabled to keep their heads above the waves, excepting when a surging billow would wash over them at intervals. The ship's boat was launched and soon, excepting a few drifting spears, all, even including the planks, were on ship-board again.

The duelists, both of whom were slightly wounded, were asked to shake hands again, which they did; and thus the feud between them was satisfactorily disposed of.

Captain Arteus again commanded the steersman to head the ship to the east, thus again beating slowly against the wind, and dashing into the high running billows.

The voyagers have set apart the balance of the day for dancing. The dance in honor of Neptune, in which he with song is praised in the dance, will be among the first of the various dances. Before dancing, several horns of Grecian wine were passed among the voyagers. One hornful of Grecian wine was poured into the foam under the ship's prow, as a sacrifice to Neptune.

There is an end to all things, even to enjoyments. So, too, this day's dancing, which Homer calls "The sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments," had to end for the shades of night and cloud covered skies are forming fast. All the voyagers are gone to their respective quarters.

Anaxogeros:

It is many nights since I was on deck. The fog is so dense that one can hardly tell whether it is night or day. There are a number of voyagers on deck. The fog is so dense now that only objects very close by can be distinguished on deck. The top sails are invisible. Captain Arteus, Hilicarus, the seven voyagers, Polybus and myself have met again near the stern of the ship.

Captain Arteus said, "All sails are hoisted again and we are again speeding with a fair breeze west towards the end of the world. If we

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CONSPIRACY TO SAIL THE SHIP AEOLUS AND ITS FOUR HUNDRED OVER THE  
END OF THE WORLD. (See page 365.)

still have fog on the morrow the voyagers can not see the sun and will not know in what direction our ship is sailing."

Captain Arteus further said: "I believe that this dense, heavy fog is a sign that we are not far from the end of the world, for the wisest of philosophers have said, 'Mists ascend from the ends of the world.' We must arrive at the end soon for it is over two and a half moons since we sailed out from the Pillars of Hercules.

Just as Captain Arteus was speaking, a large falling star blazed down from the heavens and fell in the sea behind our ship. Although the dense fog obscured everything from view, the glare of the blazing star was so bright as to be noticeable.

Polybus said, "The bright meteor falling into the sea behind our ship is another sign that our ship shall not return to the east, but shall sail onward to the west."

Captain Arteus said, "The ship's course will not be changed to the east again, but will keep on sailing to the west until the end; for, if the wind should change, it might still take a very long time before we could arrive there."

One of the voyagers said in a very deliberate, determined earnest tone of voice:

Out to the bound'ries of Neptune's realm,  
Thither command the man at the helm,  
To steer the ship.  
Out to the brink of the world's abyss,  
Where monsters rove and Scyllas hiss,  
There steer the ship.  
Annihilation shall be its fate,  
Not one to survive its fate to relate,  
So steer the ship;  
Down, down, o'er the end of the world,  
To instant eternal destruction hurled,  
So steer the ship.

*(Subdued applause followed by us conspirators.)*

There were other voyagers on deck, out of sight in the dense night fog, but they were, as we know, near the fore part of the ship.

Captain Arteus said, "We will hardly need any more secret meetings as the next meeting will very likely take place when we tumble over the end of the world. The dense fog," Captain Arteus continued, "indicates that it can not be far off."

One of the voyagers said, "We can now go down to our quarters, perhaps, for the last time."

Orato, on the rostrum, is invoking the assistance and favor of the gods for a homeward return. With burning incense at his side, invisible in the dense darkness, Orato said, "O Zeus, God of Gods, to Thee we

humbly bow in prayer, asking your assistance and light to extricate ourselves from out of this dark, dense fog, by which we are surrounded.

"O Zeus, our ship is sailing onward, but we know not whither. Over two moons' time from the Pillars of Hercules have we sailed out on the unknown, mysterious ocean. O, to the very brink of the world, O Zeus, it seemeth the Fates determine to lead us. We invoke Thee, O Zeus! give the captain of our great ship wisdom so that he can overcome all obstacles and sail our ship back to the Pillars of Hercules. The darkness in which our ship is speeding onward, O Zeus, is so dense that one can but dimly see an arm's length. To Thee, O Zeus, there is no darkness. Thou seest all things in the darkest of nights as well as in the brightest of days. Thy sight and wisdom, O Zeus, goeth beyond mortal's understanding. Thy sight and wisdom comprehendeth all—the past the present and the future. But mortal man's sight and wisdom is as within a small circle. The dense fog and mist, O Zeus, make us fearful that we are nearing the end of the world. O Zeus, we humbly beseech Thee, protect us from such a direful fate. Within the walls of our large ship are the Four Hundred of Athens, resting in thy fate—a race of mortals whom Thou, O Zeus, and the Olympian Gods all, have favored with superior excellencies above those of common mortals. O Zeus, Olympian Gods all, such are they for whom I implore, invoke, I beseech Thee, to shield from dire destruction; for, O, their beauty, courage and nobility, by Thy favors, have indicated that they were pleasing in your sight. One of our profoundest Grecian philosophers hath said:

The Gods their beauty must admire  
And sing their praise with golden lyre.

"Our ship is speeding onward in the pitchy darkness, but whither? O, cloud-compelling Jove, we beseech Thee, mayest thy high far-reaching power clear the dense darkness of mist and clouds away, so our seamen can head our ship's prow towards the rising sun. Many and various are the rare and costly incenses which have ascended since our ship's departure with our hope and prayers that they be accepted as a gift of their appreciation for the many favors showered upon our ship and its noble voyagers. Also, O Zeus, have we paid special reverence and sacrifice to Neptune, who also shares in our Grecian wine; and Aeolus have we respectfully revered. For as seafarers we are surrounded and are in close touch with the powerful elements over which they hold sway. O ye gods that on high Olympus dwell, our prayers and sacrifice will ever ascend until eternal darkness shrouds our mortal eye."

Orato descended from the rostrum while the incense still mingled with the pitchy darkness of night. The few voyagers on deck, and also myself, returned to our quarters below. Day is beginning to announce itself in the east.

**Scriborites:**

Since many days the great sea is covered with impenetrable fog and mist. Phoebus has only been able to assist us in distinguishing night from day. For many days the fog has been so dense as to obscure the top sails and the water a half ship's length distance.

Continuously rising, falling, and dashing over and down through the huge billows our ship with all sails spread to the breeze, is sailing onward and onward. The voyagers have all resigned themselves to fate. One of our great philosophers said, The strongest of resignations is still buoyed by hope. Truly so it is with all of us. We still all hope that our ship may return to Athens, although we can hardly call it hope any more. The voyagers believe in enjoying themselves while yet they may, today, tonight, holding less and less faith in tomorrow or some future time.

Games of various kinds, fencing, archery, lance throwing, singing and dancing, seem to aid in banishing thoughts of fear or anxiety that might arise among the voyagers. Joy unconfined has held sway since hope has been growing less of ever being able to sail back to the Pillars of Hercules.

Some of our voyagers asked Hillicarus whether our ship was sailing towards the rising sun. He replied, "Since these many days of fast sailing and dense fog, we can not know where we are or in what direction our ship has been or is sailing. There is no object of sailing against the wind as we may be sailing in opposite direction to that desired. Therefore, our ship is loyally sailing with the wind, only we know not whither."

Pitchy darkness of night is spreading over the ship and sea. Dancing and joyousness has ceased and all voyagers have gone down to their quarters.

**Anaxogeros:**

'Tis many nights since last I was on deck, but the fog over the great ocean is still as dense as it has been for many days and nights past. There are no voyagers on deck this night for the mists are so dense and heavy and the night is as dark as the darkest cave. Captain Arteus, Polybus, Hillicarus and myself have again met, but for no particular purpose.

I asked Captain Arteus in what direction our ship was sailing. He replied, "Since passing out of the Straits of Herculeum into the great unknown ocean, our ship has, excepting one day, been sailing for over two full moons with great speed onward toward the west brink of the world. I feel it and I am certain that we must now, after so long fast sailing, be very, very near to the end, and we will soon have arrived at our long desired goal and tumble over the end of the world into everlasting rest. We all thought that we would see the mists arise from

the deep abyss, from a distance, but on account of the dense mist in which we are already sailing, we very likely will not be able to see the end, but will sail over and tumble down the abyss surrounded, enveloped in impenetrable dense fog. But our desire for annihilation will be complete. There will be a sudden crashing of ship and a deafening roaring of waters, and all is over! Thus will we as true sea rovers have nobly met our fate. The thoughts and frailties of beautiful women will haunt us no more."

Polybus said, "But as we go down, I will laugh as loud and long as I can, just in spite of the maidens."

Hilicarus said: "I feel as if there were some things that ought to be prepared for the event, but I know on second thought, nothing needs to be got in readiness."

Captain Arteus replied, "Hilicarus, many moons have we sailed together on the same ships. Your duty generally was on going into port to see to it that the sails, ropes and anchors were in readiness for immediate action. But noble comrade, the port into which our grand ship must very soon sail down into, needs, as you say, no preparation, for it is the port of complete sudden annihilation."

Hilicarus said, "If the fog is as dense at the brink of the world as it is here, we truly will not be able to see the roaring, falling ocean." Capt. Arteus replied: "If it is on a pitchy cave dark night as this, we will not be able to see anything."

Polybus spoke up in a frightened manner, "Listen! Listen! Listen! Hear the loud roaring waters ahead of us. Listen! Hear! The roaring of mighty waters!"

We all ran to the bow of the ship and looked into the black cave-like darkness. Not even to the bowsprit of the ship could we see. Polybus said, "I plainly hear roaring of waters ahead—waters roaring over the end of the world perhaps."

Hilicarus said, "Yes, yes, I now hear it."

Captain Arteus and myself almost said at the same time, "There is a deep roaring of waters, beyond all doubt."

In the dense darkness of the night Captain Arteus said, "Nearer! and nearer! Louder!" All of us said, "At last! At last! It is the roaring of falling water over the end of the world. Listen! Hear! Nearer and louder and plainer!"

The ship is sailing onward with great speed. All in impenetrable darkness. Closer and plainer and louder sound the mighty waters just ahead of our ship.

Captain Arteus said, "Come, Comrades, join hands and let us thus go down over the end of the world."

Polybus said, "Like true Athenians let us shout and sing."



O, Noble Four Hundred,  
You all may have wondered—

A deep silence suddenly falls over us. The ship's keel has struck. The whole ship is trembling. We are trembling. Again and again the ship's keel has struck. The ship is trembling in every plank, deck, beam and mast. We are all holding together firmly. Again the keel has struck. The ship is trembling to her very core. In deep silence we stand together. The whole keel is moving over—several of the sail-sheets have given away.

Captain Arteus shouts, "The ship is standing still."!

Hilicarus and Captain Arteus looked over the bow through the dense darkness and shouted back to the strength of their voices, "The ship has run on land! The ship is fast on land!"

Standing on the prow of the ship we could see large trees near by.

The voyagers, who were awakened by the first contact of the ship's keel with the bottom, all rushed on deck. To pacify the voyagers in the dense darkness of night, Hilicarus, Captain Arteus, Polybus and myself shouted, "Land! Land! Land! Safe! Safe! Safe!"

Captain Arteus and Hilicarus in the darkness took a survey of the situation. Captain Arteus immediately commanded the lowering of all sails. Hilicarus passed down the ship's bow into the water and walked ashore. A rope was given to Hilicarus who fastened it around a large tree. On coming on the ship, he said, "The ship has sailed on the shore with such force that it never can float or move again."

## CHAPTER XX

### *THE SHIP AEOLUS RUN ON LAND*

The voyagers are all delighted because the ship has not sailed over the end of the world but has struck land, regardless of where that land may be. It is near morning. The pitchy darkness of night and the dense fog is passing away. Phoebus is arising over the sea above the fog in the east and the scene of land and sea lies before us in the bright light of day. The ship's bowsprit extends over the shore. Our great ship rests so high on land that the seamen all say it could never float again. The planks at the bottom are stove in and the leak is so large that the water in the ship is even with the water outside. Many of the men and maiden voyagers are sliding down on land from a rope at the end of the bowsprit. Many are wading from the ship to the shore. Our ship has sailed into a small bay of the great ocean. The great ocean is east of our landing place. The voyagers are mostly all on land.

Orato, standing under a large mahogany tree, with incense arising from the tripod at his side, surrounded by all the voyagers, said:

"O, Zeus, although far away from our never again to be seen Athens, we will not on this new land, change our Grecians gods for new gods, for, O Zeus, god of gods, from thy Olympian height, thou canst behold things and hold sway even to the ends of the world. O Zeus, thou whom and from whom the time of our birth has showered such great blessings on us, from the many signs of flight of birds, beautiful arched rainbow, brilliant falling stars, and the never lagging, urging powers of Aeolus and Neptune, to sail out and out on the unknown ocean, we hold to the faith that it is thy wish that we should sail out towards the west near to the end of the world, far, far away from Greece, never to return. Thy wisdom and ways, O Zeus, exceedeth our understanding. All hopes had we lost, O Zeus, of ever again beholding or placing our feet upon land, for often the high billows threatened to overwhelm our great ship; but Aeolus and Neptune desired not our destruction, and rested not till our ship landed us safely on this far, far off, distant, unknown land. O Zeus, our Grecian gods will remain our gods, on this new land; and our descendants here will we teach to ever hold sacred and to honor all in true reverence with thanks, prayers and with not bloody but with noble sacrifice of rare incenses and gifts that

are pleasing to thyself. O Zeus, and all the gods that on high Olympus dwell. After sailing for nights and days out on the unknown sea our faith that your protecting powers, Olympian gods, would shield us from danger, ebbed greatly, but now with our feet standing again on dry land, our faith is again complete, and our thanks to thee, O gods, is boundless even shall it extend with sacrifice unto our descendants on this land endlessly."

The voyagers appointed a committee of twenty to take a day's travel to view the surrounding country and report on water, springs, creeks, rocks, hills, trees, plants, fruits, and wild animals.

### CAPTAIN ARTEUS MAKES CONSPIRACY KNOWN

Anaxogorous:

Captain Arteus, the seven voyagers, Hilicarus, Polybus and myself held a secret farewell meeting in the Captain's quarters on the ship. It was agreed that all of us conspirators, excepting the seven voyagers, would, with all the seamen of the ship, travel inland toward the west. It was decided not to mingle in the affairs of the Four Hundred. It was agreed upon that Captain Arteus should explain our conspiracy (leaving out and thus not implicating the seven voyagers) to the voyagers, and thereafter to travel to the interior of the country.

Captain Arteus stood on the bowsprit of the ship and spoke to the assembled voyagers on the shore as follows:

"Noble 'Four Hundred,' the past is past and we are comforted by the fact that we are in a far distant land, beyond the possibility of ever returning to the shores from which we so ceremoniously departed. We can't help but recognize the fact that the gods have showered blessings upon you so that your excellencies place you above and beyond the rank of common mortals. We will now openly unfold to you the fact that during our great commercial adventure, a conspiracy found a dwelling place on our large ship—a conspiracy to sail the ship over the end of the world.

"Noble sea rovers, the past is past. And I will say that a part of the crew of the ship, Polybus, Anaxogorous and myself were the principal conspirators. But the gods willed it not that our ship should suffer annihilation; for instead of sailing over the end of the world our ship was, in the dense darkness, led to sail upon these distant, wild shores. The world's flat, wide plain may be larger than mortals imagine; but we all know there is nothing without an end, for everything must have an end. We all know that we now cannot be far from the end, therefore we conspirators, Hilicarus, Polybus, Anaxogorous, and all the seamen of our ship have agreed and are determined to travel westward; and, if arriving at new waters, build there a small ship and

sail over the end of the world. That is the noblest ending of sea-rovers whose hearts have been broken by unrequited love for beautiful, unattainable women. O woman, thy subtle power over man goeth beyond all comprehension! We think it is proper and fitting that we do not remain here to mingle in the affairs of your noble Four Hundred. Upon our departure on our western travels there will remain here Two Hundred handsome, noble young men and Two Hundred handsome, charming, noble maidens to build upon these new, distant shores in time a city and nation equal to, or perhaps even greater, than our ever-to-be-remembered Athens, Greece. Before this day's sun sets, Noble Four Hundred, we will be wandering toward the west, onward, ever onward!

"Noble Four Hundred, we know that you will all agree that the many signs augured for our ship to sail onward and onward towards the west, and the never ceasing, unheard of fair wind speeding our ship ever onward, that the very gods themselves were allies to our conspiracy. Our ship, as if the arms of our helmsman have been guided by some higher power, has blindly, as it were, in the dense fog and darkness, sailed over rocks into this bay, where the force of the ocean waves is greatly calmed and weakened.

"Noble Four Hundred, the ship can never be brought to float or sail again, but its ropes, planks, and sails and masts may become of use to you. The many wares and foods in our ship's store-room will serve you for many moons to come. As soon as I get back on deck we, the conspirators, and all the seamen, equipped with our coats of mail, spears, bows, food, and each a horn full of Grecian wine, will continue upon our wanderings to the end of the world. All entreaties to remain will be of no avail.

"Noble Four Hundred, in the dense fog and darkness of night, shortly before our great ship sailed with striking keel, over the rocks at the entrance of this bay, we, in the impenetrable darkness, on hearing the roar of mighty breakers on shore, thought to a certainty that it was the roar of the ocean falling over the end of the world. The sound grew louder and louder, and as we, in the pitchy darkness, were waiting and listening in great suspense, the ship's keel struck again and again, until all at once the grand ship stood still, and upon piercing through the dark mist of the night from the bow of the ship we found that our ship had run on land, and that we had not yet arrived at the end of the world. Thus has been the decree of Fate.

"The loud roaring of waters was the roaring of the mighty breakers near the shore.

"And now, noble Four Hundred, although Anaxogeros goes with us, his records shall remain with the ship's records. We conspirators care not for and will need no records of our wanderings, which we are

determined will not cease until we have been swept or have walked over the brink of the world. And now, noble Four Hundred, farewell! farewell!"

Scriborites:

Against the entreaties of the voyagers, the self-confessed conspirators, including fellow Anaxogeros, who was night scribe on the ship, have wandered out of sight, westward, never again to return.

The voyagers have erected many small tents out of the ship's sails; for in the sun here, it is very hot. Many articles from the ship are taken to one of the strongest tents, which is fastened with many ropes. The Committee of Twenty, who traveled over and viewed the surrounding lands for the greater part of the day, has returned.

Terrafirma, one of the number, standing on a large rock, surrounded by the voyagers, said:

"Fellow Castaways, at the north end of this bay is a small river. Outside, in the ocean, to the north, is an island. In traveling from the north, around in a circle to the south, we observed many kinds of thrifty, growing trees; mahogany, palms, oak, and many other kinds of trees; also nut-bearing trees and fruit trees of many kinds, maize and several kinds of berries and bananas.

"Fellow adventurers, these shores, we find, from the luxurious growth of plants and trees, will, with little labor, produce more than necessary for our subsistence. (Applause.)

"There are springs of clear water, also stones and rocks suitable for the construction of temples and houses. To the west is a range of high hills running north and south. We have as yet seen no living things, excepting very small game and birds of many kinds."

Sophon, of the committee, also said: "A short distance inland, near the hills, is a clear spring and a slightly elevated plateau—a very suitable place to build a city. We can, from time to time, carry the dismantled parts of the ship to that large, open plateau. From the large rocks, which lie in layers, forming the hills close by, our temples and houses can be constructed for all."

Pindarus said: "Fellow Castaways! we have heard from the Committee of Twenty, and we also from the surroundings can see the luxurious growth of plants, shrubs and trees, that the land to which the Fates have banished us will supply us with ample food, if we are willing, as we all certainly are, to work and dig for it. The extreme rays of the sun, the hot climate, fruits and trees such as the banana, and the cocoanut palm trees, show that the land to which we have been fated must lie further south than our native Greece. If it is continually hot here, it will lessen our labor for the supply of garments, and in time, we very likely can go nearly naked."

## ALL BOUND IN THE HAPPY BONDS OF WEDLOCK

Hypnothoon, standing on a low, flat rock, said: "Fellow discoverers, it is the wish of both men and maidens that an important question should be settled before Phoebus descends down the west side of the world. We all know that never again can we return to Athens. We know it is the will of the gods that we should be wafted here, and that we should remain here. We know, and we feel, and the gods have ever so spoken, that it is not well for man or maiden to live apart.

"We all know Aphrodite, the foam-born goddess, and her little archer son Cupid, were by the rules of order of our ship forbidden to appear on our ship.

"But we also all know that upon sailing out on the great unknown ocean all rules of order were thrown overboard, as it were.

"Immediately, Aphrodite (Venus) and her son Cupid made their presence known. First, by deep, soulful, loving eyes, speaking in a more confident, true, loving, longing language than words can ever impart. Cupid lost no time, for with his silvery bow and golden dart, he eagerly busied himself, piercing hearts in his very agreeable and lovely manner, and thus brought in close touch such and such. Waves of deep jealousy also found a home on our ship for a time; and, like flashes of fiery lightning and thunder, raged to and fro from stern to bow.

"But by the strenuous efforts of Venus and Cupid the storm was brought to subside and we beheld on the ship's deck a beautiful, lovely rainbow, auguring that hence forth, beautiful, harmonious love would prevail among all the voyagers of the ship. And so it was. For the most certain sensitive feelings of the human heart had harmoniously adjusted themselves and loving concord reigned throughout our great ship.

"We are not strangers to each other. O, now, don't smile! I mean to say that we know each other. O, now, don't laugh!

"A great, earnest question for each of us is to be determined, settled before the shades of night settle over the land. You all seem to act and smile as if that question already had been happily settled.

"Fellow discoverers of a new world, we all feel that the Fates have decreed that we here should build up a great, new nation. Before forming laws for such a nation we must first obey the laws formulated by the gods for the preservation of our species—the human race. (Laughter and applause.)

"To speak plainly, the Fates have decreed that we are to be the progenitors of the race—of a people who are to constitute the great new nation on this far distant new shore. To this great, responsible problem have the gods seen fit to honor us, the Four Hundred of Athens. In looking into the future before us, we can know that not

much time should be given to philosophizing, but unceasing, indefatigable work—labor of muscle mostly—does the location, situation and condition around us demand. Not many words are necessary now; but work, labor, action, for many, many moons to come, is pointed out to us by the finger of progress, if we aspire to the building up of a great nation here. Therefore, before forming laws for that great nation, we must first follow and obey the laws formulated by the gods, for increasing the population of a nation. Therefore, plainly, be it said, before Phoebus sets in the west, each man and maiden of us must be mated and thus remain mated until death breaks the sacred bond. Orato will now solemnize the sacred bond by fitting ceremonies."

Orato took the place of Hypnothoon, on the slightly elevated rock, and said: "Noble fellow discoverers of a new world, long could be my discourse upon this sacred, important and happy occasion; but we all realize that we have not landed in a country of many words, but in a country of action.

"We will not have spare time, like our Athenian philosophers, for many words, long speculations and orations; for bare is this new land of homes and temples. Subsistence can be only obtained by strength of our own muscles. I must not forget, few must be the words.

"Fellow builders of a great nation, there are three most important events in human life. First, birth; second, marriage; third, death. At the first, we are present, but know it not. At the third and last we are absent and know it not. But at the second great event we are present and know and feel its bliss and extreme happiness. Extreme happiness only faintly expresses the great joy upon which newly married couples enter.

"Beyond all doubt the gods have willed it that the Four Hundred of Athens should sail to a distant, strange land, and people the same with their descendants, to form a great nation of people whose excellencies are above and beyond those of all other mortals.

"Upon this auspicious day are we all to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock. And who is it that are thus to join? It is the Four Hundred of Athens, in the first full blush of manhood and womanhood—favored by the gods with beauty, stateliness, nobility, teeming with health, and blessed with cheerful, noble, fearless, daring dispositions. Such are this day, now, to be mated for life. The teeming health of youth, the glowing countenances, and the joyful, dancing eyes speak better than words that the second important event in life, marriage, is the most blissful of all. Fellows in bliss, knowing that you have all found yourselves, Marstenes, commander of us warrior voyagers, on our ill-fated ship, will now, as a first couple, lead in the march and form a column to the west of me."

**Scriborites:**

Orato, standing in front of the long column, said: "Noble couples, we all know each other well, for we have been for many moons thrown close together in the ship's walls, and have sailed together through storms, thunder and lightning, calms and dense fogs, until now we find ourselves thrown upon this ever to remain distant, strange land. We all sailed on our ill-fated ship with the self-same purpose in hearts and minds—Commerce for the glory of Athens and Greece. We fought side by side at landings against a common foe. On our great ship, on the greatest and grandest of all voyages ever planned by mortals, we joyed together, feared, dared, braved, played, sang, laughed, danced and hoped, until thrown upon this distant, unknown land. And as we now stand together in couples we can but admit:

In calm or storm, in joy or fear,  
'Twas always one who was most dear.  
The splashing spray and wind oft said:  
'Tis he, 'tis she, that soon will wed.

"I must not lose time by attempting to ride Pegasus, for Phoebus is inclining towards the west. Noble Four Hundred, if we, as we are now, could be transported as by magic to distant Athens the ceremonies on this important occasion would be attended by the greatest possible pomp in the presence of the highest nobles and most noted philosophers, who would fill our ears with endless words of laudation and advice. But simple and short, though not less binding, must be our marriage ceremony this day.

"Each couple, as I appear before them, will face each other and hold each other by both hands, signifying that they are as one."

Orato walked up to the couple at one end of the column, to whom, after they had faced each other, with both hands clasped, he said: "Noble, brave Marstenes, art thou healthy in body and mind?" "I am."

"Noble, brave Marstenes, have you asked Orientes to become your wife?"

"I have."

"Noble Orientes, are you healthy in body and mind?" "I am."  
"Have you consented to become noble Marstenes wife?"

"I have."

"I ask you jointly, will you cling to each other only, and forsake all others until death calls one of you to the shades below?"

"Yes," yes."

"Will you throughout your joint lives lavish your kisses on each other, your parents and your offsprings only, heeding no others?"

"Yes, yes."

"Are you fully conscious of the great responsibility parents have for their children?"



Both answer "Yes."

"Are you fully aware of the fact that for the sake of future generations, even unto the fourth generation, parents must strive to live a strenuous, healthy, brave and noble life?"

Both answer, "We are."

"Have you fully weighed the saying of our most noted Grecian bards and philosophers that the most sacred, the most important, the greatest of achievements of a family, a community, a city, a nation, is the strength, health, beauty, fearlessness and nobility of its children—of its manhood and its womanhood?"

"We have," both answered.

"Noble Marstenes and noble Orientes, will you teach your offspring to revere the gods of our brave Grecian forefathers?"

Both answer, "We will."

"Will it be your care that your offspring receive true Spartan-Athenian training and teaching, so that they can be brave, fearless, strong, protectors of the state?"

Both answer, "We will."

"Noble Marstenes, noble Orientes, you may now seal the sacred vow by kissing each other seven times. In the presence of the many witnesses, by the virtue of the power invested in me, by the Four Hundred of Athens, and the gods of our forefathers, I now declare you to be man and wife."

In similar manner Orato passed on until all of the voyagers were bound in the holy bonds of wedlock.

The same ceremony for Orato and Cynthia was performed by Hypnothoon.

The following day it was agreed to carry all tents and records of the ship further inland to a large, slightly elevated plateau, near which a spring of clear water and also building stone existed in great abundance. After several days of hard labor the great ship was totally dismantled, and its planks, masts, booms, ropes, sails and flags transported inland to the plateau.

Resignates, blindfolded, shot an arrow towards the zenith of the sky and the spot where the arrow fell was selected as the place for the first building to be erected. After a number of days, by the combined labor of all, a large, one-story building, with two hundred rooms and a large, long hall in the center, stood completed.

## CHAPTER XXI

### *NAMING THEIR CITY*

It was agreed that the site of their future city, of which now one large, durable, stone building stood completed, should receive a name. At a general discussion, held for the purpose of naming the city, an endless number of names were proposed, including Ajax, New Greece, Hellas, Phoebus, New Attica, Homer, Achilles, etc.

Some also proposed Aeolus, because he had blown them there. Others, Olympia, to remind them of their Olympian gods. Some of the maidens proposed Iris, which they said, like the rainbow, signified hope. Many other names were proposed. For each name proposed there were reasons given.

One of the men voyagers spoke up with great enthusiasm, saying: "We have all overlooked one name, and I am quite sure you will all agree with me that we call our city by the name of New Athens, in honor of our native never-again-to-be-seen, but always to be remembered, beautiful, violet-crowned Athens."

Loud cheers greeted his proposal, and it was just about as good as settled that New Athens should be the name of the great city to be.

One of the men voyagers said: "How would Polybus sound?" All the maidens shouted: "No! No! No!" He was mystery itself. We hope he will reach the end of the world and jump off. But we do not wish the same fate for Captain Arteus and others that wandered forth with him.

"New Athens! New Athens! New Athens!" shouted all quite unanimously.

Udina, wife of Sophon, standing on a flat, large boulder, spoke up and said: "Fellow discoverers, I do not know whether we discovered this new land or whether this new land discovered us, but it makes no difference. We are here to stay. Fellow discoverers, I do not think we ought to name our city New Athens, not because I love our native Athens less, but perhaps because I love our Athens more, if that is possible. It seems I can hear some Athenian philosopher, standing on the Acropolis, speak to us, over the dreadful never again to be crossed ocean, saying, for Athens: 'Save me from my well-meaning children. Save me from my friends.'

"Yes, I also say, save the name Athens for our grand, cultured

native city of Athens only. Let there be only one Athens. (Applause.) One beloved native Athens of Attica. (Applause.)

"Fellow builders of a new city, what is a name for? The object of a name is to distinguish a person, thing or city from all other persons, things or cities, in order to know which or what person, thing or city one means, and is talking about. It is proposed to use the word 'New' and call it 'New Athens.' Then, in talking, our beloved native city would often be referred to as 'Old Athens.' Again, I can hear from across the far distant waters: 'Save me from my friends.' Fellow discoverers, if the object of giving a person, thing or city a name is for the purpose of distinguishing the person, thing or city from all other persons, things or cities, then using the same name over and over again lessens the object of a name and instead of distinguishing the person, thing or city apart from others it tends to practically extinguish the name, or at least makes a name less useful, and causes misunderstanding and confusion. I will say no more; but can we not discover some name that will not come in conflict with that of our ever to be remembered city of Attica."

Loria, wife of Pindarus, spoke up and said: "Fellow namers of our new city: At first, when Undina spoke, there was an ominous lull; but as she explained and unfolded her views the applause grew louder and louder until it now seems that we are all agreed that the name of our grand city-to-be should not come in conflict with the name Athens. But I believe that we all feel that in naming our new city we ought at the same time give it a name that will honor and constantly remind us of our native city. (Applause.) Therefore I propose that our city be named *Athonia*, in honor and in remembrance of Athens." (Great applause follows) with a shouting of "Athonia! Athonia! Athonia!"

Meander arose and said: "Fellow namers of a city to be: I take the liberty of saying that all of us who are for naming our city *Athonia* step to the right side of this rock. All walked immediately over to that side. Meander continued: "As we are unanimously agreed on the name *Athonia* we now, in this strange land, know in what city we dwell, namely, in the city of *Athonia*. (Great applause.) The Fates have reserved the honor of naming our new city for one of our women citizens. (Applause.)

"That our labor and thoughts will be given to make Athonia, in time, a noble city, needs not to be attested by words. We might have called our city New Athens, for Athens will never hear of us again, and we will never hear of Athens again.

"But *Athonia* now is its name; and often will we with sacrifice invoke the aids of our Gods to make *Athonia* a city worthy of renown and its people from generation to generation the noblest of the earth. (Applause.)

"We know we are here; but still we don't know where we are. But as our new dwelling place has been given a name, we all feel more at home, for we all feel that now we are in our new city of *Athonia*. (Applause.) We all know that the large, stone temple we have built is very durable, but severely plain. So, also, even throughout our generation, perhaps, will all the temples and buildings of our city of *Athonia* be built plain, without ornamentation and without much regard to beauty.

"But we will rehearse to our citizens of the future of the beauty and grandeur of the temples and statues at Athens and thus impart a knowledge and longing for the beautiful in art and create a desire for the beautiful that will eventually find tangible form, visible expression in the temples, houses, and works of art of the far distant future of *Athonia*.

"We all know that we must toil throughout our whole generation at the very foundation of things; we must work to build and secure the first necessities of life.

"Although in our large, stone building there are securely stored a large quantity of food and Grecian wine, weapons, wares, and things of many kinds taken from our grand ship, a large number of articles will have been consumed before the passing of many moons. The ship's sails serve us well for tents in this hot climate. The ship's masts, booms, planks and boards also are available for many purposes.

"But the building of a city requires many things. To secure the things necessary for our existence, protection, comfort and enjoyment of life, we know will require the work of all of us. The committee that has explored the country around to a great distance inland say that they met with no large animals and they believe that in our new land there are no draft animals or beasts of burden, such as the camel, ass, ox, or horse. Therefore we, on this far off distant new land, are placed at a great disadvantage in building up a great city in comparison with people who live across the broad, trackless, unknown ocean and lands towards the rising sun. In the construction of our first large, stone building, we sorely missed the powerful aid of camel, ass, horse and ox.

"Many peoples without the aid of draft animals or beasts of burden, would not have accomplished what we have accomplished in the building of our large, stone temple. It will endure . . . all time; but we feel that we must drop all attempts at ornamentation, for our whole strength and time will it require to build and construct and produce the necessary comforts of life.

"Fellow Athonians, we feel that a country whose people have powerful draft animals and beasts of burden to assist them, all other

things being equal, will progress more easily and rapidly, and its people live on a higher plane of civilization than in a country where such aid is wholly absent. A slight difference in advantages may make a very great difference in the progress and development of a people; a difference of advantage such as the aid of powerful animals may be the cause of a people's steady progress, while the absence of such aid may be the cause of a people's almost total standstill. Never before have we fully realized the usefulness to man of the draft animals and beasts of burden. Yes, when the well is dry, we fully realize the value of water. Much praise could each of us bestow upon the powerful, willing beast that in so many ways lighten man's labor.

"But the gods have seen fit to waft us on these shores, where such animals do not exist. We must rely wholly on our strong muscles and minds. This fact will not deter us, however, in our determination to labor and progress. For, if it did, we would not be true, worthy sons and daughters of our noble Grecian fathers and mothers." (Great applause.)

Cynthia, wife of Orato, spoke up and said: "Fellow Athonians, if there are no oxen on this wild, unknown land, then also the cow is absent. Sheep, goats, also, perhaps. That also places us at a great disadvantage. For milk and the firstlings of calves we will not have. And for garments, also, no wool will we have to spin. But the gods have saved us from total destruction by guiding our ship to these shores, and we must be grateful."

Zenothos, who had been one of the exploring expedition in the country around, said: "Fellow Athonians, although we have no sheep or wool, we have found the most beautiful cotton growing near the seashore. This, we can cultivate so it will grow in great abundance and spin and weave it into raiment. We will not need much raiment here, for we have landed in a hot climate, where raiment of any kind is almost a burden."

Cormandes said: "Fellow Athonians, I suggest that one of our artists engrave the name *Athonia* on some prominent stone of this, our first home and temple." (Applause.)

Beotheo, wife of Hypnothoon, standing on a rock, said: "Fellow Athonians, I suggest that there be engraven on some prominent stone of our building:

"THE FOUR HUNDRED OF ATHENS  
were wafted here on the great ship *Aeolus*  
and established the city of  
ATHONIA."

(Applause.)

Orthocles and Graphitus agreed to engrave it.

Restocious spoke from a slightly elevated rock and extemporized as follows: "Fellow Athonians,

"*Athonia*," the name of our city shall be,  
Established by rovers from over the sea,  
Who sailed on a ship, the "*Aeolus*" so grand,  
From shores far east in Attica's land.

O, may our *Athonia* prosper and grow,  
Although the great world it never can know  
Or hear its fair name, its fall or its rise,  
For here we all dwell, beyond the world's eyes.

Conspirators thought to pour us all o'er  
The end of the world with ocean's loud roar.  
But Gods intervened—the ship, it struck land,  
And thus our ship sailed not, as secretly planned.

Our thanks to the Gods will endless be given,  
For lacking their aid, our ship would have driven,  
By wind's favoring breeze and tide's awful power,  
O'er the end of the world, where oceans devour.

We are blown like the seeds of flowers are blown,  
To far distant shores, wild and unknown;  
And, too, like the seeds, we here must remain;  
The Gods willed it so, we must not complain.

*Athonia*, a nucleus, O, may it be  
Of a nation of heroes, powerful and free,  
Whose sons and whose daughters will proudly relate  
"The Four Hundred of Athens's" wonderful fate. (*Applause.*)

Orato, standing under a mahogany tree, two censers swinging from its limbs from which incense arose, surrounded by all *Athonians*, prayed, "O, ye gods of Greece, our faith and our friendship will never cease. Although cast upon this great, unknown land, we realize that your powers hold sway unto the ends of the earth. From the high Olympian abode you can look to the ends of the world. Our fate is also seen and known to you, although in a far distant, new land we will not worship new gods. The gods of our fathers shall be the gods of our coming generations without end. Sacrifice shall arise to thee, not bloody sacrifice, but such as we gather from the fields, forests, rare shrubs, vine, sweet-scented flowers and firstlings of fruits and rare incenses such as you desire to be given by such as are the noble of the earth. We humbly beseech thee, bless *Athonia* with progress and in the end of distant moons with greatness and renown. Zeus, Olympian gods of our fathers, O, we beseech ye, beckon Pallas Athene, the wise, blue-eyed goddess, to hover over the destinies of our new city of *Athonia*. Minerva (*Athena*), who imbued our forefathers, of our never again to be seen Athens, with a superior spirit of courage and refined progress. O, Zeus, Olympian gods, all, may Minerva, who was on the side of our forefathers, in the Siege of Troy,—Minerva, who has always lent her power and wisdom to the side of noble, human progress,—

Minerva, who in war or peace, imparted to our Athenian people superior courage, strength and skill—Minerva (Athena), after whom the city of Athens was named, for the friendship and great favor she bestowed upon our Grecian race,—O, we also, the sons and daughters of Athens, who have been cast on this great, unknown land, humbly pray, implore, invoke her favors and blessings for the greatness and glory of *Athonia*. \* \* \* O, Minerva! wise, skillful, courageous goddess, on this great, distant, unknown shore, we also have named our new city *Athonia*, in honor and sacred remembrance of thy special favors shown in war and peace to the city of our fathers.

“O, ye gods of our fathers, we the ‘Four Hundred of Athens,’ cast upon this shore, cannot, without your friendship and favor, take root and thrive on this new land, nor can, without your favor, any city thrive and prosper. \* \* \* Next to thee, in wisdom, O Zeus, is Minerva, who sprang forth, full-armed from thy head. O, Minerva, thy favor in battle leads on to victory, and through victory to peace and prosperity. O, courageous, wise, cheerful Minerva, thou it was that inspired our forefathers with an unending, restless desire for thoughtful labor, thus changing our barbarous, wild, forefathers from hunters in the wild forests to builders of cities of power, comfort, refinement and renown. Thou it was that brought our forefathers out of the woods. Thou, O, blue-eyed goddess, it was, that taught our forefathers that human greatness, power, progress, prosperity and refinement can be achieved only in the sweat of the brow through toil—work—labor. Thou, O Minerva, hast taught our forefathers that labor is the foundation of all progress and prosperity.

“Labor, O labor, what progress and prosperity thou spreadest over the world. Labor, by its fruits, blesses him that labors. Labor purifies and ennobles the human mind. O, courageous, wise, skillful, Athena (Minerva), thou hast taught our Grecian forefathers that brave, noble, powerful, aggressive warriors lead to victory, victory leads to peace, peace to labor and labor to a nation’s wealth, power, greatness and renown. Base and evil thoughts find not easily a home in the mind of him that labors. Most skillful Athena, thou hast first taught our Grecian forefathers to cleave the rock and build temples, and the maidens and women to spin and weave invisible gossamer to the strong sails for ships. Thus, O Athena, hast thou made the blessings of labor known unto them. Foundations unseen and colossal, coarse work, we have observed often require the finest grains of thought. Thou hast taught us, on the building of temples, to honor those who laid the unseen foundation stone, up to those who gilded the dome that glistens in the sunshine and proudly points to the passing clouds. O, Athena, the building of our new city of *Athonia* cannot be achieved without great, unceasing, indefatigable, thoughtful

labor. The 'Four Hundred of Athens' have been blessed by Olympian gods with superior excellencies, including courage, strength, beauty, wisdom and skill. The restless spirit to labor and to do, ever striving, progressingly onward, have they also inherited from our fathers.

"We behold about us a thriving soil; and if our hands and minds are willing the fruits of the earth will meet us more than half way. O, Athena, we humbly implore thee, allow not the inherited spirit of a thoughtful desire to labor, diminish or ever wane; for only by the impulse of that spirit with which thou hast blessed our fathers can our prospective Athonia become a reality. O, Athena, if ever the 'Four Hundred of Athens' desire and willingness to toil, work, labor should cease, it would lead all of us into these surrounding, dense jungles, to dwell, wander, hunt and battle with the wild beasts of the forests. It would bring us all back again to the wild, savage state of primeval ancestors. Thus would, O Athena, the blessings inherited from our Grecian forefathers all come to naught. Therefore we humbly pray, O Athena, spare us from such a direful loss—the desire to labor. O, we humbly pray, turn us not back again into the wilderness, into savage hunters or nomads. O, ye gods, who have saved the Four Hundred of Athens from total annihilation by covering the sea with dense fog and moving the arms of the helmsman so that our ship struck this great, unknown land, and thus saved us from sailing over the end of the world; it was thy will that the 'Four Hundred of Athens' should dwell in this land. And your assistance to prosper, do we also implore. O, ye gods of our fathers, it is known to ye that the 'Four Hundred of Athens' are all graduates of our Athenian philosophical schools. All are equal in beauty, stateliness, gracefulness, courage, strength, skill and wisdom. Never before on this world's wide plain was there such a community where all are equal; for all communities of the world, like that of our fathers have made slaves of their inferior numbers, and of such as have been captured in wars. And, too, are there vast degrees of difference among the citizens in the community of our fathers; for various are the classes, including slaves, artisans, warriors, aristocrats, and royalists. But, O, ye gods of our forefathers, on this great, new land, no human foot has ever trod. There are no people to war against or from whom to obtain slaves. O, Athena, the destiny of our Athonia must be worked out by the 'Four Hundred of Athens' themselves, without the aid of slaves and assistance of the common people; also, without the aid of camel, elephant, ass, sheep, cow, oxen, and horse. A great problem, O, Athena, confronts us. The great, first house and temple which stands completed arose as if by magic, for all toiled incessantly. The noble maidens also assisted without long pauses on the lighter work. By the blessings of the spirit of labor, a desire to labor, O Athena, are all now



comfortably roofed and protected in the large, high, one-story temple, which also has two hundred dwelling places. But one large dwelling-house temple maketh not a city, nor sufficeth for the future. By great labor only can a great, noble, future Athonia become a reality.

"We have dwelt here now over one moon's time and so far, O Athena, without rulers or laws. Each stepped into such place of labor as would bring the most skill and best results. But, beholding the regular order of the seasons, stars, night and day, we know that all is regulated by laws; and we feel that human affairs also cannot remain without laws, for soon all would end in chaos. Athonia also will have to be governed by laws.

"Its citizens must come to an agreed understanding among themselves as to what course of action is to be adopted as proper, agreeable, and to the best welfare of at least the greater number of the citizens. O Athena, we cannot speak of a king or a queen here, for each one of the 'Four Hundred of Athens' is fit to hold the highest position as ruler of a great nation. They would have no kings or queens. I have heard one of our most profound Grecian philosophers, in one of his orations, speak of the classes and masses, and on the clashing of the classes.

"But here we have no classes, for all, through inheritance and acquirement, have equal excellencies and are all of the highest and noblest type of manhood and womanhood. One of our young Grecian idealistic philosophers said, while at Athens, there should be no classes. All should possess and be perfectly equal; for man to man is brother. Most all the other philosophers shook their heads and said: 'As a song it would sound glorious; but it could not earnestly be advocated by any man who has impartially and truly analyzed himself.' A government means many men. They also said, 'Different classes, including warriors, are necessary for the greatness, prosperity, strength, safety and renown of a nation.' One of the older philosophers also said:

Some must rule and some obey,  
Or chaos holdeth ruinous sway.

"But I admired the orator who spoke on perfect equality. He only gave in a very enthusiastic manner a few leading generalizing hints how to secure perfect equality of possession and prominence to each individual of the state. I at that time pondered deeply and earnestly on the idealists' equalizing plans. My thoughts and speculations ran to and fro until they lost themselves in the dark labyrinthian chambers of my brain. The efforts in trying to solve the problem made my head dizzy and swim; and I at last came to the conclusion that the philosophers and bards had reason when they shook their heads. Therefore, O Athena, skillful, wise, blue-eyed god-

dess, thou who hast led our first forefathers out of the wilderness, wouldst we humbly invoke thee, O, lend wisdom to the 'Four Hundred' in the making of righteous laws for Athonia. We implore thee, O, may its laws be made on the theory that man to man is brother. This nation is to begin with only one class of people—the highest class. None are obscure. As to places, let there be no high places nor low places, for the 'Four Hundred' are determined to preserve strict equality even unto their descendants. Jealously will they forbid titles of rank or superiority. Jealously will they forbid the forming of any class. Jealously will they war against prerogatives and special privileges; for each even unto his descendants shall esteem himself equal to all. Our fathers taught us not to overvalue much gold, for there are nobler things than gold. O Zeus, we pray, assist us to subdue unrighteousness, human covetousness, base, sordid longing, craving merely for gold. O. gods of our fathers, let not unrighteousness, covetousness, eagerness for gold, arise among us. Among the unjust and unrighteous gold has the first weight of power. But among the 'Four Hundred' it is thought lightly of. Nobility of character is valued far above glittering gold. Bright gold is called by some peoples 'the tears wept by the sun.' Truly also can we say that from time immemorial the powers of gold and the acquiring of gold unrighteously has caused human tears to flow over the countenances of countless millions. Yes, truly, the tears wept by the sun have caused countless millions of tears to flow o'er the cheeks of avaricious man. The 'Four Hundred of Athonia,' O Athena, is a very high-minded, very sensitive class. The laws to fit such a noble people must be built on strict equality and justice. All demand to be and remain equal in all situations, and the idea of equality hand down to their descendants forever. They desire that none of their descendants shall hold servile positions under others. Therefore, O wise goddess, the finest grains of thought will be required to evolve laws such as are fit for this high-minded, highly sensitive 'Four Hundred of Athonia,' who dare maintain their rights and are ever jealous of their inviolability. Therefore, O Athena, we pray to thee, that true philosophy dwell in the minds of them all, especially in the minds of such as are to take the greatest share in forming the laws for Athonia.

"Philosophy, true philosophy, our Athenian orators have often said, comes down to earth from heaven and raises man from earth up to heaven. O, Zeus, without philosophy man would be nothing more than an animal. It is philosophy only that distinguishes and sets man far above and over animals. Man cometh into the world with ignorance, but philosophy leadeth him higher and higher towards the realm of the gods. It teacheth the love of truth, beckons him to search for truth, and gradually banishes baneful darkness and ignorance. To

know one's ignorance is the foundation and beginning of true philosophy. Philosophy is the torch that lights the way out of darkness and ignorance towards the clear light of truth and wisdom. Gods and men hate falsehood and ignorance. Truth, O Athena, the wisest have taught us, make strong, brave, wise, temperate, good and noble, and bringeth all things out of darkness and ignorance into the clear light of day. True philosophy teaches us that the mind and not feelings, senses, should hold sway; for oft our inferior senses may lead us into error, lead on the path of ignorance. True philosophy aims to bring all things in the bright, clear light of the noonday sun. Such, it is, Athena, for which we pray to thee, O, wise, blue-eyed goddess, sprung full-armed from the head of Zeus, god of gods, assisteth ever in the love and search of truth.

"O, we invoke thy aid, assist us individually to be ever mindful that our minds be the sovereign over our senses; for at times the inferior senses seem determined to usurp the sovereign power of the mind. To allow our various senses to hold sway as sovereign over the mind would lead to chaos, lead to wrong paths, lead to the rule of the inferior over the superior, and would stay and subdue the noble, progressive impulses of man. Similar, also, O Athena, have our Athenian orators taught us, is it with the state, where the inferior rebel and fight to usurp the ruling power of the government. It is true a state ruled by the inferior must ever remain below the standard attainable when ruled by the superior.

"We beseech thee, O Athena, aid us each individually to retain the high standard which has been achieved by four generations of forethought, teaching and training. Each of us form the unit of the city of Athonia. Philosophers in Athens have taught us that as is the individual standing of the citizens of a people's government, just in the same degree is the standing of such government. A nation of the people must at times have special, brave, wise and noble men. Our Athenian philosophers have taught us that when such a time or crisis occurs, such men will as by magic, step forth and loom above the multitude.

"Well do we also remember what Diontes said upon introducing Philostenes, who held the farewell address from the shore at Phalerum on the departure of our once great ship *Aeolus*, namely, 'All great events, 'tis said, will great men find.'

"O, gods of our fathers, however great a man may spring up among us, on whatever crisis or occasion, we will ever heed the teachings of our Athenian philosophers and forbid anthropolatry (man worship). To none but thee, O, Olympian gods of our fathers, will we show worship and deep reverence. Olympian gods, we pray, may such as the citizens of Athonia select from among their multitude to administer

the affairs of state, prove by their zeal for its welfare that they realize that they are the high servants of the people. May selfishness, covetousness and sordid self-interest find no place in their thoughts and speculations; and may the only desire and highest ambition of all such public servants be, to receive the appreciation and plaudits of their fellow citizens for public duty, ably, unselfishly, patriotically, fearlessly, impartially and conscientiously performed. Thus may a state progress and prosper. Also may we pray, may the citizens of our new city, state, or nation, of Athonia, until generations without end, be imbued with the principle that such as may be endowed or blessed with special gifts of strength and other abilities above the ordinary, that it is the sacred duty of such to not only use their special ability for their own good, but for the general public good, also in harmony with the noble principle that man to man is brother.

"In speaking of a state, O Zeus, O Athena, one is again and again led back to the individual citizen who constitutes the unit of the state, and a multitude constitutes its people, the state. All nature wishes to be good to each of us if we will only be good towards ourselves—each being his own friend and the friend of others in thought and deed. Nature is the true friend of each of us. When our body is cut or harmed, how immediately nature steps to heal and help us to recover. Also, O Zeus, how bounteous are the manifold blessings spread around us on all sides so that our Athonia may grow into a nation of many people. O Zeus, we pray that healthy, beautiful and brave offsprings be given us in great numbers so that Athonia may become a nation of many peoples. 'The Four Hundred of Athonia' is at present like one great, noble family, separated in couples.

"Once upon a time a great ruler of a great nation made it known that families of a large number of children were pleasing in his sight. But, O Zeus, we humbly pray as to children, let it be quality, rather than quantity; so that the high standard of our 'Four Hundred' achieved by four generations of thoughtful mating, teaching and training will not be deteriorated.

"Cast upon this vast unknown land, each of us at times, may need the kind, noble assistance of others; therefore, O Zeus, we pray thee, assist us to cultivate active assistance, rather than fruitless, helpless sympathy.

"Those of our 'Four Hundred' who have been sent out to explore the surrounding country say they have found no trace or signs of human beings. Cast upon this great, unknown land, we are its only inhabitants and therefore we will have no enemies to battle or contend against. But, O Zeus, one of our most profound Athenian philosophers maintained in one of his lectures on 'Our Enemies': 'Man fear thyself, and guard thyself against the enemy which is ever a part of thee.' He

said that man's greatest foe and enemy resides within himself, is always present and accompanies him however distant he may travel and is ever ready to inflict harm to body and mind even unto destruction. Man, he said, is of many parts, fearfully and wonderfully made. He has many senses, longings, desires. The head, the mind, is intended to be the ruling, controlling power over all the other senses and desires, such as appetite, love, hatred, envy, unrighteousness, covetousness and revenge. The mind is, therefore, superior and above the other senses. O Zeus, we also know that the mind cannot wholly ignore the longing and desires of the other senses, such as appetite and love; for to follow their promptings thoughtfully, is necessary for the welfare of soul and body. But, O ye Olympian gods, when the inferior senses such as desire, revenge and base longings revolt and seem determined to usurp the power of the intellect, may our mind assert its authority for the preservation and welfare of our being. O Zeus, we again pray assist us to subdue the ever present enemy, the evil spirit that is within and is a part of us. So, also, Athene we pray, may the evil spirit in the body politic of *Athonia* never try to usurp the controlling powers of the state. Ye have, O gods of our fathers, endowed the 'Four Hundred' with the light of wisdom so that no false prophets and magicians can arise and make merchandise of them. May the gods also so speak, we pray, to our coming generation without end; that they must not allow the result of unrighteous exploitations of one's labor for the benefit of others; so let it be their religion as it is ours.

"The bravest of heroes have our Athenian fathers been in war. But one of our Athenian warriors said upon a time:

As every man to man is brother,  
When shall we cease to war each other?

"But especially here, on this vast, unknown land, where we are the only inhabitants, where all are equal, we pray, O Zeus, may peace and concord prevail to the glory of *Athonia*. May our forward strides in labor and our strenuous Grecian games preserve our full, noble, fearless courage and daring and strength equal to that which is claimed can only be achieved by bloody conflicts of war. O Zeus, we pray to thee, may the daughters of Mnemosyne, Clio, Uterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, Calliope that dwell on Mount Helicon, Parnassus, and Pindus, in the Grecian land of our noble fathers, also be allowed to send their spirits as messengers to inspire such as are poets among us; to sing of all that is high and noble and exalting in mankind, thus to spur us ever onward and upward to the achieving of noble results for the welfare of generations yet unborn.

"But, O, we pray, forbid them to sing sweetly of false, wrong or alluring lights that can find no true footing among the conditions of men, for such songs create wrong imaginings, breed discontent, envy,

hatred, and lead to riot, destruction and bloodshed. Upon this great, unknown land we will need the assistance of all the gods and graces truly. We pray thee, may they ever remind our 'Four Hundred' unto their descendants without end, also that

Justice is virtue and wisdom;  
Injustice, vice and ignorance.

"Injustice leads to and creates sedition, hatred and contention among men. Justice fosters harmony, concord and friendship. We pray with your favor may justice prevail until the endless future, so that Athonia can grow and prosper and become a powerful city, state, nation, pleasing in the sight of gods and man. Olympian gods, all, may the vapor arising from the heated Grecian wine and the rare incense now ascending to the high Olympian abode, be as delicious nectar and sweet ambrosia unto ye."

Scriborites:

Shortly after the wine in the small bowl, and the incense in the two censers, swinging from the branches of the walnut tree, and the tripod, standing on a flat stone, had ascended as vapor, flame and smoke, Orato took the censers and tripod into the temple. A general discussion between all of the "Four Hundred" ensued in regard to the advisability of forming laws for *Athonia*. The consensus of opinion was that so far they had gotten along well and would continue to get along without laws, not having as yet the necessity of any.

The sun had attained to its zenith and as the day had been set apart for holding prayers of thanks to the gods and general recreation, it was agreed to set apart the balance of the day for holding games and dances. As the day is hot, all went to their apartments in the temple and donned their light suits and athletic tights, which they had taken along on the ship upon leaving Athens. The ladies' athletic suits were of a light blue and the men's were of a dark red color. On a large, flat, open green, just north of the mahogany trees, the men, under the command of Marstenes, and the ladies, under command of Rosania, now wife of Emporiacles, formed into line and marched single file in opposite directions, on returning joining couples. To the stirring music of the musicians, composed of men and women of the Four Hundred, all joined in the wave-flowing Neptune dance, singing in his honor with the same deep, strong, manly and beautifully sweet, womanly voices as at various landings on the shores of the Mediterranean, east of the Pillars of Hercules; although on Neptune's realm none can ever sail again, for the great ship *Aeolus* is totally wrecked, and has only its shattered planks and sails to recall its one-time, sea-defying greatness.

The Neptune dance, even when danced with a free sort of abandon, is one of the most graceful of our Grecian dances. The strong, well

proportioned men and stately, neatly rounded forms of the ladies, clad in tights, almost coinciding with nature unadorned, brought the true, full beauty of graceful movements and forms unhidden to admiring eyes. True beauty delights the eye most when without ornaments. So, too, as I am allowed to say the truth, do our Four Hundred appear handsomer, more graceful, beautiful and noble when decked with the least possible raiment. From a distance they appear as if without raiment, but close by, the short and low cut silk tights glisten lustrously in the hot sunshine.

That such, with their large, noble, black, brown or blue eyes, heavy wealth of brown, black or blonde hair, perfect, pearly teeth and beauty of stateliness, form and grace—the most handsome, brave and noble of the earth—should be cast upon these shores and be required to build up a city by their own bodily strength, without the assistance of slaves, even without the assistance of beasts of burden, or draft animals, seems like the irony of Fate. 'Tis true, in our native land, beyond the never-again-to-be-crossed ocean, we were taught and accustomed to lead a strenuous life, ever ready for contests, sports, games and war. But the work of constructing buildings and menial labor was performed by slaves and a large number of the obscure, and were not engaged in by such as the Four Hundred of Athens.

The determination in all situations to stand forth as victors alone may, in time, lead to our upbuilding of a great and prosperous Athonia. The Neptune dance was followed by a men's short distance race. Each carried a woman in his arms, drawn by lot for the race. Each man with a woman in his arms ran to a certain line and returned. Sophon and Quientes returned to the goal at the same time. They ran a second time and Quientes turned out victor.

Athonia lies on a slightly elevated plateau, about 61 stadia (seven miles) west of the sea, inland.

After the Neptune dance, it was agreed to conclude the day's festivities with a running race to the sea and return. The land towards the sea is covered in greater part with forests and dense undergrowth, therefore the distance to be covered by the racers was not a beaten path, but was mostly through dense forests and over rough running ground. The first race was to the sea; the second race a return from the sea, to touch the large stone temple.

Men and women raced separately. Standing in a long line the women started first. Shortly after, the men also started on the race to the sea; each racer striving for the honor of being the first to touch the waters of the great ocean, seven miles distant. In the glowing heat of this climate all racers were glad to receive the shade of the large forest trees, under which the course led them. It was, to some extent, guesswork, while running through the forests, as to which direc-



tion was the shortest bee-line to the sea. Therefore it was not altogether a matter of speed, but also luck and judgment, as to following the most direct course to the sea.

Gracio, of the men racers, was the first, closely followed by many others, to touch and stand in the sea. Lidio, wife of Nononteus, was the first to touch the sea in the woman's race. After the last of all the racers arrived at the seashore, the men and women separated to the north and south along the shore, disrobing and indulging in a swimming contest. Breakers were lashing the shore; but the ladies as well as the men, swam far out in the heaving billows. Among the ladies, Corina, wife of Amondes, won the prize for distant swimming, and Iola, wife of Kerdosocles, won the prize in the diving contest. In the men's swimming contest, Diagorax won the long distance prize and Marstenes the long diving prize. After donning their tights, all assembled in the shade under the trees along the seashore for a short rest, after which all formed in line along the beach, and on a given signal entered upon the seven miles returning race for Athonia.

Zenotes touched the walls of the temple first, and won the men's return race. Minione, wife of Sarphades, was the first of the ladies to touch the temple, and won the ladies' return race prize.

All gathered at the festal board, in the shade of a large cluster of mahogany trees. After all were seated around the long banquet boards, Orato, with incense ascending at his side, which stood among the fruits on the banquet boards, prayed:

"O Zeus, god of gods, although we are wafted across the never-again-to-be-crossed unknown sea to this new land, we see before us with gladdened hearts and laughing eyes that the banquet boards are bending with the weight of new, toothsome, luscious fruits and nuts indigenous to this, our new land. Also new trophies of the chase have our nimrods placed upon the banquet boards. Thy great goodness to man is seen on every side. As the flat world, O Zeus, is much larger, much greater in extent, than man knoweth of, so also is the extent of the blessings showered upon mankind. O Zeus, Olympian gods all, also Ceres, Pomona, Flora, we thank you for the bountiful gifts with which our banquet boards are bending, enhanced by the new, beautiful flowers, also indigenous to this, our new land. The beautiful feast before us assures us that we have not been cast upon a desert land, but on a land in which the good things of the earth appear to thrive and grow in great abundance. O Zeus, Olympian gods all, also Ceres, Pomona, Flora: in great humility we thank you for the life sustaining blessings bestowed upon us. May, O ye gods, the incense arising from our tripod be as sweet as perfume unto ye."

The luscious fruit, nuts and wild game indigenous to the new land was partaken of with great relish. Greek wine also, with other Greek



fare, of which a large quantity was still preserved in the temple, also graced the banquet boards.

After having partaken of the meal, songs accompanied by music, followed, interspersed with words of laudation for the victors of the running and swimming contests. The way for song and oration was opened by singing the well-known Grecian song,

When Greek meets Greek on festal day,  
The watchword is, Fair play! Fair play!

The women victors were crowned with white cotton-blossom wreaths, and the men victors with mahogany foliage wreaths. Many happy and fitting words of praise in honor of the victors were expressed by both women and men, many leaning toward the opinion of the last speaker, Arcondius, who spoke as follows: "Fellow Athonians, although in a new, unknown land, we will not worship new gods, but the gods of our fathers, the gods of Greece, shall remain our gods, unto generations without end. In the same sacred spirit will we indulge in Olympian games in our new Athonian land. Our fathers instituted Olympian games to bring out the highest and best in men and women—the highest dexterity, strength and courage. 'A strong, healthy body, a strong, healthy mind,' is the desired end in view of the Olympian games. We were schooled in the most strenuous Spartan training. The Fates have seen fit to waft us to a hot climate; but we will hold our strenuous Spartan games and contests as sacred. The Olympian games, in which we all take part, reveal to each of us whether we are as strong and dexterous as we ought to be, whether we have the endurance we ought to have. The debates in which we also take part also reveal to each of us whether we are as well informed as we ought to be. Without the Olympian contests, in which we all take part, most of us would consider ourselves better runners, better archers, better throwers of the lance, better in all bodily strength and endurance, than we really are. It is easy to imagine that one is a swift and enduring runner, a good swimmer, or has a mind that contains much wisdom, but in our games of skill, dexterity, strength, endurance, and in our debates, where the mind is set at play, facts as to comparative strength of body and mind are unfolded in their true light; and facts, we know, are stubborn things.

"He that does nothing can easily imagine that he is quite a good thrower of the lance, or quite a good runner, or skillful in some things, also can one easily imagine that he knows quite a deal. But let such step out of his seclusion into the arena of bodily skill and strength or in the arena of public debate, his rating is likely to fall far below what he had imagined. He would find that there are others.

"Our Olympian games dispel all false ideas we may hold of our-

selves. They reveal, to a certain degree, comparative strength of body and mind. We must know ourselves in all ways. Contests bring out the truth. Truth harms no one. Truth is the light which profound philosophy is ever seeking. Error leads on the wrong path. Truth leads on the path of righteousness, wisdom and noble human welfare.

"Our Grecian philosophy teaches us to search for the weak, false parts of body and mind, so as to be able, through strenuous determination, to supplant the weak and false by the strong and true, where possible. The people of a nation, without Olympian games, strenuous training, and contests, would dwindle down into weaklings, both in body and in mind; into cowards, not possessing courage and strength enough for self defense.

"Fellow Athonians, what I have said we all well know, and what those before me have said or those that may speak later on will say, you also know; for we are all equal. But we also know that the teachings of our Grecian philosophers cannot be rehearsed too often, so that the truths, which they have discovered may be indelibly impressed on our minds and transmitted to our coming generations beyond number. Fellow Athonians, may we, the Four Hundred, cast upon this distant land, in banquet assembled, arise and drain our drinking horns of Grecian wine, in honor of Olympic games, which we here, on this occasion, promise to observe as a valuable heritage of our fathers, who dwell beyond the sea, for the greatness, strength and glory of our city of Athonia to time without end."

Loud and clear rang the cheers, re-echoing from against the temple into the surrounding forests. The sun has descended down the west end of the world. All have entered their temple homes to rest from the festal day's exertions.

Many days of toil will pass before another day is set apart for worship, sports and games. Until such time, no events will I record. Since passing out of the Straits of Herculeum into the great, unknown sea, my duty as scribe ceased also. I only record events from a force of habit. But in this hot climate my inclination to record events will grow less and less. I shall in the future only record events as the spirit moves me, without effort, otherwise not. I also, like the rest of our Four Hundred, must rest for the labor that awaits us all. It has been agreed by all that laws shall not be known in Athonia.

Years and moons have passed since I inscribed events on a record scroll. Labor in this hot climate lessens the inclination for recording events. Besides my hands from handling stones and other work act awkwardly in the guiding of the quill o'er the record scroll parchment.

Rostoclous has bowed a large eagle and has presented its large quills to me, one of which I will now use to inscribe events of this day on a

record scroll. This day has, by general desire, been set apart for worship, games and contests.

Since I inscribed my last record scroll, many festal days have come and gone and many events have taken place. I shall hardly refer to them; but will mainly record this day's events. Since my last records were written Athonia has grown into a city of many houses. Each couple of our Four Hundred has a large lot and a home upon it. Each house is built like the next, excepting the doors and openings in the front side are different from each other, so as to distinguish them. The houses are all strong, one-story buildings. By general agreement each house was built by twenty-five men. There being 200 men, eight houses were erected during the same period of time. It was decided by lot which house should be erected first and so on in succession.

Besides a large, endless lot and house for each member, an endless plat of land adjoining the lots belongs to the whole Athonian community. Each member is supposed to do his full share in tilling the soil of the large common. Each shareholder is entitled to an equal share of the crops from land, tree and bush. The results of labor were equally distributed to all, although some, through being more diligent, persevering, and more earnest, eager and thoughtful in their toiling had created much more than others.

So far laws are unknown in Athonia. But as years and moons pass on the clamoring for laws—standard agreements of the community as to what action and conditions had to be recognized by all as proper, feasible and just for the general welfare of Athonia is growing louder and louder.

In the beginning, and even for many moons and years, the most diligent and thoughtful workers did not openly find fault with those who invented many different excuses in order to be able to shirk from their full share of toil. But as time passed on the shirkers grew in number and the earnest, diligent toilers grew less, until the most diligent and honorable began to protest against growing conditions in no uncertain tone. So that it has been agreed that upon this festal day the forming of laws for Athonia shall be discussed in full by the whole community. On starting this record scroll I did not intend to record past Athonian events but I did nevertheless in a condensed way. But if I should record the dissatisfaction and strife which many times nearly ended in bloodshed on account of the shirking by many of their duties, yet eager to share the results of labor equally with the diligent, it would cover several record scrolls, and could not be written within the time of the rising and setting of the sun.

This is a beautiful day. Early in the morning, as Aurora illumined the east, it was seen that the day would be beautiful, and it was quickly agreed to set this day apart as the festal day.

All the Athonians are now gathered on the open space near the large temple, surrounded by mahogany and other trees. In several places of the open space are large, flat stones, slightly elevated above the ground. Near the center of the grounds, under a large mahogany tree, Orato has taken his stand on a slightly elevated, flat rock.

With incense arising from the censer, swinging from the tree, Orato said:

"Noble Four Hundred, Fellow Athonians, you have set this day apart as a festal day for the worship of our Olympian gods and also for the holding of games, sports, contests and dances. Auritonous has composed a short invocation to Zeus for this occasion and Orientes, wife of Marstenes, has discovered a well-known Grecian tune for same."

Orato proceeded: "Let the harp, flute, lyre, horn, bugles, trumpets, drums and cymbals blend in harmony with our voices."

With music accompaniment all stood and sang:

#### INVOCATION TO ZEUS

O, Zeus, God of Gods, we pray,  
Aid us upon this festal day,  
To act as worthy sons and daughters  
Of Grecians, far across the waters,  
To think in true heroic mould  
Like Grecians, noble, fearless, bold,  
Which thus a heritage may be  
To all Athonians, noble, free,  
To times enduring, circling flow.  
Thus will Athonia's progress grow,  
Into a nation strong and grand,  
An offshoot of our Grecian land.  
With incense rising, thus we pray,  
On this Athonian festal day.

It was the opinion of many that in time the hot climate of our new land would lessen our energies in all directions of thought and labor. But the strong, old-time vigor and beauty of melodiousness with which the invocation re-echoed from the forest, does not yet agree with such fears. After the sound of the grand chorus died away, Orato prayed:

"Olympian gods of our fathers, on this festal day, we pray thee, give ear to our invocations. Cast upon these distant shores, we have built a new city and named it in honor of Athene, the wise goddess that always was on the side of our heroic forefathers.

"From the beginning to this day, Athonia has, we can say, been without laws. Idleness, weakness, lack of desire for labor, endurance, perseverance, strength, fitness, wisdom and many other things has resulted in a great inequality in quantity and quality of labor performed by the individual members composing the city of Athonia. So far, O

Zeus, in a more than brotherly spirit all have had meted out to them an equal share of the labor of all. Equality of the results of labor by the superior strength, by the superior desire to labor, of superior fitness to labor, of superior wisdom to labor, has been shared by all alike; until, O Zeus, in order to avoid bloodshed, this day has been set apart to decide whether in the future Athonia shall adopt laws which shall be observed by all.

"Omnipotent Zeus, we humbly invoke your aid to assist us in our conference this day to agree on laws that will be based on true righteousness for the good of all the citizens of Athonia.

Athene, blue-eyed goddess, thou it was who brought our first forefathers out of the woods, and taught them to live in cities, O, we also invoke thy aid, in the forming of laws for the welfare, stability and glory of Athonia.

"O Zeus, we have been cast upon a hot but very fruitful land. In the land of our fathers, beyond the great, unknown ocean, thanks with great rejoicing are given to Ceres once a year. But here, O Zeus, we can hold a feast of thanks and rejoicing twice a year, for the land, and crops, bear full twice a year, in prolific abundance.

"The white, fleecy cotton for spinning and weaving into raiment also grows in profusion. Therefore,

"O Zeus, we acknowledge, if it goeth not well with us, it is not the fault of the land upon which the Fates have seen fit to cast us, but will be because of the lack of unity, concord and righteousness that resides in Athonia.

"O Zeus, we also thank Ceres, Pomona, and Flora, for the bounteous gifts of grains, fruits and flowers. O, fair goddess, special days, twice a year, will soon be set aside for your worship, with great rejoicing, long pageants, followed by games, song and dance. Not only, O Zeus, is our land prolific in its products of the soil but also is it prolific in bringing forth the most beautiful flowers of mankind, for in an unexpected short time after we Four Hundred landed on these shores from our stranded ship *Aeolus*, each of our wives presented us with a healthy offspring. O Zeus, many thanks have ascended from us fathers and mothers to Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, for the perfect, strong, beautiful babes vouchsafed unto us. To behold a babe's first smiling laugh is a sight the most delightful to feeling man. On beholding a child's smiling laugh, O Zeus, O fair Goddess Hygeia, the strongest of men have striven to hold back tears of innermost joy; and to the mother the joy of joys. The smiling laugh of a child must be, it seems, even a delight unto the sight of ye gods, O Zeus, indicating that it feels well and rejoices that it is in the world over which ye hold sway.

"The boy babies far outnumber the girls but, O Zeus, in time, O fair Goddess Hygeia, may they be more evenly created. O Zeus, fair

Goddess Hygela, we all pray may they all grow up to be strong, stately, handsome, fearless, noble men and women, so as to be worthy descendants of their heroic Grecian ancestors.

"The multitude of Athonians are waiting to discuss, O Zeus, the question of righteousness between man and man, awaiting to decide whether Athonia shall remain without laws or whether laws shall be enacted for its future guidance and welfare. Again, we pray, lend wisdom, O Athene, unto each Athonian to decide and counsel justly for the glory of Athonia. May the incense arising be acceptable unto ye, O gods."

After the incense had all ascended, the whole chorus, accompanied by musicians, sang the well-known Grecian hymn (slightly changed), the first verse beginning:—

O, Gods of Greece; O, Gods of Greece,  
Our thanks and prayers shall never cease,  
For blessings which to us were given  
On this new land whence we were driven.

After the sounds of the long, melodious song lost itself in the mahogany forest, Marstenes, standing on a flat boulder, said: "Fellow Athonians, we know that a part of this festal day has been set apart to discuss questions which we in the beginning thought would never need to be discussed or receive attention, namely: whether Athonia can get along without laws. We all, in the beginning, thought that we could get along without laws; for we all know what is right and wrong, and all are noble. We all thought that we, the Four Hundred, the masterpieces of the creator, as one of the princes said, at one of our landings in the Mediterranean, did not require laws to guide or keep us on the road of honor and righteousness in our community affairs. But moons and years have past, and we are confronted by a condition. Fellow Athonians, the time is now ripe for each and every one to fully express his views in regard to the highly important matter."

Ronia, wife of Indomides, spoke up and said: "Express *his* view? Are we, the ladies, not to express our views also?"

Marstenes replied: "I cannot say."

After a short pause and consultation with those men near him he said: "Men of Athonia, it may be well to decide whether the women shall have the same rights as the men to express their views on the important questions of the day." Many spoke up and said, "Yes, let's decide it."

Marstenes said: "Fellowmen of Athonian, all who desire that the ladies shall be allowed to take part in the discussions will stand on the west side of that large boulder, and those who do not desire that

the ladies take part in the discussion, remain standing where they are."

Marstenes announced: "The majority of us Athonians are standing on the west side of the stone. Now, may I ask all of us men of Athonia what our decision is?"

All answered, as if with one voice: "Let the ladies express their opinions also."

Marstenes continued: "I have said all I intend to say at this time. I shall try to be a good listener, so let him that will, speak."

It was suggested by many that all who wished to give their views should speak from the flat boulder from which Marstenes had spoken.

Diagorax stepped upon the stone and said: "Fellow Athonians, women and men, Morphonius, he who so often has entertained us with his dream stories, says that a few nights ago he had a vivid dream of a wonderfully grand nation that existed in some far-off corner of the world's wide plain, and that some part of the dream he believes contains conditions that may be germane to the questions that may come up for our consideration and discussion this day. Moreover, his dream stories may put us all in a good humor, and in such a mood more tolerance and fairness will prevail during our discussion of the earnest questions that are to be decided upon this day."

## CHAPTER XXII

### *MORPHONIUS'S DREAM*

The call, "Morphonius! Morphonius! Morphonius!" was answered by our dreamer's presence on the flat, stone rostrum.

He said: "Fellow Athonians, there are dreams and dreams. Many dreams are so faint that upon awakening, we do not recall them. But the dream which I am to relate to you still remains fully in my mind and the conditions and scenes in the mysterious distance still linger, strikingly, vividly, in my mind's eye; all sounds and all sights are still clear to my eyes, ears, and mind. To be concise, I shall, in a laconic manner, only relate the most striking and wonderful parts of my dream. I dreamt I saw in some far-off, distant, mysterious corner of the world a wonderful nation, of a wonderful people. In person, they appeared the same as we do, excepting the raiment worn by man and women were somewhat different from ours.

They were a lively people, running to and fro, all in great haste it seemed.

"In my dream, with wide open eyes, I saw long rows of houses, moving swiftly to and fro, from city to city, throughout the whole nation. Looking closer, I saw people going in and out of the houses at all places where the houses seemed to stand still for just a short time. It seemed as if the houses moved on wheels. On closer observation, I discovered that the people moved, traveled and rode in the houses with great, unbelievable speed, from one city to another. Each long row of houses were drawn by a huge black animal, emitting dark fumes at times, and shrieking as it neared a city. I saw cities of many people in many parts of the great nation, the largest lying, it seemed, near the ocean and great inland waters and streams. Many of the houses seemed to vie with each other in attempting to pierce the highest clouds. Great were the houses of the whole land. But especially great and more than wonderful were the houses and temples of the large cities. Some of the domes and spires seemed to stand forth as an obstruction to the moon's passing, if ever she should happen to travel that way in the blue vault above. The houses had many openings which seemed to glitter like so many eyes. Next, swift moving objects on its rivers and seas claimed my attention. They appeared like huge sea monsters, dashing over the waters in all directions. Upon coming plain-



er into view, I saw them to be ships, dashing over the waters of oceans, seas and rivers in all directions like huge water bugs of various sizes, regardless of wind, storms or tide.

"On a landing at the seashore I observed a large crowd of people looking over toward the sea. I could not see what they were looking at, for the blue ocean seemed clear of all objects. But presently in view of the large crowd of people on the wharf, a large, dark object arose out of and above the surface of the sea amidst the shouts of the populace on the wharf. The object looked like a monster tortoise, much larger than any of our houses. While I was looking the large object grew less and disappeared again below the surface of the water. After a short time it arose again to view, far to the right from its first rising place. It now dashed over the sea towards the wharf, in close view to the multitude of spectators. It again sank under the sea; and after a lapse of time, appeared on the surface again far out on the sea. It dashed back towards the wharf again, and again sank below the water, and remained down a long time; and then arose again to the surface of the sea very close to the wharf. Presently a man stepped forth from an opening and stood in plain view, bowing in all directions to the multitude of spectators who shouted and cheered, waving bright flags, in the corner blue of which seemed to be many white stars. It seemed that this man may have been the ruler of the wonderful nation, for his reception by the vast multitude was far above and beyond a simple ovation.

"The movements of the object above and under the sea, taught me that it was a ship that could move and remain above or under water with equal speed. Their ships had no sails, and looked at my distance like huge monster-speeding tortoises or whales. Only their great size made one suspicious that they could not be such. Not only did my eyes see long trains of speeding houses, but also heavy, horseless chariots of many kinds speeding in all directions from one city to another. Especially did they appear in great numbers on the streets of cities. They were guided by men, women, also children, and moved at a rapid motion on their own account. Small, horseless chariots, guided by children, also in large numbers, darted about with apparently the same speed as those guided by men.

"Fellow Athonians, there is one thing that we all will unanimously agree in, namely: that I am relating a dream. I also dreamt that by their actions and looks, conversations held, and questions asked and answered, which were all clear to my eyes and ears, that the people could talk through the walls of their houses to others who were similarly situated, regardless of distances. Also did they talk from the street corners, over seas and mountains, to persons living in distant cities.

"A crowd of people in a park drew my attention, as they all sat facing a small box, the sweetest human voices resounded in song from out the box. Also did great orations proceed from that box, all of which were greatly applauded by the people. I heard the man who stood by the small box announce to the audience: 'We will now have the pleasure of listening to an oration, which at the time it was held, took the multitude by storm. You will hear that the orator is no more among the living, but has left his masterful orations for posterity to listen to.' The words spoken by the late orator came from the small box, clear and loud. I took great pains in trying to listen to the oration so as to find out whether the orations held by these wonderful people equaled those of our Grecian orators, bards and philosophers. The oration sounded very masterful; but on account of the very frequent interruption by the audience's applause I only remember of hearing something about despising a crown of gold, but desiring a crown of silver rather. I felt somewhat annoyed because the frequent applause interrupted the oration's reaching my ears.

"I soon noticed by their actions that the wonderful people of that wonderful nation could talk with each other over land, seas and mountains, from one end of the nation to the other.

"Next, a large number of soldiers, marching, caught my eyes. Upon stopping, they aimed at targets, and fire, lightning and thunder spouted forth. I noticed that many of the people in the cities carried fire, lightning and thunder on their persons concealed in small tubes.

"Fellow Athonians, I will not tire your patience much longer."

"Go on. Keep on," cried the Athonians.

"I shall hasten to come to the end of that dream. So far I had my eyes upon the things on land and sea; but with my eyes wide open, looking steadily at the vision before me, in the vast distance I saw people getting into a kind of seat with wing-like appendages, in swift motion, and arise from the ground and fly in all directions, high in the air, regardless of storm or wind. Not only men but women and small children also flew in the same manner with the speed and ease of an eagle, singly, and in flocks, high in the air from city to city. Many of the air ships were what one could call 'Three in one.' They could fly high or low in every direction, could alight on the sea and arise again like a sea-gull and move over the water in every direction; and when alighting on the land could move swiftly on wheels, like a chariot.

"Keeping my eyes toward the sky, but to a further distance, I saw two long, dark columns of air-ships rapidly approaching each other. Each of the large number of ships was, as the glistening weapons indicated, manned by a number of warriors. Spears projected from all sides of each air warship. The distance between the two columns grew swiftly less and less, until within a short distance from each other,

clouds of tremendous fire and lightning, followed by dreadful rolling thunder, flew across from column to column. Many air-ships fell slowly from their great height to the ground. The air warships closed in upon each other in a seemingly hand-to-hand fight. Air warships fell in increasing numbers to the ground, not like a stone but, to my wonder, somewhat like a leaf. For quite a long time the combat between the warriors of the opposing columns raged fearfully. Lightning flashes and thunder raged amidst the combatants. At last the air-ships belonging to the invading nation, it seemed, flew with great speed over the boundary line back into their own country. They had nearly been annihilated. The victorious column, after flying into military order again, slowly flew down on the ground. Many lives must have been lost on both sides, for fierce was the battle in the clouds. A dark, impenetrable fog set over the scene before me. After a time the fog vanished. To my horror and surprise many of the magnificent mansions of the rich and imposing temples of the great city which had claimed my particular attention now lay strewn in ruins, from which smoke arose at various places. I thought that the sudden destruction was the work of an earthquake. It was a terrible, sad transformation scene indeed.

"In a large, open square of the great city a speaker was addressing an excited crowd of citizens. I paid particular attention, in my dream, to catch every word that he said. He addressed the crowd in a loud, earnest, excited manner, as follows:

"'Fellow citizens of our greatest and freest and grandest of all nations. This is not a time for many words. We all know what has taken place and know who caused the terrible destruction of many of our cities' most palatial homes and temples, including the temple of justice. The question is, what can be done to save our city and citizens from being destroyed by Arkickchists. They have killed many more people than they profess they care to kill. But these outlaws care not for human lives, excepting their own worthless lives. Since time began, there always were such people mixed in society. But they did not have the opportunity of creating such terrible widespread havoc, as made possible and easy by newly discovered explosives and flying air-ships. Dark nights, as well as dense fogs, will come again and again. Thus will the Arkickchists find opportunities without end for destroying mansions, temples, yes, whole cities, including the lives of many citizens. To be short, fellow citizens, what means can we propose to save our homes, the lives of our families, wives and children, our cities, our nation, from the inhuman designs of Arkickchists? I would ask Judge Smitho to express his opinion in regard to the situation.'

"The assembled citizens shouted, 'Smitho! Smitho!' The Judge ascended the stand, alongside the first speaker, and said: 'Fellow citi-

zens, a calamity has been cast over the homes of many of our citizens and also utterly destroyed several of our most magnificent temples. Many men, women and children have been killed and many injured. But what guarantee have we that such terrible outrages will not be repeated endlessly? It has been predicted by one of our noted scientists that in time our new inventions and discoveries will reach such a point that it will be dangerous to live. It almost seems we have arrived at such a period already. It has been put on record by secret officers of our city that at an Arkickchistic meeting held while the first experiments with the flying of airships were being made, that they laughed in their sleeves, saying: "Let them perfect an airship—that suits us all right. It is not good that some citizens are so high above others in wealth. That's what we object too. They are up so high above others in wealth and look down on others because they are protected by law. We want no laws. But let them perfect a flying machine and we can rise as high as the highest, and then we can look down on all mankind. You bet, we will fill our airships with the most destructive bombs and then they will hear something drop for miles around. O, O, our time is coming for action. Yes, and the question will be—who dropped the terrible bombs? And we again can laugh in our sleeves and also ask, Who? yes, Who? but no answer or information can ever be forthcoming."

" "Boys," said one of the Arkickchists, "Come let's drain these mugs to the health of the gold bugs—the few that will be lucky enough to escape our bombs."

"That, fellow citizens, is a record of what was said at a secret Arkickchists' meeting held while our airships were still in the experimental stage. Now we have seen and felt that theirs was no idle talk. The mansions of the rich, the temple of justice and several temples to our gods, which they destroyed, shows that they had previously studied their various locations, situations, and in the dense fog flew over same and dropped the terrible bombs on and in the vicinity of the buildings destroyed. Before the fog vanished they had ample time to fly far away or even fly directly down to the earth again, without possible danger of detection.

"Fellow citizens, I would at present suggest that each airship, small or large, should be numbered and registered, and that all cities should have only one large, open place from which all airships should begin their flight, and at which places all airships should alight. Also air-gazers should patrol the cities, and airship watches should patrol the skies. In dense fog or dark nights no airships should be allowed to fly from the stations. This, fellow citizens, I regret to say, is all I am able to suggest at the present time.'

"Another prominent citizen, it seemed, arose and said:

"Fellow citizens, it is the opinion of many that flying in the air should be strictly prohibited and that all airships should be speedily destroyed. Our creator did not want us to roam in the air or He would have given us wings. Many human beings, without being Arkickchists, when out of the reach of the arms of the law, feel inclined, when in an airship, to drop down things, wondering whether they will happen to hit somebody on the head. We know it so happens unto death almost daily. Many more people are being killed by things falling down from airships than by lightning.

"A large number of the people cried out, "Yes, yes. They are dangerous! They are dangerous! Prohibit the use of airships."

"The speaker continued: 'Yes, the flying airships should be prohibited, excepting our army air warships, which have so gloriously defeated an invading army of airships unto annihilation, almost.' (Loud applause.)

"Another speaker arose and said: 'For endless generations man has thought and said: "The birds can fly, and why can't I?" Now that our scientists have discovered the secret of the birds' flight, and have made it possible for man, woman and child to fly in all direction to great distances, with the same swiftness but greater ease even than birds of strongest flight, it would indeed be an extreme, yes, sad measure against science, to prohibit us from flying. In view of the danger to life and property that has and can be done by flyers I propose a compromise measure, namely: a flyer, should not be allowed to soar in the air unless accompanied by an officer of the law.' (Great applause followed.)

"In my dream I saw an airship dropping down stones. I thought they would fall on my head. I lost sight and hearing of the further doings of the crowd and almost awoke. The sight before my eyes was growing dim. The shades of night seemed to spread o'er land and sea. In the lowering darkness I saw a man standing near the center of a large city, at the same time he touched a small button, he said: 'Let there be light,' and to my astonished eyes there was light over the whole city.

"But I seem to have gone somewhat backward in my dream. I saw a disabled air warship falling with great speed straight down towards me. In great fear I awoke and found it was all a dream.

"But, fellow citizens, I immediately fell into a deep slumber again and saw further sights, which may be germane to questions which we are to discuss this day. One would think that the people of that great, wonderful nation would have been contented and extremely happy; but in my dream I remember of seeing a large gathering of people who claimed, in no uncertain tones, that they were not getting their share of the good things of the earth, and that others were getting far more

than their just share. Officers, it seemed, tried to pacify the crowd. A certain fear seemed to prevail, at least, in some parts of the nation. A man with long hair, who no doubt thought himself a poet, read to a large assemblage of citizens from his scroll of parchment, in a deep, earnest voice, as follows: Fellow citizens:

**OUR COUNTRY IS IN DANGER**

Our country is in danger,  
Our land, so grand and free,  
From outside foe or stranger  
No danger there we see;  
Internal strife,—contention  
On industry's broad field,  
May lead, I fear to mention,—  
To war, if those don't yield,  
Who harvest unproportionate  
The fruits of others' toil,  
While laborers' oft unfortunate,  
But craft heaps up its spoil.  
Its equal education,  
A spreading wide and fast,  
Demands more equal station,  
Or peace—it may not last.  
Equality in strictness  
All nature proves can't be,  
But modern times can't witness  
Such wide discrepancy.  
Our nation is industrious,  
Its diligence is blessed,  
Its genius is illustrious,  
Inventions do attest.  
May Godlike inspiration,  
Imbue with wisdom, all  
Who form our legislation  
In matters great and small,  
So that, as onward marching,  
Our nation, great and grand,  
Has JUSTICE overarching  
Our loved, industrious land.  
Thus ever-onward, glorious,  
A model nation, true,  
'Gainst sordid greed victorious,  
Its flag—red, white and blue,  
Will wave still proud, and prouder,  
On land and on the sea.  
Be cheered still loud, and louder,  
By all humanity.

*(The crowd cheered loudly.)*

"Another crowd of citizens were listening to a wild looking man whose hair stood on end. He was also, at times, applauded. All I could hear, on account of the great excitement that prevailed among the crowd, was:

O, labor's struggling battle,  
Within our nation's realm,  
May lead to cannon's rattle,  
'Less JUSTICE guides the helm!

"What 'cannon's rattle' meant, we cannot know. But from the excited way he spoke, he meant something awful. The crowd, however, was not nearly as excited as was the speaker himself.

"In another part of the city a speaker talked to also a large assemblage of citizens and said: 'Fellow citizens, we know various opinions prevail among our citizens in regard to how the products of labor ought to be allotted, distributed, secured, and obtained. We all, at least the greater number of our citizens, agree in the fundamental principle of our government, which is "Individual liberty." There are,' he continued, 'speaking of labor, three systems; namely, the right of a citizen to labor for himself, or to labor for others for pay; or to become a member of a social community formed by a number of citizens, who own their own workshop and tools, and divide the product of the combined labor equally, or as such community may agree upon, among its members.

"'In our great nation,' continued the speaker, 'it is not necessary to get excited in discussions or disputes, in regard to the merits of the various systems of labor, for where true individual liberty is the foundation stone of a government, like that of our great nation, the various systems of labor can be tried to the fullest extent and conception of their respective advocates. But in a free nation, no citizen should be forced to subscribe to any particular system, including such social communities referred to; but every citizen should, as our great nation does, be protected in their freedom of choice.' The speaker continued: 'Beautifully sounds the equal division of the products of labor; but the best manner of proving the practical, feasible and enduring possibility of such a social-community system, is for such, also including such wealthy citizens who sincerely believe in a social-community system, to form such social communities; for there is nothing in the laws of our great nation that prohibit such social communities. But on the contrary such systems will receive the protection of our government, as well as do the other systems. Our great nation,' said the speaker, 'is large enough for several systems of labor, and allowing each free scope, without interfering with individual liberty, time alone will prove the fittest.

"'It is certainly necessary to look at humanity as it is, and not as some imagine that it ought to be. But even those who hold such imaginings, are themselves by words, acts and deeds far from noble. It is well to recognize the fact that there will always be mortals who will steal, and also the fact that envy, hate, selfishness, suspicion, and injustice will always find a home in the make-up of humanity. And if



that is so, social communities such as are so intensely advocated by some of our well-meaning citizens, would hardly seem possible.

"'But, fellow citizens, let me emphasize not only my own opinion, but the opinion of many of our thoughtful citizens, namely: that laws, without delay, should be enacted; that those of our citizens who by luck, fate, or any other manner have gathered a great share of wealth ought to take from their abundance and place yearly a part of same in the public treasury of the state or nation. And,' the speaker continued, 'it seems to me that all who oppose such laws are not true Christians and cannot lay claim to being Christians; for the justice of such a law cannot be gainsaid by any mortal who believes that there is the slightest truth in the saying that: man to man is brother.' (Applause followed.)

"He also shouted: 'For the welfare and safety of our great nation a limit of the area of land and amount of wealth owned by a single citizen or a combination of citizens should be set by law.'

"The large crowd seemed to disperse, but the sound of a deep, underground feeling of dissatisfaction seemed to travel to my ears.

"Upon looking toward another large city I beheld a large gathering of excited women in front of an imposing edifice. A young man from among a number of young men standing on an elevated entrance of the building, was addressing them. On account of the shrieks and outcries and protests by the women at short intervals of time, I only could catch a part of what he said.

"'Our great nation,' he said, 'should be governed by the strong and not the weak. We have enough weak, it is claimed among our men—men with women's hearts and minds, as it were, without adding thereto the votes of women. We should be thankful that there are comparatively few men with women's hearts and women with men's hearts; for 'tis said that they are not agreeable in the sight of man and the gods.

"'My dear, noble women,' he continued, 'upon the first opportunity take a studious, thoughtful look at the male of all animals that walk, creep, fly or buzz; and your observations cannot fail to tell you that the male among the human species is also greatly different from the female.'

"Upon uttering the word 'animals' several small stones flew in the direction of the speaker; but he paid no attention to them, and continued:

"'You will notice that the difference is so marked that you will come to no other conclusion but that the Creator intended man to take the part of establishing, upholding and governing of nations.

"'Let me emphasize,' he shouted, 'dear, noble, beautiful women!



Study the intent of our Creator, and you will bow with thankfulness to His wise decrees.'

"'It has been observed that as a rule it is not the good-looking women who are fighting for woman suffrage.

"'Let us not carry the battle of the ballots into our homes; for, as one of our wisest statesmen has said: "The harmonious home is the real strength and bulwark of our great nation or—of any nation. To invade the home with any political disputes would break up many otherwise happy homes. Woman suffrage would lessen the number of such homes—the corner-stone of our great nation."

"'A noted, charming woman said only the other day. "What will the women want next? I cannot see why any women should want the ballot. They are treated as no women in the world are treated by the men; the men giving their best endeavors for women's personal pleasures and the home. Truly should we feel proud; and trust the ballot to the splendid manhood of our country."

"'My dear ladies,' he continued, 'she has expressed the general prevailing sentiment of all our ladies, we may say. If the vote of women were to be added to that of our women like men, it might be said, "A government of the weak, by the weak, but not for the weak," for it always requires the strong to protect the weak."

"The speaker reached down, and was handed a small sheet of parchment from one of the ladies. The speaker then said:

"Noble Ladies: This rhyme has been handed to me by one of the charming young ladies of this gathering; and, as we know you all do not take the matter of the so-called women's suffrage seriously, I will read it:

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS

Progress, progress, everywhere,  
Progress here and progress there,  
Progress 'mongst our noble fair,  
And we all can plainly see  
What our coming maid will be.

She, O, too, in Progress swims,  
With her newly fashioned whims,  
And accordingly she trims—  
Women's Rights! Women's Rights!  
Is the burden of her flights.

Sentiment no more we'll find,  
No more heart, but all in mind,  
Is this fair new womankind;  
What she wills, she will insist,  
Therefore useless to resist.

She'll vote early, she'll vote late;  
And she'll surely rule the state.  
Man, oh, man, beware your fate!  
All the laws on love shall stand,  
So she wills it—her command.

And what then do you suppose,  
She of course will then propose—  
Pop the question—there it goes!  
Bachelors then will have no rest;  
All to duty will be pressed.

Man, O man, you're backward going,  
And she soon will have you towing  
In her wake. (*Applause by men and many women.*)

"Hereupon the young man seemed to make his escape and the women at the gathering also disappeared from my vision.

"The people of that wonderful nation, it seemed, could make almost anything they wanted, as if by magic. They were wise, but not wise enough, it seemed, to know that they must not act against the wishes of their gods. The wisdom given them by the gods made them lose all fear of the gods. I beheld also that there was often fighting among citizens as they passed each other in the city streets. I noticed they would at times hold a kind of parchment book with the open page towards the one they were passing. This was resented by the other and street fights seemed to be frequent. I observed by holding up the parchment book the thoughts of the other became visible thereon and so in that manner the thoughts of others became known and preserved. In their godless wisdom they had learned to make all kinds of death-dealing weapons, until they had discovered that anyone could, at will, kill his fellow man by simply walking, passing or standing near him without making it possible to find out what caused his death. Yes, could kill at will, persons living in distant cities. The ruler of the nation, prominent statesmen and personages, it seemed were among the first against which the invisible lightning was directed. The arms of the law laid its hands in its lap; for to try to discover the demons in human form was useless. This simple death-dealing invention soon became known to all the people. It was soon realized by all that the nation had arrived at a period when it was dangerous to live.

"After some deaths had been caused by the new discovery, suspicion ran boundless, rampant; and from self-defense, revenge or a general epidemic of fear or suspicion, all soon ended in the death of the whole people of that grand, wonderful nation. Citizen killed citizen, until not a single human being remained. Truly the people had arrived at a period when it was not only dangerous to live, but impossible to live.

"Before me, in the vast distance, clearly to view, stood the deserted

cities of the now dead nation. Spiders were busy weaving their webs in the former haunts of busy men.

"In my dream I could see, almost hear, the great temples and cities turn into ruins and swiftly crumbling into dust. It seemed, in my dream, that a long lapse of time had passed and I again looked and beheld, where once grand cities of the wonderful people had stood, nothing but grass, luxurious vegetation and tall forests presented themselves to my view. Thus was the wonderful nation erased from the face of the earth.

"A feeling of sadness overcame me. I awoke, and began to feel better, knowing that it was all only but a dream." (Great applause followed.)

Aegisthon arose and said: "Fellow listeners of Morphonius's wonderful dream of a wonderful people, we note that Morphonius refers mostly to a daylight vision, but I believe such flyers, before the wonderful nation died out, must naturally also in the night time have soared among the stars above. Therefore:

Morphonius, from what you say  
These are the thoughts your dreams convey:

With Iris (Mercury) they'd vie,  
In soaring low or swift or high  
Above the clouds, Olympian seat,  
Where all the gods in council meet,  
And too, at night, when stars shone bright,  
They, too, could take their upward flight  
To Pleiades, the sisters seven,  
Whose sparkling eyes adorn the heaven.  
To Castor, Pollux, brave could soar,  
Recall their deeds in times of yore.  
And Hercules's heroic fame,  
They could recall to him the same;  
They'd always welcome be, you bet,  
For all their well-earned praise would get,  
To Perseus, Jupiter's son,  
They could rehearse of vict'ries won;  
Also his Andromede feat,  
She, too, in heaven's a starry seat;  
To Jupiter, grand star of night,  
They, too, could wing their starry flight;  
But modest Virgo, she would blush,  
To hear men's praise, but they would hush,  
And off, to Polaris would stray—  
But he's so endless far away.  
From Ursas, they would keep quite clear,  
For they might paw them on the ear  
While dancing round the polar star  
Of Cynosure, so far, so far!  
Bright Leo, well, they'd hear him roar,  
Before they'd get there, long before;

And Taurus, his bright horns would show,  
 How near or how far off to go;  
 Orion's bright extending arms  
 Must cause 'mong airships great alarms.  
 O, endless could their soaring be,  
 More endless than on rolling sea.  
 On crescent moon, could hang awhile,  
 Look down, way down, on earth and smile;  
 To Venus on her golden seat  
 They'd often fly and often meet,  
 But oft'nest would their airships rise  
 To hear sweet music in the skies  
 That floats from Lyra's bright starlight  
 'Midst all the stillness of the night;  
 Thus endless could they soar and soar.  
 But I will cease. I'll say no more,  
 For on this great eventful day  
 Matters grave brook no delay.

(Applause.)

Lysicrates said: "Morphonius's vision of a wonderful nation was a vision, indeed. He certainly is a great dreamer."

"Yes," said Ortondes, "he certainly is the king of dreamers. First, he builds up a wonderful people and then has them killed off by their own godless wisdom and wickedness."

Qulontes said: "Morphonius's vision of a wonderful nation, it seems to me, perhaps, contains matter germane to questions that we are at this time about to discuss."

Mintonius said: "How can matters which exist only in a dream, exist only in a visionary state of an impossible nation, have any similarity to questions of fact which we are about to discuss?"

Qulontes replied: "Morphonius's dream of dissatisfied citizens, gathering in crowds to protest against unjust distribution of the fruits of labor, alluded to by one of the speakers and also rhymers of that wonderful nation, seems to me to be an assemblage similar in purpose to our present gathering. Perhaps the thought of this present gathering and its purpose may have created the dream and vision of the wonderful nation in Morphonius's brain."

Pindarus said: "Very like. Very like."

Londio, wife of Strabo, said: "Our great philosophers we remember taught us, while yet in Athens, that some people are wiser in their dreams than in their waking hours. Therefore, let us not value dreams and visions too lightly."

Morphonius immediately asked Londio: "Is that a reflection on my waking hours?"

Londio answered: "Beg pardon. I am only alluding to dreams in general."

"I perceive," answered Morphonius.

Theseus ascended the flat rock and said: "In order to progress

towards the important task for which this day's festival has been principally set apart, let us pass from visions and dreams to questions of live, actual facts and conditions with which we are confronted." (Applause.)

Many shouted, "Easchylo! Easchylo!"

Easchylo ascended the slightly elevated rock rostrum and said: "Fellow Athonians, we are through and done with listening to dreams and visions of a wonderful, impossible nation. But we are all down on earth again, standing on our feet, ready to deliberate on conditions as we find them in actual facts. We have for many, many moons, been laboring, striving onward without laws. But as time goes on, dissatisfaction has been growing stronger and stronger, until now, I believe most of us desire that Athonia be guarded by laws."

"Laws! Laws! Laws!" resounded in no uncertain tones.

Easchylo continued: "Fellow Athonians, I suggest that Plutarius act as Presido during our deliberations in regard to the highly important questions before us."

Plutarius, from the same rostrum, said: "Fellow Athonians, we all know that the remaining part of our festal day has been set apart for the discussion of matters of great interest to every one of us Athonians; questions of true justice. I wish to emphasize today that now is the time for all of us to speak aloud and give his opinion in regard to the past and future of Athonia. Now is the time for each of us, including our wives, to give full expression in regard to past faults, dissatisfaction and injustice, and to suggest remedies that will be based on justice to all of us. I suggest that we come to no conclusion until each and every Athonian citizen, including our wives, shall have given their opinions which may be pertinent to matters for which we have assembled."

Scriborites:

I am thinking by myself, we have no appointed scribe and as all are going to express their opinions, I shall record that which I have an inclination to and somewhat at my convenience and at leisure. Therefore a few only of the many opinions and addresses will be recorded on my roll of records.

Plutarius further said: "Fellow Athenians: To begin with, who may we call upon for opinions and suggestions?"

Many names both of men and women were called out, until Lycurgius came forth and said: "Fellow Athonians, so far we have gotten along without laws. But now we have arrived at a stage where a stated rule or guide to conduct in our dealings with one another is absolutely necessary—in other words, a code of laws should be formulated for mutual benefit and protection.

"All the fruits of the field and other kinds of labor are gathered

into one store-house and dealt out in equal measure to each of us Athonians, when we know that grains and other articles have not been brought to the store-house in equal measure. To divide equally is easy, simple; but to produce equally is difficult, yes, impossible. While some worked diligently, many were wont to loiter leisuredly, hunting wild game in the forests; the result often ending in nothing. But too many are the reasons which are unsatisfactory to honest toil that I will leave others to state the same."

Lycurgius was followed by many other speakers, both men and women, who dwelt upon the great dissatisfaction and injustice caused by equal distribution to such as had produced little or nothing comparatively. Zlontius, one of the speakers said: "We have no laws, and things so far have gone along by chance as it were. Every one tried to rule, but none obeyed.

"Justice seems to have taken flight to a greater and greater distance.

"We all at first agreed to have no laws with the single exception that the product of our combined labor should be equally distributed to all. We all wanted to have the greatest freedom possible and did not want to be hampered by laws. Liberty unlimited to the highest ideal extent, and no laws was our unanimous desire. Laws, we thought, interfered with true liberty and freedom.

"But our many moons of experience with no laws have made it plain to us that the idea of no law is the greatest enemy of our much desired liberty and freedom. We have found that there was no authority to interfere with such as interfered with the liberty of others. Every one had the liberty to molest others in their work or while walking peaceably from place to place. Without the fear of law, many acted in a suprising manner towards others, in many cases, almost ending in bloodshed. We have so far no general understanding as to acts that ought or ought not be tolerated. Each one, individually, or in groups had to defend themselves against or punish those who interfered with his or their liberty. It is not necessary to speak of the constantly growing strife even unto bloodshed, on account of the absence of laws."

Gracio arose and said: "Fellow Athonians: We are about to discuss the forming of laws. The first laws of our nation should be such as will perpetuate a noble race of people, laws that will tend to and call forth the noblest work of our Creator, namely: perfect, strong, beautiful, noble, courageous, wise men and women. I care not what form of government we may have; such a race will not allow injustice to long remain in the land, for it will, as we are this day going to do, banish injustice against individual and community. (Applause.)

"Fellow Athonians, let us ever remember, and let our laws be in

harmony with this, that which most delighteth the eyes of Zeus is a noble, strong, courageous and wise man and woman. Therefore, let the maintenance of the Olympic games become a part of our laws, expressing, as they do, the fact that the body of man has a glory as well as his intellect and spirit. Also that body and mind should alike be disciplined; and that it is by the harmonious discipline of both body and mind that men and women best honor Zeus.

"Let the new laws state that at all festivals a large part of the day shall be set apart for sports, games and contests.

"Fellow Athonians, let us form laws that may perpetuate a noble race of mankind, and, keeping before us a high standard in this regard, it will beyond all fear place the form of government of Athonia on a high standard, too; for our philosophers at Athens have taught us that the laws and kind of government of a nation is the reflection of the strength, courage and wisdom of its people.

"Lawtonius, we remember, said in an oration at Athens, on government: 'Tell me what form of government people live under, and I will address you on the standing, kind, strength, courage and wisdom of its people.'

"Fellow Athonians, as the people, so the government. Therefore, the most important laws for a nation's strength and blessings for the individual man and woman are laws that will tend to give the nation a noble race of citizens. As its citizens, so will Athonia be now and evermore." (Applause.)

After a large number of men and women had spoken on injustice and justice, many called on Hypnothoon to give his opinions and suggestions.

I will record his remarks. He said:

"Fellow Athonians: From the large number of lengthy addresses to which we have listened, it is plain that we are quite harmonious in regard to what the fundamental laws for Athonia ought to be. Our minds and thoughts are on the plane of noble righteousness. As you have called upon me to also give my opinions in regard to laws for our Athonia, I can not add anything new to that which has already been proposed by many of the speakers. But I, also, shall try to fully express my opinion and suggestions, as called upon to do. Fellow Athonians, all great events come to pass by the wish of the gods. It was the wish of the gods that we should be cast upon this distant, unknown shore, at the same time preventing us from sailing over the end of the world. To rehearse, on the shore of this wild, unknown land, our great ship was totally wrecked. Upon having safely landed, we all aided in the task of building our large, one-story stone temple, which was by willing hands soon completed. At first our two hundred apartment homes were in the temple; but the erection of two hundred

durable, comfortable homes has given each couple a separate home, and our large stone temple stands now dedicated as the Temple of Zeus, for worship and for holding our gatherings, if the weather necessitates. May the light burning on its altar never grow dim! Our Temple of Zeus stands on the south end of the wide public way, on each side of which, at good distances apart, we have each our homes. The land adjoining endlessly, we all know, belongs in common for the community's good. Our buildings have no beauty lines or ornamentation, such as have the buildings of our ever-to-be-remembered Athens. They are all plain and durable only, as our situation necessitates.

"The location of our city of Athonia is situated some distance from the sea, as we and our descendants can never hope to build a ship like our wrecked *Aeolus*, and, besides, we have all had enough of the sea. It was plainly the will of the gods that we should be wafted here and settle here and build up a grand nation. Yes, it is plain that the gods wished it—that the select, which we are, should lay the foundation for a nation whose laws should be so far superior to those of ancient regimes, as we are superior to all the rest of mankind. Yes, we can almost hear our gods say, 'Yes, we have a right to expect more of you. You have been endowed with superior excellencies.'

"Fellow Anthonians, every end is followed by a new beginning. After our great adventure came to an abrupt end, a new beginning immediately sprang up. The building of Athonia here denotes a new beginning.

"Even before Ithobal, the Phoenician, suggested and urged Athenians to build ships and foster commerce, did the gods plan our settling here. The will of the gods always comes to pass in due time. Great events are planned by the gods, moons and moons in advance, unknown to man. The seed is planted, and after a longer or shorter time only stands forth the ripe fruit. So, too, have the gods selected Ithobal, the Phoenician, as their instrument, unknown to himself, to urge Athenians to build ships of commerce. He acted unconsciously, according to their designs. Therefore, it being the wish of the gods that we should settle and establish a great superior nation here, we cannot but feel that we have been greatly honored by the gods, and it behooves us all, by sublime noble thought and deeds, to prove ourselves worthy of their high esteem. Not only, it seems, have our Athenian philosophers, bards and poets discerned the difference in laws of nations in regard to noble human rights, but the gods also have not failed to behold man's inhumanity to man. As one of our profound Athenian philosophers said, 'Only the strong, undaunted, courageous and wise are fit for the upholding of a nation, where true justice can stand forth in the sunlight of day.' Men that know their rights and are strong, courageous and wise enough to maintain them,—such must



be the stamina of a people that constitute a truly noble, righteous nation.

"Such, fellow Athonians, are, we believe, each and all of us, the Four Hundred, or we would not be worthy of being the sons and daughters of our heroic, wise Grecian fathers and mothers. (Great applause.)

"We may think, at times, that we are unnecessarily repeating facts over and over again; but it is better to repeat often things which are true than to announce once that which is false. Fellow Athonians, through things taught us, we all, until we pass to the shades below, love to revert our thoughts back to our never-again-to-be-seen Athens. The emblem of undying hope, the beautiful rainbow flag of our once proud ship *Aeolus*, which we have adopted as the flag of our nation of Athonia, waving proudly at the flagstaff on the Temple of Zeus, recalls to mind the following: Pandora, the most beautiful of women, was presented by the gods with a box filled with blessings, with a command not to open the box. But, inquisitive woman that she was, she raised the lid and all the blessings escaped, only hope, at the bottom, remaining. So, too, fellow Athenians, had we a box—our ship—filled with blessings; but upon its wrecking all there was left was 'HOPE.' But, fellow Athonians, courage, spurred unceasingly on by hope, can and will not fail to accomplish that for which the gods have wafted us here. (Applause.)

"The gods have put us on a test—a trial here. We have no war to wage against nations. We need build no walls around our city. The gods have allotted this great, fruitful new land to ourselves.

"Fellow Four Hundred of Athonia, shall we succeed? Shall we turn out to be victors, in the eyes of our gods?

"Truly, it is not fitting to applaud; for great do we all feel is the responsible task imposed upon us. And success is the only applause that would be as music to the ears of gods and men.

"Fellow Athonians, we all desire that our form of government shall be based upon the proposition that man to man is brother. And that equality shall be the first and principal watchword of our Athonia unto endless generations yet unborn. (Applause.)

"So far, we have for many moons labored and consumed without laws, excepting the understanding that all would do their full share of labor, and that all would receive an equal share of the result.

"There is no people that could have succeeded as well and long without laws as we have, but it is beyond dispute that as time passed on, a greater and greater number shirked from doing their full share of work; and it is claimed some have even developed into full-fledged drones.

"But all, regardless of labor performed, came to our store treasure

house, where all received equal share with those who were fully industrious. We are all determined to continue and proceed on the principle that man to man is brother, but such principle, we are determined, shall live in deed as well as in word. Many have for a long time closed one eye in regard to such of us who did not faithfully, honestly perform their full share of labor, hoping that the tide would again turn toward equal labor as well as receiving equal share of the result of all labor. But the shirking of some for imaginary causes, did not have the effect of spurring others of us to labor, but had the very opposite effect, until all of us are glad to say we have this day gathered in general council to formulate laws based on the proposition that to such as do not labor food and raiment shall not be dealt. With this exception: unless unfit through illness or old age, attested by our health officer. (Applause.) Such as are ill and aged, when in many moons the time comes, shall not be in want. (Applause.)

"This, fellow Athonians, is the foundation on which our Athonian laws should stand. Hunger would be the strenuous penalty of our laws for him who labors not though he be strong. And to such that labor less than their share, in such proportion shall his share be meted out to him. We all remember what our Athenian philosopher taught us, namely: 'Without punishment there is no betterment.' Laws without penalty are futile and ineffective. Our laws, I imagine, should be so plain to each and all that in reality each calls forth and imposes his own penalty by disregarding the law.

"Laws should be looked upon by every honest citizen as a guide agreed upon by the community as to what is best between citizen and citizen and state, for the peace and welfare of the state. There is another opinion which I hold in common with a number of our citizens, namely; to change certain matters just opposite to the custom which has obtained from time immemorial in all lands. We have all observed and know that from time without end, such of a community that performed the most disagreeable, hardest labor, worked the longest, received the least pay, and are on such account, no matter how useful, valuable, necessary or dangerous such work might be, looked down upon with a sort of disdain by such whose occupation does not require hard work or is of a more genteel nature. We also know that from time immemorial in all lands, such of the citizens whose occupation demands no hard labor hold desirable, genteel positions, work a shorter time, receive greater pay, are held in higher respect by the community.

"In all communities, excepting our own, it cannot perhaps be otherwise; for there are vast differences between the various classes composing communities as a whole. But here we constitute a community of strict equality. No other, no second community like ours exists

on this world's wide plain. We would not submit to a system under which such of us who, of necessity for the community's needs, labor the hardest should at the same time work longer, receive less pay, and in addition, as a punishment, receive the disrespect of such of the community that work less hours at work that requires no hard labor, is more agreeable and genteel, and receive more pay and greater respect of their fellow men. Such a system cannot obtain among us, the Four Hundred, for we are all equal and each and all of us demand equality in all things. There shall be no class, high or low, in Athonia. There shall exist no privileged class whatever. Prerogatives shall find no home here.

"Much could be said on these particulars, but we are all graduates of our Athenian schools, and it is not necessary to dwell at length on customs which we are all determined shall not obtain in Athonia. (Applause.)

"The building and maintenance of a city or nation require various kinds of labor. Those who work down in the ditches or handle heavy stone, trees and the like, or do other kinds of hard labor, should work less hours than those who do work of a more desirable, genteel nature. Fellow Athonians, it is my opinion, in common with many others of our community, that we should break entirely away from the customs and systems of all other lands, where those who labor hardest and longest receive the least pay and recognition of the community. Yes, I know that we are all determined that such a system, although it obtains in all lands now and forever, likely, shall not obtain here in Athonia, for we are all equal. (Great applause.)

"Equality is the word that must pass through our community from one end to the other unto endless generations of our descendants. (Applause.) Equality in all things, in material things, in power of command, by changing places, at frequent intervals, from one exalted to another's more lowly position, and vice versa. In all games and contests also equality should be maintained in changing the position of leader by lot.

"In our community, where all are graduates of our Athenian schools, the holding of a position of command is not looked upon as in other lands of the world, to denote special fitness and wisdom; but is regarded as holding a position of necessity to the state, and as a servant of the people; for each of us has equal ability with him who may chance to hold by our consent or choice a position of command.

"Therefore, I suggest that the various kinds of duties and labor performed shall all receive an equal share of the products of labor produced by the labor of the whole community. I also suggest that different durations of time during a day shall be set by general agreement for different kinds of labor, and to break entirely away from

custom out of mind, so that the shortest time be set for the hardest and most disagreeable labor, the next hardest the next shortest time, and so constituting seven different lengths of time to labor; the most agreeable and most genteel labor to be required to work the longest number of hours. All should receive the same pay, the same share dealt out to each from the community's store-house. This, fellow Athonians, is my opinion, in common with others. Such a system, taking our equality into consideration, is based on strict, palpable justice. Perfect, strict justice to the individual and to the state is what we want our laws to be based on. (Applause.) We, the graduates of the high schools of Athens, easily and immediately discern between acts or intentions that are honorable or otherwise, and can immediately detect designs and actions for taking unjust advantage of others.

"In other words, our equal high standing of intellect as graduates immediately detects any design in words and action which may intend to lead to the exploitation of one's labor for the benefit of others.

"Fellow Athonians, our law should make it impossible for one or any number of our citizens of Athonia to exploit and derive special benefit from the labor of others, or for any one or number of citizens to become wealthy through the diligence of other citizens. Equal distribution in the good things of the earth; equality in all things. Let the word 'Equality' be synonymous with the word *Athonia*. (Applause.)

"Such as have been given superior ability in moons to come by the gods to gather the good things of the earth should use such pre-eminent mentality given them by the gods for the good of Athonia, on the sublime principle that it is pleasing in the sight of the gods for man to devote such surplus superiority to the public good, rather than to sordid, selfish personal aggrandizement. Such sentiments have no place and are not fitting for any other people on the world's wide plain, excepting our Athonia, established by the Four Hundred. We do not, can not, and must not compare ourselves with the standing of people of other lands. We should place the laws of our Athonia on such sublime heights of human justice as to be a delight in the eyes of the gods, and beyond the comprehension of the people of all other lands.

"The higher positions of our Athonia should not be held longer than seven moons by any one citizen. Citizens that come in conflict with the established laws of Athonia should come before a council of citizens drawn by lot. Such council should decide as to whether one is or is not guilty, and if guilty to prescribe penalty as they see fit. Here each and all would have the honor of being tried by his peers.

"If, on account of the deep disgrace that may hang over him, the

accused does not feel as if he could fully explain his case, he should have the right to select such as he desires to assist him. All cases should be heard in the Temple of Zeus, our council and gathering hall. Equality should be preserved, in all matters of life, also of death. But this day I will only allude to matters of life. No citizen should attempt to change his building, home or surrounding grounds so that it looks like an improvement over that of his neighbors, or any of the rest of the citizens of Athonia. If improvements are to be made, it should first be agreed upon in full public council, so that each will remain equal, for we desire none to shine forth above others in any particular. Also in raiment all should, as we so far have been, clad in the same fashion and same colored garments. Equality should and must be observed by all in every detail, for details are often of more importance than suspected. This also should, as it so far has, include the raiment of our children. Equality in all matters should be impressed upon generation to generation.

"Where strict equality reigns, there envy, jealousy, hatred, base attendants of the human mind, can find no dwelling place. Let us bear in mind that which is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee. Where strict equality reigns there is no place for wrong or the fault finder—no clashing of the classes.

"Where true equality reigns, peace, temperance, progress and prosperity crown the nation for the welfare of its people.

"Titles of superiority should find no home in Athonia, for they are incompatible with equality. Gifts should not be given nor be accepted by such as hold public positions; for a gift leaneth the heart towards the giver.

"Athonians, I am sure that our breasts cannot but swell with a conscious pride that we have been fated to establish a nation whose laws of human rights stand above the rest of the people of all other lands in the world—laws which are fit only for the high born of the earth. Not one or two or a number should wear plumes, but all, or none, should be allowed to wear plumes. Equality should prevail in a straight line the same as the land and sea extend in one straight line from one end of the world to the other. The gods have placed many useful and beautiful things all over the world's wide plain, but they have conspired to make it so that man must, by the sweat of his brow, search, toil and fashion. All useful and beautiful work is divine and beloved by the gods and men.

"Fellow Athonians, this land to which the Fates have wafted us, although a hot climate, is fruitful and has many useful and beautiful grains, fruits, plants and flowers to claim our toil, including corn, cotton, benequin, sugar cane, also stones and woods of endless varieties; also the forests abound in wild game and beautiful birds. Hunt-

ing and fishing, fellow Athonians, ought to be indulged in by us as a recreation and sport only, and not as a daily necessity, for such is the life of wild men only. Minerva gave skill and wisdom unto our forefathers, and thus brought them out of the woods away from wandering nomads into cities; and it behooves us not to allow ourselves to fall back into the woods through lack of earnest, useful labor, which we well know is the foundation of all human progress."

At this juncture of Hypnothoon's address, Annia, wife of Theseus, spoke up and said: "Noble Hypnothoon, so far we have had no real laws, and so far we have enjoyed our equal rights with you men; but in all lands where the sword of laws is held over the people, women have no rights. The only right they have is to honor and obey their husbands in the most pleasant and slavish manner possible. To work harder and longer than oxen ought to is their privilege also.

"As we are about to formulate laws for Athonia, we want to emphasize that we have been giving a great deal of attention, labor and thought in the rearing of Athonia's future strong, beautiful and wise men and women, and also have assisted in many other kinds of work, including spinning and weaving; and having become accustomed to take a part in the councils of all our gatherings, we wish to have it understood, now that Athonia is to be governed by laws, that we, its women, will not take a backward step; but we all agree with noble Hypnothoon, that strict equality should be the foundation of all Athonian laws, including equal rights for men and women in all particulars.

"Fellow Athonians, we are graduates of the same high schools of Athens. To express our wishes and demands in the most concise manner possible, I will say we demand women's rights to stand forth as one of the foundation principles of Athonian law." (Applause, by ladies mostly.)

The men looked at each other and smiled. Annia proceeded amidst great applause by the ladies, saying: "Fellow Four Hundred, fellow castaways, fellow citizens of Athonia! We know that in the light of the new higher justice, we intend to and will incorporate women's rights in the laws of our nation of Athonia, to the blessing of our descendants, men and women, unto endless generations, thus, our bosoms heaving with pride and hope, we can say:

Equality, that magic word,  
Which in the poet's rhyme is heard,  
Since first began the human race,  
Has found at last its rightful place.

(Applause by ladies.)

**Annia continued:**

Equal all in law as one,  
With joy we hail our victory won.  
Our muse, O, now can sing of Thee,  
In sweetest flowing melody;  
Equality! Equality!  
Unto, we pray, Eternity.

*(Applause.)*

Hypnothoon continued and said: "Noble Annia, noble ladies, all: In reply I must say that which we never thought would be necessary to state, namely, that we men are not only conscious of the high, superior blessings and excellencies bestowed upon us men, but that we are, and always have been, fully conscious of the superior blessings, excellencies, even in a greater degree, that have been bestowed upon you by the gods, noble ladies. Many a wise thought of yours, noble ladies, have we intertwined in our deeds. Men constitute only half of human kind, and, we may acknowledge, not the better half. I am, like the rest of us, only giving my opinion as to what laws and regulations I would deem desirable for Athonia. As for myself, I have never held any other thought but that our ladies should stand equal in the eyes of the law with us men. In other words, to speak plainly, I am unequivocally for women's rights, as noble Annia expresses it. (Great applause.) Therefore, in my opinion, all the ladies should, as they so far have done, give their full views on all matters of law without hesitation.

"Fellow Athonians, I agree with Gratio, who has led in our athletic games and contests, that the first and most important desideratum in regard to laws should be such laws as will tend to preserve the noble race of men and women. Therefore, I would suggest laws that would compel all to be examined at birth, and on every recurring eighty-fourth full moon, until death, the health officer to make a record of the health at each examination, and if ailing to state the cause of same. The general opinion should prevail that in many cases sickness is a crime. Prizes should be given to such as are never sick. Also I would advocate laws that would require every citizen to come before a truth board of seven citizens on the day following every thirteenth full moon and confess his sins, wrongdoings and unjust actions against the gods and fellow men. Advice to lead us on a path of truth should follow.

"Fellow Athonians, most of the laws which I have suggested have also been alluded to by many of the other speakers. I will add only some thoughts which might, perhaps, have some relation to laws. The Goddess of Education flourishes the sword with which imposition, inequality and injustice are most effectively banished.



Strength and justice, hand in hand,  
Alone can make a nation grand.

"Man is a gregarious social being and was not born for himself alone, but for mankind.

"A sickly man or woman is not a full man or woman, which is the duty of all to strive for, so as to be able to do his or her full duty as a citizen towards the state, in peace and war.

"In a state harmony should exist between private and public good.

"Every member of a state should be of some use to himself and the state.

"It is pleasing in the sight of the gods to see man strive for the public good, to one's private concern.

"Beware that none arise among you, who, by fair speeches, promises, and courtesies, stealeth away the heart of the multitude—against its own welfare.

"Equal education demands equality of station.

"Where all work, festal days may be many.

"In conclusion, let me say, let us form a government the praises of which poets will delight to sing, and philosophers will love to ponder over. Fellow Athonians, many moons after we have successfully fashioned our nation of Athonia, may some sculptor step forth from among us and rear a statue in its honor whose every stateliness, pose, feature and mien expresses the highest nobility of the human race." (Applause.)

Manlotus spoke after Hypnothoon, and said: "Fellow Athonians, we have been without laws too long. It is high time that we have agreed understandings which can be enforced by authoritative law. I have held the position of sandal-maker of our community. At first work was a pleasure, but as the moons went on I again and again, on looking up from my labor, saw the number who were wearing out my sandals, by running or walking around, without doing any labor whatever, grow in number; and it is high time that actions are taken this day to form laws for Athonia, or I would also have ceased my work of making sandals for our citizens of Athonia. In such an event we, in a short time, would all go on bare feet, and also a general bareness of body and emptiness of stomach would soon follow. Fellow Athonians, Hypnothoon and many others have spoken so forcibly and plainly on the laws of justice and equality, that it is not necessary to add thereto."

After several other citizens had spoken, Boutonious said: "Fellow Athonians, the laws suggested by Hypnothoon are based on equal justice for all Athonians, including the ladies of Athonia. (Applause by the ladies.) It includes what our noble ladies so greatly desire—yes, demand, namely: women's rights, as they call it. Our ladies are



our fellow graduates, and it is no more than right that our laws should include women's rights. They are beyond comparison with the women of all the world, not only in appearance and beauty of form, but in the high intellectual endowments. Such being the understood facts, we cannot hope, nor can we wish, to exclude them from equal recognition by our laws in every particular equal with us men. (Applause by the ladies.) I do not wish in a public address to expose my strong leaning towards women. I shall not give full expression to my deep admiration for women, but I cannot help asking, if there were no women, would life be worth living? Men's highest efforts and grandest victories in peace and war were brought forth and made possible through deep admiration and love for noble women. Nations have warred for beautiful Helen; but I will not take up the balance of this day, and will with the ladies say, 'Hail, women's rights!'" (Applause by the ladies.)

After most all women and men citizens had expressed their opinions in regard to the questions of the day, Sophon arose and said: "Fellow Athonians, I believe I can say that the question of laws for Athonia has been thoroughly discussed by all of us, and our opinions seem to run along the same line, namely: that our laws should be based on the proposition that man to man is brother, and that perfect equality, regardless of sex, shall be the foundation principle of our Athonian laws. We all know, if one feels in a disputing mood, the best of things can be criticised. But I will not criticise, but will agree with all the rest of us, that the proposition and foundation principle of our Athonian laws as proposed should prevail. Hypnothoon, in his suggestions, has construed the laws quite fully and plainly in conformity with the general opinions expressed. Therefore, fellow Athonians, I take the liberty to propose that we vote on the acceptance or non-acceptance of the laws as suggested by Hypnothoon in his address."

"Vote! Vote!" shouted all.

Sophon continued: "Let all who are for the adoption of the laws as proposed by Hypnothoon drop a mahogany leaf into this jar, and all who are opposed drop in a palm leaf."

The citizen selected to announce the result said in a loud voice: "The jar contains three palm leaves and three hundred and ninety-seven mahogany leaves." (Applause.)

Sophon said: "Fellow Athonians, three citizens voted in opposition and the balance in favor of the adoption. Therefore, the laws voted on stand adopted as the laws of Athonia, and from this day on we have our being under laws of our own making. May we all remember and observe and live in harmony with our laws, to the welfare of us each individually, and our nation of Athonia as a whole." (Applause.)

Those who spoke after Sophon included Monumentalis. He said:

"Fellow law-makers: Our laws adopted so far refer to strict equality among the living, but not in regard to strict equality among the dead. I, in common with others, hold that our laws should include strict equality for the dead also. That would make the foundation principle of our laws complete. If monuments are erected, all should be strictly equal, excepting names. No superior shaft should stand forth to coming generations, denoting superior excellencies among the living of his day. The intent of our new law is that even such as have superior gifts given them by the gods shall use such gifts for not only themselves, but for the good of the state also, and that the sign of equality shall remain and prevail among all citizens of Athonia.

"We may recall one of our Athenian philosophers' lectures, saying: 'The king of an Oriental nation, once upon a time, while walking leisurely through a cemetery, paused and stood before a rich, highly polished, skillfully ornamented tall shaft of porphyry, wondering whom of his subjects was honored with such a tall, magnificent monument. Upon closer observation he noticed a card of parchment tied with a frail cord, in a careless manner, to the monument. It read as follows:

Monuments that pierce the sky,  
Built of richest porphyry,  
Never can the least atone  
For the wrong that he has done.

"The king said, musing thoughtfully: 'It seems in many cases monuments that pierce the sky, and otherwise magnificent, are erected to deceive the living, unto endless aeons.' He ordered investigations to be made of all imposing monuments in his kingdom, and later said: 'There are too many monuments being erected in my kingdom for imaginary, magnified deeds of valor, and also to such who wish to deceive and hide their misdeeds, or who could not shine among the living.'

"He ordered the large majority of the imposing monuments to be used as a foundation stone for public temples away from human eyes.

"I have said enough on the subject, fellow Athonians, and I, in accordance with the request of many of our citizens, propose that equality shall extend to matters respecting each citizen after death also."

After several other citizens had spoken in the same vein, Energetes said: "Fellow Athonians, it seems that we should only consider living questions, and not dead questions."

Theon arose and said: "Fellow Athonians, I was one of the three who cast a palm leaf, but as strict equality has been adopted

as the foundation principle of our laws, it ought, in order to be complete, include matters pertaining to the dead also."

Sophon arose and brought the matter to a vote. The result showed two palm leaves against and three hundred and ninety-eight mahogany leaves for the adoption of laws including equality of the living and dead.

Philnostrus spoke up and said: "Fellow Athonians, we well bear in mind that Cassandra, now noble wife of Meander, predicted that neither our grand ship nor any of our voyagers would ever return or see Athens again. Her prediction proved true. It would be well if noble Cassandra would predict what effect the laws that we have adopted will have of evil or good as to the future of Athonia." (Applause.)

Cassandra, wife of Meander, amidst applause, stepped on the elevated stone and said: "Fellow Athonians, I will make no more predictions, nor do I claim that I am gifted with the power of prophecy, as I do not wish to be looked upon as being different from the rest of us. In that respect I long to be equal with all the rest of us. Our laws are based on the theory that the unequal should share equally. There are many things that we all can know in advance without being gifted with the power of prophecy, but under all and every condition I have and always shall bear my part cheerfully, faithfully and willingly. To that let the past attest." (Applause.)

Theseus spoke up and said: "Fellow Athonians, I believe it is in vain to try to find out what the future holds in store for us; but let us courageously do our full duty each day for the welfare of Athonia, and when we arrive at what to us is now the future, I predict all will be well. (Applause.) Fellow Athonians, we are now anxious to select members of our community to hold the various public positions as adopted by our laws. In common with the wish of the majority of our citizens, I believe, I propose, in harmony with strict equality as to chance, that all public servants shall be selected by lot. It has also been suggested, and I now further propose the same, that cards numbering from one to four hundred, of white birch bark, be distributed among us Athonians, and that a duplicate be placed in the urn upon voting. Those bearing the names which are drawn blindfolded shall announce the positions to be held by the names drawn, beginning with the so-called highest public servant first."

The manner of choosing public servants by lot was unanimously adopted.

Scriborites: The selection of public servants by lot concluded, I find that I have been drawn to teach the boys and girls of Athonia the art of inscribing, writing and history. The ship's parchment roll record is kept in the Temple of Zeus in a strong ark under my care. What-

ever records I inscribe at my leisure, as the spirit moves me, I shall place within the ark also."

Pindarus spoke up and said: "Fellow law-makers, in a nation where all labor in conformity with natural justice, where hardest work has shortest hours, and so on, in seven degrees of time; to the easiest work, longest number of hours; where all possess equal, all have equal chance by lot, at every seventh moon, to hold positions of honor; where all are clad in the same fashion and color of raiment—in short, where all are in every respect strictly equal, even the dead, truly in such a sublime city or nation, no citizen, living or dead, has a right to complain, feel dissatisfied or find fault with any of their fellow men or with the city's or nation's social status. Fellow citizens, such we can now say is our Athonia, a nation that stands on a higher plane of human justice than philosopher, bard or poet ever dared dream of. May, O ye Olympian gods, we pray, our nation and its sublime laws of strict equality among the living and the dead, live unto aeons and aeons of time." (Great applause.)

Marstenes, who was military commander on our ship, and also of our marching column until this day, arose and said: "Fellow Athonians, the work of forming the laws for Athonia has been harmoniously completed. Phoebus will soon descend down the west abyss of the world. It has been thought to conclude this festal day with a parade, which I now do propose. Our laws are based on strict equality in all matters, including games, contests and parades. Such as are to take the position of command must be selected by lot. I have discarded, thrown away, totally destroyed my insignia of command, and stand in appearance equal with all."

A vote was taken, and as there were over seven-ninths of the total vote cast in favor of holding a parade, a parade was agreed to.

Militos, public scribe, announced that Corina, wife of Amondes, had been drawn by lot for the term of seven moons as commander of the military forces of Athonia. (Great applause followed.)

Marstenes immediately congratulated Corina, which congratulation was followed with a rush by all, or nearly all, the Athonians. She accepted the congratulations in a self-composed, matter-of-fact way. Corina's commands, which rang out in a clear, sweet, strong voice, soon had the couples formed into double lines, in precise military order. She ordered that one of the Athonians' small, bright rainbow flags be carried in the parade, selecting Marstenes as flag bearer. The march proceeded on the broad, plaza-like way, flanked each side, at wide intervals by our houses leading up to the Temple of Zeus. Here Corina commanded all to proceed into the temple to don armor and helmets, all excepting the musicians to bear shields and lances.

By command of Corina, all were in military order again. With

music and rainbow flags in first rank, the women and men warriors marched forth in proud, glittering array, as if going to battle. Corina's commands were followed by intricate military movements, dividing the warriors into many separate divisions, forming them back into close ranks again, swinging long columns in a most graceful manner, and other complicated maneuvers, too many to note on parchment.

Standing within the large square, which had been formed under her command, she said: "Fellow warriors, one of the most difficult maneuvers in times of battle is to inclose and surround the enemy within a square. But you see how easy it can be done if—if it is not too strenuously objected to by the enemy." (Applause by all.)

She continued: "If there were an enemy within this square, we would give him a square deal, so that not one of them would ever complain of things on earth again, for we would dispatch them all to the dark shades below. (Loud applause.) Soldiers!" she said, "you are not to applaud; you are to obey and do and dare in silence."

Corina's sweet, clear command formed all couples into proper position, and to the strains of beautiful music she commanded movements of our famous Grecian Amazon lancers' dance, which contains very many graceful salutes and posing of shields and lances, as well as graceful forward, backward and side steps. The lancers' dance was greatly enjoyed by all. Corina's command formed all into marching order again, upon which, running at great speed, with a sudden order to halt, was practiced. Corina seemed determined on running maneuvers to good distances and return.

On arriving in front of the Temple of Zeus again, Corina said: "Warriors, we are now standing in a long single line, facing the bright heart of the world, Phoebus, who is just getting ready to descend down the west abyss of the world. Warriors, we bow not in obeisance to any man or nation of men, excepting to our gods and to Phoebus; and as I raise my sword, let all in unison bow three times to Phoebus, each time striking his shield with a lance, with thanks in our hearts that we are permitted to live and behold the beauties of the world which are disclosed and brought to light by his life-giving rays."

All warriors were greatly affected and bowed in unison toward the sun.

Corina continued: "Warriors! Phoebus has fulfilled this day's task, and so have we, noble warriors. The Fates through lot have decreed that I shall hold the position of commander for the length of seven moons. We need no walls around our city, for there live no other people in our great new land. But it is well, in our military matters, to strongly imagine an enemy, so as to preserve the true noble spirit of war, and thus retain the heroic spirit of our Grecian forefathers. A true war spirit ennobles the true man and woman.

Warriors, you may at any time be commanded forth, night or day, just as if there were an enemy in sight; for in this manner only can we remain expert warriors—the noblest sphere of courageous man or woman. Warriors, the day is done.”

All proceeded to the temple to deposit armor, helmet, shield and lance. Thus closed the festal day.

Corina's success as commander was favorably commented upon.

Some said: “This is a practical object lesson, demonstrating the power of responsibility when placed on such who hitherto had never had an opportunity to become aware of even their own latent abilities.”

Others said: “There is an old saying that ‘All excepting the helmsman know how to steer the ship of state, and when another helmsman is chosen, it is the same.’”

Another Athonian said: “Corina's melodious voice of command, like stirring music, has the power of inspiring warriors with courage of the highest order. On hearing her sweet, melodious command, ‘Warriors, forward! forward! storm the catapult!’ all would certainly, irresistibly rush forward to victory or death; for where would there be a warrior who would not rush thus forward at the command of a beautiful woman's lovely voice?”

Much more could I have recorded of matters concerning this festal day, but I only record as my inclination prompts me. It will be many moons—yes, a long interval of time will have passed—before I again add anything to the record scrolls. Equality,—under this foundation principle we all must henceforth fulfill our duty to ourselves and to Athonia as a whole.

Scriborites: It is now many, many moons since I placed the last record scroll in the ark in the Temple of Zeus. This day, a festal day again, I again take forth a scroll and will proceed to record some of the events that have come to pass since depositing the last records. A long interval of time has elapsed since writing the last record. In this hot climate the events which I may record will only be meager and quite incomplete. Energy and endurance, enthusiasm for anything that needs attention or concentration of mind, or work, plainly does not harmonize with this hot country to which the Fates have wafted us.

Our boys and girls are all of a fine, noble, true, manlike and womanlike mold, and will, beyond all doubt, in beauty, stateliness and courage, be equal to their parents. Under the conditions under which we find ourselves in this great unknown, distant, torrid land, it is impossible for our boys and girls to attain the high standard of strength, dexterity and universal knowledge of their parents, who were developed under far more favorable conditions, and in a country where the air

gives the stamina and enthusiasm necessary for all mental and bodily exertion. In Athens the air was exhilarating, but here the intense heat at all times of the year is very enervating.

And as to our boys and girls, they are in great danger of growing up in a somewhat rank manner, in harmony with the plants of this hottest of hot lands. The boys and girls are, taking the climate into consideration, anxious to receive knowledge. Especially interested are they in the stories rehearsed to them of Athens and Greece, the land of their grandfathers, from which we were wafted to this land.

Up to this time the boys and girls are about equal in number.

The high responsibility placed upon me as their teacher, I am fully conscious of. They greatly delight to go into the woods with bows and spears to hunt the various wild animals, and it requires my greatest effort to keep them out of the woods, and to teach them of Minerva, who gave wisdom unto our forefathers, and thus brought them out of the woods, to build beautiful cities with wonderful works of art, and other refining influences.

After listening to the description I gave them of the large ship in which we were wafted to these distant shores, many of the boys went to the ocean shore and constructed small boats, which they with oars managed in a seamanship manner. While visiting the seashore, with all of our boys and girls, I showed them the place where our great ship ran on the land in the dense fog, instead of sailing over the end of the world, as was planned by some conspirators of our ship. I pointed over the ocean in the direction from which our ship came, and many shouted as if with one breath: "Let's row over there with our boats!"

I explained to them the endless distance and the ocean's high, raging billows and sea monsters, and made it plain to them that Athens, the noble city of their grandfathers and grandmothers, would ever remain beyond their reach. I explained to them that the building of the great *Aeolus* was only made possible by the assistance of the gods.

They asked, "May not the gods assist us when we are men and women to build such a large ship, so we can sail across to Athens?"

I said, "No, I believe not." I explained to them, even if we had such a ship, we did not feel sure of finding Athens again, for we sailed many, many moons in dense fog and could not tell in which direction our great ship was sailing. I told them that all we know is that we are here; but that we don't know where we are. I told them it was the wish of the gods that we are here; and also that the gods desired us and them unto endless generations to build up a great Grecian nation here. So much for our boys and girls.

Since the last records were written, the greater time may be recorded as having been a period of intense disputes, dissatisfaction



and quarrels, in many cases almost unto death. Under our laws of strict equality in all things, we thought it would be impossible for any citizen to complain or find fault. But soon we found that we were mistaken.

The first excitement was caused by a lady displaying an extra feather on her hair. It was torn off ruthlessly by another lady, as it was breaking the laws of strict equality. Several citizens started to make slight improvement and changes in their houses. This also was breaking the law of strict equality, and was with a riot-like uproar forbidden. One citizen pinned his mantle to one side in an unaccustomed manner. That was breaking the laws of strict equality. He wanted to appear more distinguished than others. A few painted their spears and arrows. That was against the laws of strict equality and was forbidden. The raiment of one of the children was of a brighter hue than the others. That was forbidden. A great riot occurred among the women when it was seen that a few of the children wore extra bright sashes around their waists. That, 'midst great excitement, was forbidden. One of the citizens had found a beautiful indigenous flower, which he planted in rows on each side of his house. That was forbidden. He was trying to outshine others.

One of our Grecian philosophers once said: "The best manner of putting a poor law out of existence is to enforce it." And this, it seems, will be the case with our much vaunted strict equality laws.

Several scrolls would it require to inscribe the great dissatisfaction and endless quarreling caused by our strict equality law. The equal sharing of the product of all combined, also, is not satisfactory to many, who believe that others are getting a greater share than they are entitled to.

That the diligence of our citizens is growing less and less seems to be beyond dispute. Each seems to feel that he is doing more than his just share of work; therefore slowness is becoming a habit. It has become quite obvious to all Athonians that the present affairs in regard to strict equality cannot long exist without ending in fierce strife and bloodshed. Therefore, all citizens intend on this festal day to give expression to their opinions in regard to the present unsatisfactory Athonian condition. Many men also believe it is high time to do away with strict equality for women. They say that the women neglect the duties which the gods intended should occupy their attention. Instead, it is claimed, of giving their time to the rearing of model men and women, and attending to household matters, they use the greater part of their time attending and interesting themselves in regard to matters belonging to the province of men only. Disputes in regard to popular questions between man and wife often lead to estrangement and enmity. This is a matter of common daily



occurrence. The men argue that men must live strenuous lives, their lives being a sort of battle amongst men, even in times of peace; and there ought to be at least one place where strife and dispute in regard to public affairs should cease, and that place should be the home.

The citizens are now, with music and rainbow flags, marching to the Temple of Zeus. All are now assembled in the temple. Orato, with incense arising at his side, invoked the blessings of the gods on the assembly. All who wish to speak on public matters are to do so from the rostrum to the left of the altar. There will be no end to the expression of opinions. I shall, however, only record one or two of the many orations, as my inclinations may prompt me.

Natholia, wife of Mercerous, was the first to speak.

She said: "Fellow Athonians, it has come to our ears that efforts will be made at this festal day to take away our women's rights, for which we have so long striven. We wish it understood, at the start, that we will never submit to such unjust, unmanlike outrage. This is all at present, as I only give a warning!" (Applause by women.)

Rotundio arose quickly and said: "Noble Natholia, and noble ladies all: I wish to ask you a question: Are you all really in favor of women's rights, and is that what you want?"

Like a musical storm the answer came, "Yes! Yes! Women's rights! Women's rights! Women's rights!"

Rotundio proceeded: "Noble Natholia, noble ladies all: You have expressed your wish plainly. You want women's rights, and I, as a man, will guarantee that you shall not lose your sacred women's rights; and I can say that as long as a true Grecian has strength left to protect women from harm, he will unto death see to it that women's rights shall never be wrested from our noble women." (Great applause from men and women.)

Scriborites: Many seemed to think that that question was settled. Many have spoken, all expressing their dissatisfaction with the strict equality laws of Athonia.

Archipodes is ascending the rostrum. I shall record what he says:

Archipodes said: "Fellow Athonians, we all remember that, while in Athens, one of our philosophers, who lectured on sincerity, said: 'One is generally willing to listen to one who is intensely sincere in what he advocates for the public good.' For, in the opinion of such speaker, he is speaking the truth, and thus wishes to instruct. Even a thoroughly sincere but commonplace speaker often moves his audience. But when a higher gifted speaker is sincere, he is a great power for good.

"But if he is in error, he may at times be a dangerous citizen and a great power for evil. There are martyrs who die in error, as well as such who die for the truth.

"Fellow Athonians, I have not arrived at the point as quickly as I first intended. We well remember that moons ago, when at a festal day laws were formed for Athonia, that they were based on the proposition that man to man is brother, and also on the principle of strict equality for all. Those laws were mostly formed by noble Hypnothoon, who, on account of his deep sincerity and ability as a forceful speaker, hypnotized us all, as it were, and we accepted his bad as well as his good suggestions.

"The strict equality principle, as honorable Hypnothoon himself admits, has caused a great deal of endless strife; and as to women's rights, he also has changed his opinion. Therefore, I only wish to sound a sort of warning that highly gifted and sincere speakers ought, in a certain sense, be looked upon as liable to be dangerous to the public good, for their enthusiasm for the good may lead them beyond the bounds of truth into the regions of error. This is not a reflection against Hypnothoon, for we know he considers himself but human, and we all acknowledge his past, present and future high usefulness for Athonia." (Applause.)

Scriborites: Many others have spoken along the same lines, namely, that they want freedom, liberty, to do as they desire in many matters which by a strict equality law are forbidden.

Undine, wife of Sophon, said in short: "Fellow Athonians, I have been chosen to publicly ask noble Hypnothoon whether he is against woman's rights."

Hypnothoon replied: "Noble Undine, I wish you and all the noble ladies to understand me rightly. My answer is, strictly speaking, I am not against women's rights." (Great applause by the women.)

Scriborites: The general opinion expressed by a large number of men and women speakers agree that they all want more freedom; don't want to be kept down to one strict level by the strict equality laws. The land, and even the sea, was not built on one straight, equal line; for mountain peaks and the wave crests break up the dead level line; and so seemed the general desire expressed.

Geothorides is ascending the rostrum. He will be, I think, the last speaker whose opinions I will record. Geothorides said:

"Fellow Athonians, in a company of us ladies and gentlemen, who happened to meet a short time ago, the topic of conversation turned upon questions on which we are to deliberate here at the present time. Each one of the company gave his or her opinion freely, and after very little disputing we all came to agree quite harmoniously. Seeing that all were quite of one opinion, it was thought unnecessary that each one of that company should speak here at this time. One of the number proposed that only one should speak for all; and thus I represent the crowd. And it was further agreed that such a one should

be selected by lot. And so, fellow Athonians, you see, I am not speaking here by choice, but by the decree of the Fates, and whatever I may say will, therefore, not be my own opinion only, but also the opinion of the whole. I wish to say, if in any of my remarks I seem to clash with any of our opinions as expressed, please object and call my attention to it, so my remarks will agree with the opinions expressed by our crowd whom I represent.

"Fellow Four Hundred! From the time, moons and moons ago, when our great ship sailed out and beyond the Straits and Pillars of Hercules, our ship's laws fell into desuetude, for the ship's laws were designed to remain only in force during its voyage from Athens to the Pillars of Hercules and return to Athens. In allowing ourselves to be deluded by the arch-conspirators, Polybus, Captain Arteus and others of our ship, to sail out against the ship's Athenian orders, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, into the vast western ocean, our ship's laws became void. Feeling certain that we would never see Athens again, and on account of the powerful seas that each day would be our last, Venus and her small messenger Cupid were allowed to descend on our ship and mingle freely among us. Their presence on the ship so far had been forbidden. The fair goddess and her messengers soon brought us all in close touch with each other. The diabolical designs of Polybus, Captain Arteus and others, who may be still in quest of the end of the world—and we hope they have all arrived there and plunged over down into the abyss of destruction—were happily frustrated by the gods, who covered the sea with a dense, impenetrable fog, guiding the arms of our helmsman so as to sail our great ship on this great unknown land. After transferring all there was portable of the great ship to this plateau, seven miles from the sea, we set to work and erected this Temple of Zeus. Next we erected the treasure house, and then a dwelling for each one of us in succession, by lot. From the beginning, and for a long time also, too long, our city of Athonia proceeded without laws. We each and all felt it beneath our dignity to dwell under laws.

"We, the Four Hundred, the masterpieces, *par excellence*, of the human race, as we have often been called, needed no laws; for each knew right from wrong, and we thought it would be beneath our dignity to act against the laws of noble justice. Laws, we all felt, would be a reflection against our nobility. We, the Four Hundred, wanted unrestrained freedom, liberty without bounds—liberty in its fullest scope, not only in words, but in all our wishes and actions, unhampered by any laws whatever. We had many other reasons why we did not want or need any laws, and one was that laws are made for the protection of the weak. We were not weak, and did not stand in need of protection or laws.

"Did we not, while in Athens at times, listen to sweet, flowing songs of true, unhampered liberty, sung by some long-haired, far-gazing poet? Right here, I may remark, not very poetically, perhaps, but I often thought I would like to have had liberty to grab such long-haired poets by the neck and dash them against some stone wall, for often their siren-like songs lead to deep error.

"But again, I will say, in regard to such poets as have a practical turn of mind and are rational, such can be a powerful, lasting aid toward the ennobling of our human race.

"Yes, we all agreed that we wanted true, unhampered liberty, as is in harmony with such a community as the Four Hundred.

"Long did we dwell without laws by closing one eye against many unjust acts that curtailed our freedom again and again in countless ways. But be not alarmed. I will not particularize, for it would take endless time. But this we soon realized, that where one has the liberty, freedom to act as he pleases, there no one can enjoy true freedom; for their very unrestricted acts of freedom often interfere and clash with the liberty and freedom of others, against the principle of justice. It is plain to us all that liberty is a subtle, sacred thing, which fleeth if it hath not the protection of law. Where liberty dwells without law, there order and justice are as strangers to the land. I will not dwell longer on our lawless regime, for an epoch that threatened to be chaotic is not pleasant to recall.

"The lawless period came to an end by universal clamoring for laws. We well remember that it is now also moons and moons since the laws for Athonia, principally suggested and proposed by noble Hypnothoon, were practically unanimously adopted. Those laws were based on the proposition that man to man is brother, and also on the fundamental principle of strict equality in all things; in the possession of wealth, in the sharing of the products of the combined labor of all, in the outward and inward appearance of raiment, homes, and in all phases of life.

Equality, that magic word,  
Our hearts with hope hath deeply stirred.

"That is what one of our fellow citizens said at the festal day on which our equality laws were adopted.

"Now, after having lived, striven and labored under those laws for many, many moons, we all seem to agree, even from the start some detected that there was something radically unsatisfactory and wrong with a large number of our strict equality laws. I was one of those who, at that time, voted with the majority for their adoption.

"Now many of us have come to the conclusion that those three who cast the palm leaves voting against adoption were wiser than the rest

of us. This seems to prove that a large, almost unanimous vote is not always on the side of truth and wisdom.

"Fellow Athonians, a number of our citizens have at various times explored our unknown land for fully three days and nights at a time, and we know that no other human eyes ever beheld or human feet ever put their impress upon this land before our advent here.

"This fact makes us all feel that we can form laws solely for our own purposes without giving any thought in regard to any neighboring enemies; for there are none.

"It is this fact also, perhaps, that made us at first experiment with no laws, and also many moons later with laws based on strict equality.

"Citizen Hypnothoon, in harmony with the remarks made at the time by almost all of us, also spoke with deep sincerity in favor of strict equality laws. He admits that he also thought that our isolated situation allowed us to experiment in harmony with some of the songs of our Athenian bards and long-haired, dreamy poets, who sang so beautifully and melodiously of Liberty, Freedom and strict Equality. Hypnothoon was sincere; we were all sincere.

"But we are now all convinced of the fact that well-meaning sincerity is not always a guarantee against error; for, as the laws of strict equality began to be put to a practical test, in regard to raiment, dwellings and surroundings, and equal division of all things, strong dissatisfaction soon sprang up in all directions. Such as were diligent in their labor looked angrily upon such who labored very leisurely. Also, the seven divisions of time set for various kinds of labor have always been found faulty as to their not being rightly proportioned. It was well known, and is an open secret, that many have arrived at perfection in the art of keeping up the appearance of work, while producing very little. The setting of seven divisions of length of working time for different kinds of labor, based on the principle that the hardest and most disagreeable work should be given the shortest time, and so on; the easiest and most agreeable work the longest time, is apparently based on social justice. But—and here again comes in the word but—we know there are three kinds of labor. First, such as can be termed bodily labor. Secondly, such as requires both bodily labor and head work. Thirdly, such as requires head work only.

"Now, I must first repeat what has already been said by a number of the men and women speakers who have already spoken. In view of the fact that our numerous boys and girls will soon be grown up into manhood and womanhood, we this day should form our laws, not to suit our purpose only, but should form laws to fit and last for many generations, long after we have passed to the shades below. Therefore, the laws that we advocate should be no reflection against any of us Four Hundred. I will continue and say that in the opinion

of such (I am referring to the far future only) who are not well versed in all head work are very liable to entertain the idea that such work is the easiest of all, and should work the longest time. But such would be in error, for some kinds of creative head work is the hardest of hard labor. Thus the seven divisions of time set for different kinds of labor has called forth fierce disputes, general dissatisfaction and fault-finding endlessly. To rehearse minutely the endless causes for dissatisfaction with our present laws, based on strict equality, is unnecessary, for they are well known to all of us; and it is for this reason that we, on this festal day, have gathered in this Temple of Zeus to discuss and agree how to change and erase the unjust part of our present laws for the welfare of each of us individually and our city of Athonia collectively. (Applause.)

"Fellow Athonians, let us again consider on what our present laws, with which we are dissatisfied, are based. Firstly, they are based on the proposition that man to man is brother. Secondly, on the fundamental principle of strict equality in all things endlessly. Now, we have discovered that such laws are unjustly favorable to the drone-like, the sluggard, the intemperate, incompetent and weak. Yes, it is well, man to man is brother; but if one brother, by the favor of the gods, or his own industry, or by Fate (luck), is superior to his brother, has the inferior, weaker or less industrious, or such as the Fates (luck) have not favored, or for other just cause, is unequal, a right to expect to receive or hold the same good things of the earth as the superior? Our answer, in the light of justice, I am quite certain, is emphatically No, he has not. And if he will acquiesce in and acknowledge the wishes and powers of the gods and Fate and take his chances as a true man, he will not expect or ask to be equal with his brother. There are great differences between brothers and brothers. There are vast contrasts between man and man.

"So far our laws allowed the unequal to share equally, which is not in harmony with true justice, and consequently much righteous fault-finding and strife unto death nearly! If laws based on strict equality are found unsatisfactory, impractical and undesirable in our community of the Four Hundred, where, in more than one sense, all are truly equal, surely in the coming generations of our descendants such laws would be still more undesirable and impossible. Under such laws we have found that we have been less diligent than we might have been, because each one of us had a suspicion that others were even doing less than ourselves. The fact became plain that we were getting on a low and lower level, just producing enough so we would not be in want.

"The strict equality laws and distribution were no incentive for doing one's best. The high ideal of using one's superior strength or

ability for the public good, we found, lives only in the songs of dreamy poets and bards. Working for the public good without reward is too weak an incentive for human kind. That has been plainly demonstrated. Our high standing it was that saved us while existing without laws, and also under equality laws, from bloody conflicts. Never again will there be a community like ours, consisting wholly of graduates of the highest of schools, selected by measure of stateliness, strength, endurance, courage, beauty and wisdom. Upon starting upon our adventure our maidens were from seventeen to twenty-five years of age; our men, nineteen to twenty-nine years of age.

"Time has passed on eagle wings, it seems, and now some of our children are swiftly nearing the threshold of manhood and womanhood. The number of boys and girls is about equal. We know that our future generation cannot be such a select Four Hundred as we are. Although of high lineage, the community will in time represent individuals of strength and abilities that vary. Under our laws each individual relied upon the community; but the community could not well rely upon the individuals, because many shirked duty. Under our strict equality laws we were a nation of dependents, all depending upon the nation, while the nation could not well depend upon the individual. The result is known to all of us, and need not be repeated. In a general community, we know, it would be the sluggard, intemperate, extravagant, incompetent and such as Fate has not favored that would desire strict equality laws. The tendency also has shown itself to form a sentiment against wars. We have no enemy to fear, it is true, but it is well to imagine a possible enemy so as not to lose the manly war spirit. Who would want endless, lasting peace? Certainly none but the weak, cowards, old men and women. A nation or people that have no enemies to battle against will never call forth the noblest, bravest and highest in man. For our children's sake we should talk rather of war than of peace, so as to instill a feeling of daring, such as heroes are made of. The opinions expressed and the suggestions made in regard to new laws by the large number of men and women who have spoken are quite similar to what I also have said and what I have to suggest in regard to new laws.

"Fellow Athonians, in regard to the forming of new laws, the first question is, On what shall our laws be based? Our opinion is the laws of a nation should be based on natural laws; in other words, should be in harmony with the natural fitness of things; should be in harmony with truth and natural justice.

"Let us fully acknowledge the fact that the strong are more useful to a nation than are the weak, and that the natural tendency of water is to run down stream. Let us acknowledge that it is for the welfare of the nation that the strong should rule. We all know that it is the



strong and fearless that establish nations, and not the weak. And we know that the strong and daring of a nation are its bulwark, its defenders, its preservers. We do not believe that after the strong and brave have established, and at all times are a nation's hope and defenders, that the weak, the cowards and women, should have equal rights with the strong, on whom the weak, the cowards and the women must rely for protection in war and peace."

Scriborites: Ingatia, wife of Diagorax, spoke up and said: "Noble Geothorides, I am requested to ask you, did you not always claim that you are for women's rights?"

Geothorides replied: "Noble Ingatia, yes, I am for women's rights. I shall later on touch upon the woman question, for it is always an agreeable question to touch upon. But I will first proceed. We see that it is the strong, brave, daring and wise men warriors who are the builders, defenders and preservers of a nation. Therefore, our laws in regard to health, including public examination at birth and every seven years thereafter, also strenuous training of body and mind of all our boys and girls, are among our nation's most important laws and should be retained. (Applause.)

"It should be strongly impressed from youth up that the state demands that all its citizens make strenuous efforts to remain strong and healthy, so as to be able to do their duty to the state in peace and war.

"Women also, for the good of the state, should make every effort to be strong and healthy for the strength and courage and wisdom of its future citizens. The health officers of the state should have the right, aside from their regular seven years' examinations, to at any time examine the health of such man child or women who they have reason to suspect in any manner, by their own ignorance, are leading lives that are harmful to their physical being. It is to the interest of the state that its citizens, both men and women, represent the perfection of health. As we now are, so also by law in harmony with nature, should all future mature men and women of Athonia be married; but the perfectly healthy only, should perpetuate our race. Also, in regard to marriage, the maidens should ask the men, as well as the men the maidens. A state, in regard to its general health, should hold itself accountable to the individual, and so, also, the individual hold itself accountable to the state. It is also our opinion that when a nation declares war it should be done with the consent of the warriors, who are going to take actual part in such war. Such as remain at home should have no say in the matter. All such who talk for war should be compelled to go to war, otherwise a nation's greatest cowards can start a war and at the same time remain safely at home and leave others to fight it out on the field of battle. Their names should be recorded, and they be required to go to war, if such war takes



place. The strong, the nation's defenders and preservers, should by their vote decide all important questions in regard to the government of a nation; should point out the course a nation should pursue. In short, should be not only the nation's defenders and preservers, but, as to voting, should also be its foremost rulers."

Scriborites: Gertia, wife of Greetus, said: "Noble Geothorides, you speak as if only the strong, such as are able to battle for their country, are the only citizens that can be of any service to a nation. But, know we not well, that at the siege of Troy, Nestor's single advice, although he was too old and weak to take part in battle, was a power equal to that of a thousand warriors? And was it not Myrtilus, a weak, sickly man, that first advised the Spartan king to institute health laws and strenuous training, that made the name Spartan synonymous with endurance, strength and courage, beyond all other races of man?

"We well know that the advice given by such who had not the strength to bend the bow, wield the sword or cast the lance or raise the war club added greatly to the power of their state. Many are the names of the bodily weak that you, noble Geothorides, could mention, whose wisdom lent their nation power equal to thousands of warriors. Noble Geothorides, let us throw the light in all directions and on all sides, so as to be able to see the truth, the whole truth." (Great applause.)

Gertia resumed her seat, upon which Geothorides replied: "Noble Gertia, it is certainly true that we should allow the light of truth and of facts to throw its beams in all directions and on all sides. Nestor, he who ruled over three generations of men, was, it is true, in his old age, a wise military counselor to the great Agamemnon at the siege of Troy.

"But it is well to remember that in his day he had been a great and strong hero of deeds and actions. However wise the weak may be, it needs the strong and fearless to establish a nation and to preserve it. What surveyor is it that, with his instruments of war, lays out and establishes the boundary lines of nations? The soldier. He, the warrior, the soldier, it is who, with the various instruments of war, traces, draws and constructs the map of the nations of the world.

"But, noble Gertia, it is true that at times men and women there have been, are and always will be, who, although bodily weak, lacking the strength and courage to go into battle, through their gifted minds are powerful factors for the nation's greatness and glory in times of peace and in times of war. (Applause.) Such names we also hand to future posterity with those of warriors such as Menestheus, Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Diomed, Hercules, Theseus, Ulysses, Ajax and the immortal train of noble heroes. (Applause.) If ever there is a people who honor such, the weak in body, who have been favored by

the gods with fine-grained, powerful minds, it certainly is the Four Hundred of Athonia. (Applause.)

Their praises ever have the Muses sung,  
With those of heroes, loud and clear have rung.

"Coming back to the questions of the day—the Laws: It is our opinion, that I represent, that all public questions should be decided by a two-thirds vote. Our system of choosing and deciding by lot was quite suitable for the Four Hundred. But, even in my case, I was chosen by lot to speak and represent the crowd I have before referred to. I suggested to vote for the one who should speak here and represent all the men and women who happened to gather some days ago, as already stated. If my suggestion had been followed to vote instead of choosing by lot, I would and should not have been chosen to speak for the others; but instead we would have had the pleasure of listening to one of our real, true orators. Choosing by lot is a blind system indeed. We know that often there are such that can do some particular thing somewhat better than others. Such can be chosen by vote; but by lot such are liable to be passed by, to the detriment of the community at large. The system of choosing by lot would be still more undesirable for our coming descendants, for they will not be of equal standing as we are at present. For, in our own families, there will be inequalities in stature, strength and wisdom. In time various classes may again form, perhaps even including slaves, as in other lands."

Scriborites: Diomedus arose and said: "Noble Geothorides, we have been wafted here by the gods to form a model government. The gods, as we all admit, have a right to expect us to establish a government not only suitable for ourselves, but a government that will be a model government for our descendants unto endless aeons. Our descendants shall not divide against each other into classes, nor, as intimated, shall there ever be slaves."

Geothorides replied: "Noble Diomedus, I believe I have been lowering our descendants too suddenly onto a low strata of society. I imagined that in the far future generations of our descendants, such equality as at present exists among us could not be preserved. But it is true our laws should be so constructed that equality among our descendants will be preserved above that of any country in the world. (Applause.)

"In regard to humanity, in regard to the wishes of the gods, inequality is Nature's stamp. Are there any two people just alike in their appearance, voice, face, mind, in the whole world? No; each is different from the other. In a nation that grows in a natural way you can expect

Some must rule and some obey,  
Or chaos holdeth ruinous sway.

Strabo arose and said: "Noble Geothorides, yes, some must rule, and all should obey. But whom the citizens elect by vote to rule for a time must rule according to the laws which the citizens have formed. Such rulers are only the high servants of the people." (Applause.)

Geothorides replied: "Noble Strabo, yes, such should be the effect of our laws unto endless generations; as I stated before, all public questions and positions should be decided and chosen by two-thirds vote, and not by blind lot. Also should games of chance and lotteries be prohibited by law, for such are a mockery against true, useful, noble labor. As we want our new laws to harmonize with Nature, and, whereas, throughout Nature among all animals on land, in sea or in the sky, and among mankind, the strong rule, in a nation that is ruled by votes the men only should vote. Women, under our new laws, should not vote."

Scriborites: Upon this announcement, a large number of the ladies sprang to their feet, all shouting in an excited manner, all determined to speak at the same time.

Parlaro, whose duty it was to decide as to who was the first entitled to speak, said: "Fellow Athonians, I also hold that the new laws should state that all questions should be decided by vote instead of by lot. But in this instance I prefer to decide by lot which of the women is entitled to speak first."

By lot it has been decided that Celestia, wife of Emporosodes, has the privilege.

Celestia said: "Noble Geothorides, you certainly have a very vacillating mind. In answer to the question, by some of our women, you said you were for women's rights, and now you propose that the new law shall not allow women to vote. Isn't that a perfect outrage, to speak mildly? Are your actions anything but honorable? Are they worthy of yourself, noble Geothorides? Have you anything to say in self-defense, after having publicly stated that you are for 'women's rights'?" (Applause.)

Scriborites: Geothorides appeared as if he was the world's greatest sinner. He said in a slow, calm, but determined voice:

"Noble Celestia, noble ladies all! There must be some misunderstanding. I and the crowd I represent are and always will be for 'women's rights,' but as to the right of voting on public affairs, that we consider by Nature, according to the natural fitness of things, to be man's right only. But not only myself, but all of the ladies and men who have by lot appointed me to express their views, are for 'women's rights.' But they are not for women having men's rights. The ladies whom I represent also hold the same opinion. To make it plain, I must repeat: We are against having men's rights conferred on women, as voting, doing men's hard labor, going to war, etc. We want to

base our new laws on Nature, in harmony with the natural fitness of things, so that they will not be only temporary, but enduring laws, such as are the laws of Nature."

Scriborites: Viola, wife of Benocles, said: "Noble Geothorides, you say you are for 'women's rights,' but do not want women to have men's rights. You say women can't go into war; that they are by nature not strong enough. It seems you think women would shirk from going to war, but we wish to have it understood that we, each and all of us women, would be ready at any time to go to war and die for our country as well as you men. (Applause.) Did not our noble Corina, who was elected by lot, for seven moons, show her ability to command our warriors? Did she not show that woman can go to war if allowed to? Were not you one of the many who praised her as a military commander? Yes, we all would be delighted to have an opportunity to go to war. We certainly would be highly delighted to show you, the lords of creation, that women can fight and die for their country as well as men. (Applause.) In our philosophical schools at Athens, were we not taught that women, honored by the name of Amazons, conquered lands and became rulers thereof? Were we not taught that the bravery and heroism of women, in some instances, were above that of men? Yes, women can do all things that men can do, and therefore we should have equal rights, right to vote, and a right to go to war.

"In regard to courage and fearlessness, are we women not equal to men? Noble Geothorides, we have no doubt that the facts that have been stated have thrown light on all sides of the woman question, and cannot but help assist you in seeing the error of your ways." (Applause.)

Scriborites: Geothorides replied, in a slow, thoughtful manner, and said: "Noble Viola, noble ladies all! There seems to be some deep misunderstanding in regard to the woman question. In order to clear away the mist that seems to surround it, it will be necessary to allude to the same at much greater length than was thought necessary. But I shall make efforts to be brief. Let us throw light, as the noble ladies say, on all sides of the woman question. Let us banish fancy and sentiment and state actual facts. In short, let us stand with both feet on the adamantine corner-stone of actual facts, and not play with false fancies in the air. As noble Viola says, were we not taught in our Athenian philosophical schools about the brave deeds of women, honored by the name of Amazons?

"Yes, we were taught about the deeds of the Amazons, and I am quite certain that noble Viola must have forgotten the particulars that were taught us in regard to those so-called women, known in history as Amazons, or she would, I know, beyond all doubt, have blushed to

even mention their names. In regard to the Amazons I will, for the fair, noble name of woman, allude to them in the shortest manner possible. The women of a land far east of Greece gathered in great numbers and invaded and conquered a neighboring land. When they captured men or boys they would cripple them and keep them as slaves. They were, it was taught us, a gathering of women who acted with abandon in regard to all things. Some of our most profound historians claim that they were not true women, but only had a slight resemblance to women in outward appearance. And such, I believe, they were—not women. At least, let us hope they were not women. We know they were not agreeable in the eyes of the gods or men; and consequently disappeared from the face of the earth.

“As to women’s power and influence in war, to be brief, first, we know that on account of beautiful Helen nations warred. Secondly, we know that the charming maiden Briseis, captured by Achilles, which maiden was claimed by Agamemnon, was the direct cause of prolonging the Trojan war many moons. For Achilles, grieved at the loss of the charming maiden Briseis, whom he had captured, sulked in his tent, and would not, with his fearless, strong army of Myridones, continue to assist Agamemnon in the siege of Troy.

“After many entreaties, and after the death of his dearest friend, Patroclus, he again joined the Greeks in the siege of Troy, which, through his assistance, fell after nine years of weary war. So much for the effect of one beautiful maiden among warriors. Let us ask if such was the effect of one beautiful woman’s presence on the field of war, what would be the effect of thousands of beautiful women among warriors? Let us, noble ladies, allow the light of truth to illumine all sides.

“Now, let us say that there are thousands of men warriors and thousands of women warriors on a battlefield. The women would be under women commanders and the men would be under men commanders. They would be kept apart, of course. They would be under military law, oh, yes—and right here, let me say, such military law would soon be very loose and of no effect, because they would not be in harmony with the natural inclination laws of both men and women. Let us throw the full light on such a condition of affairs that would exist on such a battlefield. For instance, when both men and women warriors expect to charge into the deadly catapult on the morrow, would they not, under such battlefield conditions, naturally be swayed by a sort of abandon and think: ‘Let us enjoy life while we may’? Such an army would lose greatly in earnest military discipline, and would be an easy prey to the enemy.

“Noble Viola claims women have great courage, in many instances even more than men. We must admit that in exceptional cases women

have shown great courage. If women could vote they could at times outvote the men. That would be a rule of the weak, which, in view of the necessary strength required to uphold the state, would be unnatural and not based on plain justice.

"There are many things men can do much better than women, among which are going to war and attending to public affairs. The reason is a natural one, namely, because women are not built that way. We are quite certain that every true, normal woman thanks the gods that she is not. And I know that every true man is glad that she is not built on the same lines as a man. The more womanly a woman is, the more charming and beautiful she is in the eyes of the gods and man. And the more manly a man is, so much more is he admired and respected by the gods and women. We know that women mean well; but they are in error in desiring to vote and go into war; and it is our duty to protect and defend them from their own error. One of our noble ladies said: 'We would be delighted to go to war. We have the same courage and fearlessness as men.'

"Let me relate, only a short time ago there was a company of ladies in a house that I was passing, and while still near the same fearful, frightful shrieks of many women struck my ears. I rushed back, opened the door, and beheld death-shrieking ladies standing on benches and looking on the floor in all directions. I also looked on the floor, and instead of a number of murderers, I espied a small mouse, which was almost scared to death, trying to find a hole to escape. I grabbed the mouse and threw it out of the window, and I also escaped, feeling relieved on not finding bloodthirsty animals or murderers. (Applause.)

"Noble ladies, because woman cannot go to war is not the only reason why she should not vote. Among many reasons is also the charm which their voice, form, gracefulness and beauty would exert on us men voters, which women as public speakers, in public affairs, would make us men more or less oblivious to the merits or demerits of her arguments. It is well known that a man's true reasoning powers are apt to flee in the presence of loveliness. Also, on the other hand, as to men speakers, a manly voice, attitude, prepossessing appearance would naturally, unconsciously exert an influence on women voters far beyond what the merits of his pleadings would warrant. There would be a natural sex attraction or antagonism, which would be a factor between men and women voters towards displacing reason by feeling, to the detriment of public affairs in general.

"Some men seem to be against women voting also because they say women would insist on having the last word always. As to women's meetings it is said:

"All want to govern, but none obey,  
All want to speak, but none listen."

(Applause.)

"Noble women, no matter how distant the battlefield of war may be, the warrior's loved one is always before his eyes, and ever near in his heart. It is the thought of her, far away—the true, the chaste, the loving—that makes him a true hero. It is, after all, her that he is fighting for. For what would this world—this life—be to man without lovely woman? Among the reasons, noble ladies, why we don't want you to vote is to protect you from becoming masculinized—mannish—which is repulsive in women, just as an effeminate, weak, womanish man is abhorred by all true women. Women, taking part in the battle of ballots, would not fail to be coarsened by falling into mannish ways. Women, always, truly should have the right to ask laws to be enacted by petition if they so desire, and I, as a man, can guarantee that no man will vote against their wishes if he really believes it is to the good of women and the state as a whole.

"But let me emphasize, let each make her wish known to her loving husband, and he naturally will, if in his judgment it is for the welfare of women, so vote.

"Let me further say the asking of women to vote is, strictly speaking, a serious reflection against their noble husbands and man in general. In regard to women voting, all normal men and women cannot but say, 'Perish the thought!' We are pleased to be able to say that most all women are normal women, and do not desire to vote. The real reason, noble ladies, why we don't want you to vote is, in a nutshell,—because we love you so." (Great applause.)

Scribrites: The ladies called on Sophon, perhaps because they look upon him as leaning very favorably toward women.

Sophon said: "Noble ladies, there is very little left to say on the woman question, in regard to voting or going to war. Knowing, as we married men do, the difference between coarse man and fine woman, we realize it is man's duty to protect her against her own errors, to which belong the desire to vote and going to war.

"The fine, soft skin, fine, graceful form, sweet voice, charming, glistening eyes, abundance of soft, silky hair, her warm, loving, impulsive nature, mark her as quite distinct from the coarseness of burly man. We men think so highly of true women that we think it would be unfortunate if our women would mingle in the base schemes of politics or of war.

"Noble ladies, it is not necessary for women to vote; for as men fight and die for women, so also will men vote for the interests and true welfare of women. As graduates, we have all learned that the treatment of women is an index of a nation's high or low standing. We can say that the standing of our noble women also serves as an index of the high standing of Athonia. (Applause.)

"Men become, at times, excited in political debate, but women would



become even more so; for charming woman is liable to become hysterical, as it were, and as we have all observed, very likely to be swayed by impulse, and not led by rational reasoning. To be well in the sight of the gods, we each and all should thank the gods for whatever we are, and in accordance with Nature, manfully and womanlike fulfill our mission as decreed by the gods. I propose that the noble ladies themselves vote whether they desire the right to vote or not."

Scriborites: Milltos announced the vote as follows: Eleven for and one hundred and eighty-nine against voting. (Great applause.)

Geothorides proceeded and said: "The result of the vote of the noble ladies is, beyond all doubt, highly pleasing to man and the gods.

"Fellow Athonians, coming back to new laws, we also suggest that public officers should not accept gifts; for we, as graduates, have learned that a gift unknowingly turns the heart towards the giver.

"The penalty for giving and accepting of gifts should be equal. As to penalties, none should be paid by wealth; for that would give wealth a very unjust privilege over such citizens who possess no wealth. All citizens should be punished or imprisoned equally.

"A citizen killing another without just cause should forfeit his life. When the proof of a crime is circumstantial, no life should be taken; for experience has shown that circumstantial evidence is liable to be misleading in regard to facts and truth. The highest penalty, on circumstantial evidence, should be life imprisonment.

"We should desire none to be extremely rich or poor, for as it is in all things, so, too, it is in a nation; the golden mean is best for individuals and for public welfare. Also should there be a law which would require the rich in various ways to give a part of their abundance, at short intervals of time, into the public treasury, thus lessening the burden of those who are not so fortunate. As we have already said, the new laws should be based on the natural fitness of things. Our strict equality laws of the present time are such that those who can fly higher than others, so to speak, have their wings cut so as to remain on a general level; for the incentive to fly higher does not exist, as the result of all labor and ability is equally shared by all. Our laws should be based on liberty and freedom for the individual to aspire in an orderly, lawful manner to the heights of his ability. No one should be held down, but each and all should have the individual liberty to aspire upward and onward. The results would be that then each would receive according to his merits. Such as are favored by the gods, with more than common strength, ability or wisdom would, in the natural order of things, attain to greater height in regard to the good things of the earth than such who are favored by the gods in a less degree. The inferior in regard to strength, ability and so forth may at times be favored, aided by luck



(Fate), which factor, it seems, exists at times, for the purpose of assisting such as are not as able as others towards equality in obtaining material reward. To wait for luck is folly, for its visits are very rare and uncertain; and when it seems to approach it generally takes wing again.

"Our new laws should place nothing in the way of such as are favored by the gods with superior strength, energy and ability. Each citizen should be given full liberty and freedom to aspire in an orderly way to the full extent of his ability, and allowed the results of his endeavors.

"A great ruler of a great nation once said: 'All should strive upward; none pull down.'

"In the natural order of things the strong, able and energetic will, as a rule, obtain many more of the good things of the earth than others. Inequality, as has been said, is Nature's stamp; while luck is somewhat of an equalizer. Individual liberty will call forth man's greatest power, energy and ability, and place humanity on the highest possible plane. Our new laws, as suggested, would create orderly contests for the good things desired by man, taking into consideration their needs, comforts and enjoyments. From youth up all should be taught that when of age to enter the contests of life, as we may term it, as men, to take their chances as men, work industriously onward as men, and in whatever state of life the Fates have reserved for them to act as men always, and not allow envy to turn into hate against such whom the Fates seem to have favored.

"Let us compare such contests with a contest of a man's foot race. Let us picture a straight line, drawn in the sand; ten contestants standing, each with both feet on the line. All have an equal chance, it is true. But we know that in themselves they are unequal, which will come plainly to view when they run. They are off! Instead of remaining in a broad line as they started, some are ahead of others. The most dexterous runner reaches the goal first; the next best second, and so on.

"Somewhat similar to such footrace contests would be the contests between man and man in a nation that has individual liberty as a basis for its laws. In the foot running contest those who do not reach the goal first do not hate the winner, but, like men, shake his hand and praise him for his success.

"Such manly spirit should also obtain among the citizens of a nation whose laws are framed on individual liberty. There will, in time, be great differences of wealth, 'tis true, and some will enjoy at least many luxuries which others have not. But we must admit that it is not necessary that every citizen should own the unnecessaries of life.

It is not necessary that all should have equal wealth. The unnecessaries of life—luxuries—are not of vital importance.

"Our laws should be such, also, as not to allow the aged and weak to be without a habitat, raiment and the necessities of life. (Applause.)

Some citizens may find it best to work for themselves; some to work for others for pay; others may prefer to work in a social community, sharing equally. Our *Individual Liberty Laws* will offer unhindered, free scope to each of these systems.

"It is the opinion of the crowd of men and women I represent that, as in our games and contests, 'Fair Play' should also be the motto of our nation.

"In conclusion, fellow Athonians, we have now quite fully expressed our opinions as to laws for our ideal, individual, liberty-government. We believe that if the laws proposed be adopted, their spurring powers for the greatest and best in man and woman will, at least in generations to come, call forth men and women of such high renown that their names will be immortalized in the brilliant stars above with Perseus, Hercules, Castor and Pollux and other heroes that glitter in the blue vault above, to the greatness and glory of Athonia." (Great applause.)

Scriborites: The whole assemblage in the Temple of Zeus, accompanied by the full number of musicians, sang in a very stirring manner:

When Greek meets Greek on festal day,  
The watchword is 'Fair play, fair play.'

After a short interval of time, Tiamodeus arose and said: "Fellow Athonians, it is true, being the only people on this great, unknown land, we can experiment with different kinds of laws. It may be fair to ask what can be done with rogues that are within the law. I suppose public opinion must punish such, if there ever are any.

"I remember one of our Grecian philosophers said: 'It is easier to make laws for an ideal, imaginary people—people like we would want them to be—than it is to make laws for the people as they actually are and always will be.' To make an ideal nation, when humankind is and always will be, far from ideal, on account of envy, hatred, jealousy, dishonesty, ignorance and suspicion, is an impossible task. It is claimed that in a government of the people many great questions must be left to solve themselves. Our present laws, based on strict equality, try the impossible, namely, to make the unequal equal.

"The laws now proposed by the Geothorides crowd and others are not beyond criticism. But I believe they are the best we can form for the present. Therefore, fellow Athonians, I propose that a vote be taken for or against the adoption of the new laws, which are based

on individual liberty, with 'Fair Play' as our nation's motto, as proposed by noble Geothorides." (Applause.)

Scriborites: After a short interval of time Militos announced the vote as follows: Against adoption, twenty-seven votes; for adoption, one hundred and seventy-three votes. (Great applause.)

Tiamodeus said: "As over two-thirds of the votes cast are for the adoption of the new laws, based on individual liberty, as proposed by Geothorides, they are therefore adopted and in force from the next rising of Phoebus, the law of strict equality being then no longer in force." (Great applause.)

Scriborites: Orato, from the altar, with incense arising, said: "May the musicians and whole assemblage sing the song beginning:

Our gods on high Olympus,  
Far, far, o'er the sea——.

At the conclusion of the powerful wave of song, Marstenes said: "By general request the assemblage will now pass out into the open, and for the remaining part of our festal day the building of human pyramids by men, women, boys and girls will take place, and also military exercises by the boys and girls."

Scriborites: After all had passed out of the Temple of Zeus to the wide, long plaza, extending nothward from the temple, on each side of which our dwellings stand at good distances from each other, Gracio led in the athletic feats of building human shafts and pyramids. One of the highest pillars was formed by three men and three women standing on each other's shoulders, a small boy, waving a tiny rainbow flag, at its pinnacle. All who took part in this day's athletic exercises were clad in athletic tights. The largest pyramid was formed of eighteen men and eighteen women, with six men for its base, a small girl, waving a palm leaf fan, standing on the shoulders of the highest. A large number of different kinds of pillars and pyramids were also displayed, all of which were pleasing to behold. The games and other athletic performances were concluded by the boys' and girls' military drill in command of Marstenes. The boys and girls displayed great enthusiasm for drilling, their military movements being quite precise. All were greatly pleased with their bearing and neat military appearance. A finer set of boys and girls the sun never shone on—surely a delight in the eyes of the gods and men. The boys carried lances and shields and the girls bows and arrows. The girls' hair was ornamented with flowers, the boys' hair with palm leaves.

Marstenes ordered the music to play the sunset song, and the day's festival came to an end.

It will be very many, many moons before I shall again, if ever, record further events that come to pass in Athonia. But whatever I feel inclined to record I shall place the same, with the record scrolls

of our ship, kept in the ark in the Temple of Zeus, of which I have charge.

Scriborites: It is now many, many moons since I last inscribed events to be added to the record rolls. These records were inscribed at the festival at which the new laws, based on individual liberty, were adopted. Under those laws, it is true, a number of our citizens have enlarged and conspicuously improved their dwellings and surroundings, in favorable contrast to others. The laws, at least, are not found fault with.

Since inscribing my last records several of our dear beloved men and women have passed away. Resignates, she whom we all gave the name of Cassandra, because she always foretold that evil would befall us, also is among those whom we all so deeply miss. She, even to the last, said that she had a premonition that something dreadful would befall us all. Not that she cared for herself, for she was really brave, and had a heart for any fate, but because of the rest of us. Even to her last day, while she was ill, she said she had a vision in which she saw all the men, women and children of Athonia marching into the woods with the intention of leading the life of nomads, hunters and fishers; life similar, as history had taught us, to that which our first forefathers led, before Athene had taught them to live in cities. She said that she had a vision that in time all Athonia would live similarly to wild men.

Resignates is at rest, where visions and fear will no longer haunt and disturb her. She was a noble soul, courageous ever, whose deep, earnest solicitude for the safety and welfare of others was far greater than for her own.

All of us, also, at times are filled with the earnest thought in many, many moons, how will it be possible to keep up the high standard of true Grecian energy. The oldest of our boys and girls are now over two hundred moons (sixteen years) of age. They are perfect pictures of our noble Grecian race. But we can't help but feel that in this hot climate their energy and strength can never be equal to that of their parents or forefathers. In this climate how can anyone aspire to great things as in our native Greece?

At all festivals the older citizens relate to our boys and girls things of the land of our grandfathers and mothers, far over the stormy sea. I also, as their scribe and teacher, relate at times to them of our Greece and Athens; their heroes, philosophers and bards; also how we came to this land. To all of which they listen with eager eyes and deep interest. They cannot look enough at the picture of our great ship *Aeolus*, which hangs in the Temple of Zeus. They have built several boats on the seashore, and with oars and small sails dexterously cleave the rolling waves.

This day is a festal day in honor of Ceres, Pomona and Flora. We parents are not in the parade, but the girls and boys are now taking our place. They are accompanied by music. Each boy and girl is decorated with flowers and garlands, each carrying some one fruit or cereal in one hand, such as henequin, straw, ears of corn, grapes, cocoanuts, oranges, bananas, cotton blossoms or sugar cane. In the harvest parade Ceres, goddess of cereals and agriculture, was represented by a small girl. Her head was crowned with a wreath of white cotton blossoms. She headed the procession, sitting on a platform, carried by four boys. On all sides around her, on the platform, were stalks and sheaves of various kinds of cereal grasses.

Near the middle of the procession the goddess Pomona was represented by a small girl, also sitting on a platform, carried by four boys. Her head was crowned with grapevines and grapes. She held a large cornucopia filled to overflowing with cocoanuts, oranges, bananas and grapes.

Flora, also, was represented by a young girl whose raiment was completely covered with various kinds of flowers, and the platform she occupied, which was also carried by four boys, was handsomely decorated with flowers in profusion.

The procession marched into the Temple of Zeus, where the goddesses took a position near the altar.

After quiet reigned, Orato held a lengthy prayer of thanks to Ceres, Pomona and Flora. Following the worship of the three goddesses a banquet spread took place, at which the various things of the harvest were partaken of, including wines.

As usual, songs in praise of Ceres, also of Pomona and Flora, were sung and accompanied by music. Also questions were put to the young people which fruit they liked best, giving reasons, and stating how its leaves looked and how the plant grew. The feast in honor of the three goddesses concluded with dancing, each dancer displaying some one kind of cereal or fruit on their apparel or hair, such as a nut of some kind, corn, cotton blossom, flowers or grapes.

Shortly after Phoebus had sunk down the west abyss of the world, the harvest festival came to an end.

Scriborites: It is now a year since the last harvest festival was held. At this day's festival I am not inclined to add much to the record rolls. I am not the only one whose general energy is gradually growing less, evaporating with the heat, as it were; but the warm climate affects many of the others even in a far greater degree. Preparations to celebrate this harvest festival have been made as usual, but many of our citizens are hunting and trapping and fishing in the forests for days at a time, and are taking less interest in Athonian affairs as time passes on. Women, boys and girls also show a strong

preference for the life in the woods. The participation in the games, sports and contests and also harvest festivals, as again seen this day, is growing less and less. The harvest parade has entered the Temple of Zeus. After Orato concluded his prayer of thanks to Ceres, Pomona and Flora, also Phoebus, Juventonius, a botanist versed in plants and climate, ascended the rostrum, near the altar, and said:

"Fellow Athonians: Yes, I still have an opportunity to address you as fellow Athonians, but if Athonians are going to grow less and less in evidence, there will soon be none left to address as 'fellow Athonians,' but rather as fellow bushmen, trappers, hunters. Our thoughts in regard to Grecian art are far beyond recall in the long, long ago. We were taught by our Grecian wise men to make known and tell the truth under all circumstances, for truth leads out of error. But we all felt that in one regard it might not be well to call attention to the truth, for it would have a very discouraging effect upon our energies and efforts. But under the present disintegrating condition of Athonia, there is at this late stage nothing to lose, but perhaps still some hope left to gain by recognizing the truth. I shall speak out the truth in regard to our hot climate.

"At about the time when we established the city of Athonia, I was appointed to make botanical researches in regard to the flora of the surrounding country on which we were cast. I found it very interesting, and exhibited to you many indigenous trees, plants, shrubs and flowers. During my first botanical ramble in upland and lowland forests, I seldom met any of our citizens trapping, fishing or hunting in the forests. But as time went on the number of our citizens who pass most of their time in the forests pursuing the chase grew visibly. The haunts of the bear, wolf, coyote, deer, rabbit, squirrel, beaver, jaguar, puma, ocelot and fish are quite well known by the majority of our citizens. Some of our hunters have lately seen in a distant forest opening a large new animal, similar to oxen, but much larger in size. It has a massive head, covered with bushy hair, from beneath which two fierce eyes look forth. Our hunters pursued a herd of them, but their fleetness baffled pursuit. They have named the beast bison. They are so large and ponderous that their running makes the ground tremble. To kill one of them is now considered as a feat of renown. The large amount of various kinds of wild game which is brought in by hunters and trappers is more than required in this hot climate, and also shows that the inclination for hunting and trapping prevails quite generally among all the Four Hundred, to the detriment of a higher development of our city of Athonia. If we do not make strenuous efforts against a growing fondness of the bushman's life, our city, instead of progressing, will soon be a deserted city.

"The children of Athonia also are showing great leanings towards

living the life of nomads and hunters. We are getting further and further away from our Athenian spirit for a higher city life.

"To inspire our children with a love of the beautiful in art is entirely beyond hope and belongs to the impossible. We, the Four Hundred of Athens, are fast becoming less and less Grecian, and our boys and girls, as it seems now, will be anything but Greeks. We have already drifted away from our Greek ideas, including our worship also, for Orato this day in his prayers gave the highest and first place to Phoebus (Sun), scarcely alluding to Zeus, and entirely overlooking all our other Olympian gods. The tendency of all things in our Athonia is going in the wrong direction. All, in fine sounding phrases, agree that we should make urgent effort, in an Athenian-Grecian spirit, toward art and city life. But it also seems as if all had agreed to do the very opposite to what they preach.

"Our health officer also says it is the hot climate that has created a longing and preference for living in the woods. He has lost all hope of preserving our high standard, especially in regard to our new generation. We cannot help but admit that in this land it is impossible to carry out the high ideals of the typical Grecian race, as was first so enthusiastically planned.

"From our experience here for over sixteen years, we know that the climate is intensely hot here nearly all the time. In my botanical rambles from the first I saw from the kinds and luxuriant growths of plant life that we were surrounded by a tropical climate.

"We cannot really find fault with ourselves or our boys and girls, for in this climate no race of men can aspire to such heights in regard to art and learning as the people of our never-again-to-be-seen Greece.

"Our philosophers taught us that one of the principal secrets of the superior excellencies of the Grecian, especially the Athenian, race was the pure, clear, exhilarating, bracing air of that country. 'Truly are we the favored of the gods,' said one of our Athenian philosophers, 'for the very air we breathe, and by which we have our being, stimulates us with an insatiable desire and enthusiasm for noble achievements in war and peace.'

"The climate of Athens kindled desire for bodily and mental labor. No one there can remain inactive.

"But the climate of this unknown land, on which we have been cast, produces the very opposite effect. It is so hot that the first man and woman might have been created here, for they would not have stood in need of raiment, and the fruit of bush and tree only need picking. It seems clear to us now that the influence of climate can make or unmake a people, can raise or lower a race. In one sense it seems true that the more Nature does for man, the less man will do for himself. Seeking the shade is one of our pastimes. Not only



bodily or mental labor do we all shun, but our games, sports and festivities require more exertion than our inclinations hanker for, and will soon be obsolete. One of our noble Athonians, while looking at one of us working, expressed our situation clearly and truly when he said: 'In this hot climate, how restful it is to see others work!' Although we have lived here over sixteen years, we never, until this festal day, have alluded openly to the unfavorable influence the climate exerts on us. Our boys and girls have done well, considering conditions. (Applause.) They have built several small row and sail boats on the shore of the stormy sea and can manage them as well as Athenian fishermen. (Applause.) They may, in many moons to come, sail along the shores of our unknown land on short voyages of discovery. (Great applause.) But the fact remains that the hot climate is hostile to energy, ambition, desire for exertion, labor and learning.

"Fellow Athonians, in conclusion, I want to say, it remains to be seen whether we can rally and recall our former Grecian strength, energy and ambition. If we cannot, or if the Fates have decreed that we shall not, then soon we will not be on a much higher standard than bushmen. Fellow Athonians, let us hope that we can again rally from our lethargy, as true Grecians, to the greatness and glory of Athonia." (Applause.)

Valdoris also arose and said: "Fellow Athonians, noble Juventonius has spoken the truth. The truth is often very disagreeable to hear; the same as some medicinal herbs are bitter to take, but in some cases necessary to effect a cure. We have all known that we are drifting into the woods. Our high resolve to establish a nation here, the standard of which should be beyond that of all other nations of the world, of which poets and bards would delight to sing, may now be likened unto an idle dream. We will remember what one of our instructors at Athens said: 'Tell me the soil and climate of a country, and I will tell you the possible height of the standing of its people.' He said in regard to climate: 'The golden mean also holds true—neither sweltering heat nor extreme cold.' As to our laws, it was not their fault that our high ambitious hopes were not realized, for they are based on true individual liberty. But as noble Juventonius said, the climate has caused our Grecian energy, stamina, enthusiasm and high ambition to flee beyond all hope of recall. We all know also that the fierce, terrible earthquakes that have, of late, greatly damaged our Temple of Zeus, destroyed a few and damaged many of our houses, have also quickened the longing for living a careless, free life in the forest. Yes, the terrible earthquakes and climate are enough to create a longing for a bushman's life in even the highest of the human race. Fellow Athonians, all I can see is that we must resign



ourselves to Fate, and live in harmony with the natural order and inclination of things. One fact cannot but please us all—that the energy, eagerness and ambition displayed by our girls and boys is still quite Greek-like.” (Applause.)

Scriborites: It is true, as Juventonious, and also Valdoris, said, that even Orato in his prayers worships Phoebus beyond our other Olympian gods. After the conclusion of the harvest banquet, which followed Valdoris’s address, all passed out of the Temple of Zeus to view the boys’ and girls’ military drill, at the close of which all the boys and girls, also men and women, accompanied by the musicians, sang the sunset song. Thus again has passed away another harvest festival, which, in view of the small number that participated therein, was hardly worthy of its name.

Scriborites: Although it is over five moons since last harvest festival, the boys have not forgotten Juventonious’s favorable comment on their seamanship. The boys and girls also have asked me, as their teacher, to again relate to them our adventure across the stormy sea to this land, which I did. There is nothing which they like to listen to with so much eagerness, earnestness and close attention as to the narrative of how we were saved from sailing over the end of the world by the Fates, which directed our ship so as to be wrecked on these shores instead. The boys say they have built a much larger boat than any of their other boats. It has two masts and a house on it large enough to hold twelve men. On the inside bottom of the boat is a large, tight water box to hold fresh water. This they adopted from my narrative of the construction of the great ship *Aeolus*. They say their ship has one sail on each mast and one jib in front. The three sails were made of one of the smallest of the *Aeolus*’s sails, which was stored in the Temple of Zeus. The boat, they say, is built of cedar, because it is a light wood and is easier to split into long lengths to fashion into planks. All planks are strongly fastened together with oaken bolts. They also have a small rainbow flag. They admit the *Aeolus* must have been a much larger ship, but to their eyes their ship is a great ship also.

They say our ship was named in honor of the god of the winds. Their ship they have named “Poseidon,” in honor of the god of the sea.

They have been working in building it on some unobserved place along the shore for many moons. Now, they say, they are ready to sail anywhere and everywhere. They have already, they say, sailed almost out of sight of land. They claim that they have sailed out along shore in the strongest of storms, and that the boat was not in danger of the storm’s fury. It rises and falls with the high waves like a duck. They invited me to accompany them in their boat for a short sail out on the sea along the shore. They will name the day. I,

of course, as their teacher, who have spoken and told them so much of our past courage in order to instill courage into them, must accept their invitation to accompany them for a short sail on the treacherous, restless sea.

I am not anxious for their day to come around, for we have been on the sea longer than we cared for, which has banished in my heart all longing for the sea. When the scholars call for me to accompany them, I will make strenuous efforts to carry myself as a fearless seaman.

Scriborites: Only a few days ago I made record of the fact that some of my scholars had built a sailboat. But now I shall hasten to record a far more important and surprising event. Early in the morning drums and trumpets and horns called all of us Athonians to arms. All hastened, clad in war armor, carrying bows, lances and war clubs, with shields, to the open temple place in front of the Temple of Zeus. All responded to the call to arms as quickly as possible to show that we still had some Grecian life left. On arriving there, we found our people greatly excited on account of the presence of a stranger, who was standing alongside of Marstenes. He was clad completely with gaudy feathers, also a helmet of long feathers wore he on his head. Some said the stranger had come during the night.

All was excitement, for many said, "If there is one stranger on the land, who can know how many more there may be?" Many said, "Who is it? What is it?"

All the time the horns and drums were calling to arms loudly for all to gather at the temple grounds. The eight catapults of our ship *Aeolus* also responded to the call. The women also, upon hearing that a stranger had made his appearance, came in haste, clad in the ship's armor, helmet and carrying bows and arrows.

Some said, "Marstenes seems to be able to talk to him." So far the horns and drums called loudly to arms. Marstenes and the stranger seemed to look calmly at the crowd. Upon seeing that no more were coming and that all, excepting those who were hunting in the forests, had responded to the call, Marstenes said:

"Fellow Athonians, we always thought that we were the only people of this great unknown land; but the presence of a noble stranger seems to show that there are others besides ourselves. In order that we can all hear more plainly than in the open what our stranger has to say, we will all march in military order into the Temple of Zeus.

"I appoint Rosania to command the women, boys and girls, and I will command the men."

After all were formed into line, Marstenes gave the order, "Forward, march!"

The stranger walked alongside of Marstenes. He carried a lance and a short sword, but held them in such a way that indicated peace.

To the step of music all soon were in the temple, taking seats in military order. Marstenes and the chief of wild men, as he appeared to be, ascended the rostrum to the left of the altar.

Orato, from the altar, near the incense ascending, prayed to Phoebus to give us light for the reason of the mysterious stranger's presence here. He prayed to Phoebus to deliver us from the evil designs of the stranger, if he had any, and prayed that the presence of our mysterious stranger might conduce to the greatness and glory of Athonia.

Next the music played "The Persians—Where Are They?" after which Marstenes arose and slowly said, amidst great silence:

"Fellow Athonians! At midnight, I heard a tapping—a gentle rapping—at my door; rapping like which I never heard before. It was from the first mysterious. I peeped then through the door, and in the clear moonlight saw a form I never saw before. He rapped again and then once more, but still I opened not the door. He spoke and called me by my name. A thrill shot through my Grecian frame. He called again and louder, as if used to command. A voice of old, familiar—O now I understand!

"Yes, fellow Athonians, when I first beheld, by the light of the moon, the form of a warrior clad in bright, gaudy feathers and a feathery helmet, I could not think that it was a man whom we all so well knew. But upon hearing his voice, commanding like, it immediately recalled to mind the strong, seamanlike voice of command, which by day and by night became so familiar to us while on our great ship *Aeolus*, the voice of our brave Captain Arteus, who now stands before you." (Tremendous applause.)

Marstenes continues: "Fellow Athonians, you may well think that Captain Arteus and myself passed the greater part of the night in recalling past events and experiences and adventures, and also discussed matters in regard to the future. Captain Arteus said he wished to talk to me as much as possible, for he had almost forgotten to talk the Greek language, for the people he had fallen in with in his adventure spoke an entirely different language. He said he would not blame any one of his listeners if they should laugh at his very poor Greek. Captain Arteus has, from the day our ship stranded here, which is now over sixteen years ago, continuously been with bushmen, who speak an entirely different language. I will not take up any more time; for Captain Arteus says he must depart to his people again the coming night. Let me say it is understood that reference in regard to the ship *Aeolus* by any of us Athonians is not to be touched upon this day. Fellow Athonians, noble Captain Arteus will now address you." (Great applause.)

## CHAPTER XXIII

### *CAPTAIN ARTEUS SPEAKS*

Captain Arteus, standing in his picturesque dress of bright, gaudy feathers, with helmet of bright feathers, said: "Fellow adventurers, I cannot say how long ago it is, but noble Marstenes says it is over sixteen years since Hillicarus, Anaxogeros, Polybus, myself and our ship's crew left you here and proceeded westward on our way towards the end of the world, where we, under oath, desired to sail or jump off the earth. We wandered westward in the direction of the setting sun. The food which we carried along from the ship was partaken of with other food of various kinds of game and fish which we shot and speared. We delayed not, but kept walking onward through forests, dense jungles and over and through the divides of mountains, resting only during the night, when one of our number stood guard to protect us from prowling jaguars, bears, wolves and other ferocious animals, some of which sent up hideous howls during a greater part of the night.

"Up to our eighth day we had not met with or seen any living thing excepting animals. But on the night of the eighth day we saw a fire on the side of a mountain to the northwest. In the darkness of the night we stole closely up to it, and saw that there was a tribe of about three hundred wild men and women. All, excepting a few that were standing around a fire, were lying around sleeping on the skins of animals. Around the fire on poles hung a bear and a number of rabbits and fish. One of our men ventured close enough to hear them talk to each other, but he said it was a very strange language. In the darkness of night we hastened away on our westward journey, rather preferring death by jumping off the earth than to fall in the hands of those bloodthirsty savages and suffer a torturing death.

"After a stumbling march through the greater part of the night, through dense jungles, where the hiss of large, venomous snakes became common, we, near the break of day, arrived at a small opening, surrounded by dense forests. Feeling safe from the wild men, we halted here to rest and eat. We rested close to the rim of the forest on the east side of the opening, so as to be in the shade when Phoebus should come upon the scene.

"In the east Aurora was just beginning to announce his presence.

The forest trees of various kinds and sizes that skirted the opening were alive with birds of the most brilliant and gorgeous plumage imaginable, including plain brown, blue, green and bright red and yellow parrots of various sizes, and an endless variety of other kinds of birds of most brilliant plumage. But what the plain brown and gray birds lack in brilliant beauty is often made up by their exquisite power of song. The trees were full of bird life. We noticed in our travels that when Aurora heralds the coming of day, the birds, awakened from the night's sleep, greet the rising sun with their loudest, liveliest songs. The various sweet songsters of the thousands of birds seem to vie with each other in showing their delight at the approach of coming day. The exquisite music of the thousands of various kinds of loud, lively, sweet songsters moved our emotions even more deeply than did the surprising beauty of their brilliant plumage. The lively, happy greeting of the rising sun by the songsters of the forest seems to put man to shame; for surely it would be difficult to manifest such appreciation, thanks and joy, as do the birds at early dawn. I shall refer to gorgeous feathers later on, for I noticed your eyeing of my feathery raiment from the start. Noble Athonians, after having rested, we resumed our journey towards the setting sun. Our way led over mountains and through valleys, with luxurious vegetation of many kinds, fruits and nuts, as here also, growing in a very thriving manner, offering food for our sustenance in plenty.

After a three days' walk from our last resting place, upon a morning having reached the high point of a mountain, we beheld before us, to the west, in close distance, to our great surprise, a large, endless ocean. Its waters were calm and pacific.

"We saw it was a great world ocean, and as we knew we could not build a ship large enough that would reach its limits at the end of the world, we were convinced that the gods had decreed that we should remain upon earth like the rest of mankind, until, like all mankind, we should be called to eternal rest.

"Standing on the ocean shore, Polybus said: 'Fellow adventurers, if we had a ship here like the great *Aeolus* was, we would now surely succeed in sailing over the end of the world, for, however large the world's flat plain may be, it, like all things, has an end. But, fellow roamers, we are confronted with a condition, namely, that the world's wide plain is much larger than we thought it was, and, secondly, we have no ship. This, fellow Athenians, is proof positive that the gods desire us to remain on earth among the living. Therefore, fellow rovers, I will, upon the shore of this grand, pacific sea, burn the last of the incense which I have carried with me, as a sacrifice to our gods, with our thanks (although we could not successfully carry out our end) for having been fated to live in a land where the climate hardly re-

quires any raiment, and the vegetation is so luxurious that nuts and fruits beg our picking, and game and fish bewilder the arrow and lance's choice. Fellow adventurers, here we need not crowd our brains with that higher learning like in Athens. Here we need not disturb our brains with airy philosophical problems and useless speculation. Here we need not delve in art, for art's sake. And, looking out over the grand expanse of the endless, pacific waters before us in the west, we can say with pride in our breasts that we are truly free men, not burdened with calling on one's ingenuity and endless labor, in order to obtain such things which such climate has in Greece made necessary. Yes, we thank the gods that we are back to Nature. Fellow adventurers, who is it that has made this land where man is not bound to the endless labor of body and mind like in other lands? Fellow adventurers, it is Phoebus, whose bright rays has made the land what it is. Therefore, O Phoebus, may a large share of the incense arising ascend to thy high abode and be as sweet savor unto thee.'

"Thus spoke Polybus, who is no more; but of whom I shall speak later on. \* \* \* We all plunged in the waters of the great ocean for a dive and swim, after the end of which Hilicarus suggested that we all stand in line and shout 'Hurrah for the grand pacific sea!' three times, which we did.

"As night o'erspread its darkness o'er land and sea, we slept close to the shore. In the stillness of the night, as we lay inclined, we heard and felt the gentle but mighty lapping pulsations of the great sea along its shore. Its mighty pulsations, lullaby-like, lulled us to sleep. Early the next morning several of our former seamen of the ship *Aeolus*, who so far were all with us, aroused us and told us to arm with bow and spear as quickly as possible, for on the ocean's shore to the north a herd of monstrous beasts, much larger than oxen, were coming our way. They also said that they (our former seamen) were going to run in a southerly direction into the woods, and that we should follow, for a large number of wild men, or bushmen, were following the wild animals.

"Hilicarus, Polybus, Anaxogeros and myself donned our armor and prepared ourselves with bows, lances and shields against beast or man as best we could, and, walking forward from the side of large rocks, we could see the herd of monstrous oxen tearing in our direction along the seashore.

"We immediately saw that it would be useless for each one of us to try to kill one beast each; therefore, we at once agreed to send our arrows and spears of all into one and the same animal. They came thundering onward, and as they passed the rocks, on the side of which we had hidden, we all four sent arrows and lances into one of the monstrous beasts. It stumbled, fell and lay helpless on the ground,

and with an extra lance thrust it expired. Shortly after over one hundred wild men, who had pursued the beasts, came upon the scene. Our presence surprised them so that they did not follow the great animals, but stopped and looked in a threatening manner at us. They immediately claimed the bison, to which, according to hunters' laws, they were in a degree entitled, for it was their pursuit that made our killing it possible. We walked back and stood against the high stone rocks, making gestures to them showing that we did not claim the large bison, but that it belonged to them.

"As we stood close together against the rocks, two of the chiefs came close in front of us, talking and acting in a threatening manner. We tried to display an appearance of friendship, but one of the young bushmen threw a large sized stone, grazing Hillicarus's lance.

"Hillicarus said, in an angry tone: 'I'm going to challenge any one of them to a free hand combat.' Hillicarus threw down his weapons on the ground alongside the rock and rushed out to an open space, and, free handed, challenged any one of the bushmen to a free handed combat.

"One of the young bushmen rushed toward Hillicarus with a raised stone war club.

"Hillicarus grabbed the handle of the war club, tore it away from the bushman, and threw it with all his might almost into the sea. Several other bushmen rushed up with raised war clubs. The chief also ran up to Hillicarus, shouting and talking in a very loud voice. The bushmen desisted in their determination of striking Hillicarus as the chief, by gestures, made it known to Hillicarus that he should go back to the rest of us, which he did.

"The bushmen surrounded us to show us that we were entirely at their mercy. They held a council, it seems, after which four of their principal men stood in front of us; then threw their war clubs back of them on the ground, and walked up to us and made it known that we should disarm and give them our lances and bows, which we all agreed to do as we understood they would not kill us. We kept our short swords in such a way that they could not see them. They made us understand that we should walk with them, which we did, in a northerly direction along the sea shore. To keep our bronze swords hidden while walking required our close attention. After a half day's walk we arrived at the camping grounds, where their squaws, with earthen jars over fires, were preparing food of corn and various kinds of game. They were delighted on seeing the big dead bison, which was hauled into camp on large branches of trees which had been covered with smaller green branches. We were not asked to assist in hauling the bison to the camp. They pointed to us to eat with them and urged us to eat all we desired. They, in various ways, made it



known to us that we should belong to their tribe and that they would not kill us.

"We soon learned their language, which has far less words than our Greek language, and we soon felt and were looked upon as being one of their tribe. We made it known to them that we wanted to keep our Grecian armor and bronze helmets, to which they reluctantly consented.

"Our seamen, to which I will now refer, upon seeing the wild men pursuing the herd of bison, ran in a southerly direction into the woods, as already stated. They had no bronze swords or armor like we four had. They ran in the opposite direction—south, and we were required to walk in a northerly direction; so we never heard of them again.

"After about two moons our chief called us four, Hilicarus, Anaxogorous, Polybus and myself, and said each of us warriors should have one or more wives and that we could take our choice from among sixteen of his daughters, whom he marched before us. We four agreed among us which one each of us should select, and we chose one for our wife accordingly. Each of the maidens selected rushed up to us and kissed us so warmly, affectionately, persistently, until we gently held them in our embrace so that they could not stir. We saw from their longing, sparkling eyes and warm affection that we were truly loved.

"Around the fire in the night a wedding celebration followed by the tribe, by marching, dancing and shouting and making noises of all kinds. From that time we became real members of the tribe, which I still am and always will be. Our tribe has over one thousand warriors.

"At present the combined strength, with three additional tribes that live in other lands, is over three thousand warriors. The union and peace of four tribes was brought about by my effort. Not long in the first year, I believe, after we had become real members of the tribe, our chief said we ought to go north and attack a hostile tribe. We asked him what we would gain by going to war with that tribe. He said it would teach the young men to fight. We advised delay. He said if we don't start a war they will start one some time, perhaps not far distant.

"We said let us first consider the matter, but advised that it would be well to be ready for a successful defence.

"Polybus informed our chief that I had been captain of a large ship and also was a great commander of men in war. Our chief said I should speak thereof.

"I told him that in the land of our fathers, which was far to the east across a great wild world ocean, where they know not, nor ever would of this land, that the warriors are all clad in armor and have bronze weapons and also catapults; that they march under command



in military war order, which was a good way to fight in battle.

"He said I could teach and command his warriors to form in rows for battle as I had described to him.

"Noble Four Hundred, as I may still this day be pleased to call you, the military maneuvers which I am able to command I learned from observing noble Marstenes commanding you, in your march and various military movements on our ill-fated ship *Aeolus*. (Applause.) I drilled the warriors, in which they all showed delight and pleasure. Our chief was well pleased and said now we ought to attack the enemy to the north. But we delayed. Our chief was too old to fight, he said, but I should act as chief. We had not long to wait. I had advised that our tribe should always have outposts at all times so that we would at no time be taken by surprise.

"At dawn one of our outposts from the north rushed in and aroused our tribe with a cry of '*Quiche! Quiche! Quiche!*'

"Our chief rushed to me and said I should assist in commanding the warriors. He so also informed the other warriors. I said Hillicarus, Anaxogeros and Polybus ought to assist me also in command. He assented.

"I, Hillicarus, Anaxogeros and Polybus formed our warriors in lines for battle, ready to receive the enemy. We all lay down in military order on the south side on the summit of the hill, and when the enemy was nearing the top of the hill from the north I gave command to storm in strong phalanx and battle against the upcoming enemy.

"The enemy, surprised at our orderly determination and seeing that their dead were covering the grounds of the slanting hill, and that our warriors were being led by strangers clad in armor and defended by shields, they turned about and fled with our warriors in close pursuit.

"Anaxogeros was killed in the battle and Polybus was badly wounded, but recovered. Anaxogeros, Hillicarus, Polybus and myself killed many of the enemy with our bronze swords, the possession of which until then had not been even known of by our own warriors.

"Our bushmen warriors were surprised to see the many arrows and lances that struck us glance away from our armor and helmets. Also our bronze shields made many arrows and lances stay their course of death.

"Our victory was so complete that our chief appointed me to be active chief of the tribe, which I am to this day.

"Our chief, shortly after, died of old age.

"I will, not speak to you of all the adventures we went through during these seventeen years; that would take days. But only wish to narrate that during these many years our tribe has been in many bloody wars with different tribes in different parts of the country.

At times we would attack; at other times we would be attacked by some of the other tribes. Seeing that neither of the tribes gained by the wars, I managed to call a council of three of the principal chiefs, who had always been our enemies, and it was agreed to keep peace between our four tribes and combine in times of war against any chief who should attack any one of the tribes forming our combination. They selected me as their chief of chiefs.

"Hillicarus is now chief of one of the tribes in a distant land.

"Polybus, who was the magician of our ship, and who was so well known to you all, came to an untimely death many years ago. I had often told him he had better not perform tricks of magic to the bushmen, as it might lead to his death. But he said, 'Just wait. My feats of magic will make them think and look at me as a god.'

"'Twas true at first; they thought he was god-like. But later on, seeing that he was in many respects very human, his magic only created suspicion and fear. Standing upon the precipice, viewing a great roaring cataract, one of the young natives pushed him down into the foaming river, and we never saw him again. I called the young native to account, but he said they all told him to do it for all said he was a demon in human form.

"Fellow, or rather, noble Four Hundred, as I remember you best by, as a seaman, I also on this land took bearings by the Phoenician star (North Star), and although very far distant, I always had a dim idea in what direction the shore lay on which our ship was wrecked. Knowing, quite certain, that you would build a city near there, I pointed my nose hitherward. A large herd of bison was pursued by some of our tribe, including myself. Upon looking at the Phoenician star I reckoned that I was about five days walk from your city, if you had built one. Not expecting ever to come within so near a distance again I concluded to try to see if I could once more see you, and perhaps be of some good to you also. It took me over seven days, instead of five, to walk here, and I walked as fast as I could; also the greater part of the nights. On the sixth day I intended to abandon my walk, for I felt uncertain of my success. But as I was about to return I saw smoke arising above the trees in the far distance. I walked thither and saw a hunter sitting near a fire. I immediately saw it was no bushman, but one of our Grecian race. I did not make my presence known. I waited and followed his tracks in the evening. I remained out of sight until midnight as I wished first to see and talk with noble Marstenes alone.

"I told my tribe I would be gone for a whole moon, perhaps, and that they should not hunt for me, for I would surely return.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, I see you have no walls around your city. I also know that you could, with your catapults and your

superior bronze implements of war, also superior bows and lances, defend yourselves against any one tribe of bushmen that I so far have met. But it could not be done without loss of life, which would be too bad to happen to any of the noble Four Hundred.

"It is, as Marstenes said, there are several tribes of people living in this great, unknown land, although they so far have lived and roamed at a great distance from here. I can swear by the oath of the gods, as you call it (although we swear by the sun), that Hilicarus and myself shall keep our people as far away from you as possible. Nor will they, through us, ever know that there lives a people here.

"Noble Four Hundred, I shall, when I meet with Hilicarus again, tell him all I saw and heard here in your city of Athonia, and he will be greatly interested and deeply pleased to know that you can view Phoebus and that you have a city here and are, as always, still the noble, beautiful Four Hundred, whom he also highly admired. (Applause.) Also, of your very handsome, beautiful boys and girls, will I tell him. Long will I and Hilicarus talk over past events with our sincere wish for the welfare of the Noble Four Hundred, always. (Applause.) Whether life is more to you than to us, who live a life of real freedom, I can not say. You live on a higher plane, 'tis true, and study philosophy and art; but which life is preferable, our wild, natural life or your higher life, as it may be called, I can not say.

"But as for me, I would wish no better life than the free life that I have lived since last I saw you. I know that Hilicarus and myself, also our lamented Polybus and Anaxogeros, preferred the free, wild life of an eagle to that of higher learning, philosophy and art.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, if ever you should change the higher life for a free, roving life in the forests, plains and valleys, I hope you will find it as agreeable as I have. Noble Four Hundred, if ever you should drift into the woods in different far off distances and scatter in various directions, you would certainly be selected as chiefs of the many native tribes.

"But I must enter upon my return voyage soon, so that I must not extend my words. My raiment, it appears, seems queer to you. It consists of the feathers of very many kinds of birds. Every sixth feather composing my helmet is an eagle's feather. My raiment consists mostly of various colored parrot feathers, as well as the feathers of the tiny humming bird. I must wear this feathery raiment, for such has been the raiment of chiefs for ages.

"Noble Four Hundred of Athens, I principally came here to inform you in regard to matters concerning the great unknown land. (Applause.) I must, after taking a farewell meal with noble Marstenes, start back the coming night and guide myself as accustomed at sea by the Phoenician Star, back to the people who have imposed so much

confidence in me, who wish me to wear the feathery raiment and helmet as an insignia of command, and all of whom I now so dearly love." (Great applause.)

Marstenes said: "Fellow Athonians, noble, brave Captain Arteus and myself will stand outside, near the temple door, where all of us will have a short opportunity to talk with Captain Arteus before the sun sets in the west."

Scriborites:

It was a happy meeting indeed. But the fact that there are others besides ourselves in this great unknown land was not agreeable information.

The next morning Marstenes sent out heralds to inform all Athonians to meet at the Temple of Zeus. All Athonians assembled at the appointed time.

After Orato had prayed that we be shielded and delivered from the bloodthirsty bushmen that lived far distant in the surrounding country, Marstenes said: "Fellow Athonians, we all have heard Captain Arteus, now the high chief of several tribes of bushmen. We know as long as he and also Hilicarus are alive that we have little to fear from the bushmen. But they are mortal. Upon our call to arms, noble Athonians, men, women, boys and girls, we certainly responded in a true military spirit. Captain Arteus coming here has informed us of a surrounding danger. It is plain to us all that we must henceforth give far greater attention and labor in regard to matters of possible war.

"Fellow Athonians, let each and all of us give their opinions in regard to the advisability of building a wall around our city of Athonia."

A large number have given their opinions for and against a wall, but I shall not record same, excepting the remarks of Pindarus.

He said: "Fellow Athonians, the bushmen are a very great distance from here and they, even then, very likely, will never know of our presence here. It may be well, as Marstenes says, to give more attention to drilling and matters of war in general, but as most of us Athonians are hunters, fishers and bushmen already, it seems that all of us may perhaps in time also develop into bushmen and, like Arteus and Hilicarus and the seamen, fuse with the bushmen and lead a careless, free life, more agreeable perhaps than by efforts towards high learning, philosophy and art, when this hot climate kills all desire or appreciation for art. Let us give great attention to speeding the dart, lance, and wielding the war club, so as to be ready for offensive or defensive action at all times. (Applause.) The building of a wall around Athonia for the present seems unnecessary, and so I find is the opinion of most of us."

Many others spoke, nearly all against the building of a wall, so it was agreed to build no wall.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### *SHIP BUILT BY YOUNG ATHONIANS*

Although the boys were greatly interested in the appearance of Captain Arteus and his brilliant feathery attire, they have not, in the midst of the excitement of the past day, forgotten to invite me, as they said they would, to take a sail with them in their new sail-boat. They will call on me tomorrow before sunset, when I shall accompany them to the seven-mile distant seashore.

In the company of five of my former scholars I walked to the seven-mile distant seashore to their ship for a short sail out on the great ocean. Their ship was lying in the bay into which, during a dense foggy night, our great ship Aeolus happened to sail and became a total wreck. It was further up the bay, the boys said, where they had built and launched their new ship. We all went on their ship. It has two masts, one large square sail for each mast, and one jib in front. The ship has separate sleeping apartments for twelve persons; also, below deck, is a large fresh water box. The boys say that it is balanced so heavily below inside that no storm can capsize it, for it is so loaded that the heavy bottom will assert itself and turn the ship's masts up again. No matter, they say, how strong the seas may flood over the ship, no water can come into its hold, for all is fastened down, storm and waterproof. The boys claim, in the strongest of storms, their ship will always remain, act and float on the water like a duck. It is built so strong and tight, they say, that the water will wash over and run off from it also like on a duck's back. The ship does look very strong and is tangible proof of their enthusiasm for seamanship.

The sun has lowered at the west end of the world. The boys say they would like to have me sail out on the great sea with them for quite a while after it is dark. For, although I taught them where the star is to be looked for by which Captain Aretus and all seamen steer their ships, they nevertheless wanted to sail out on the great sea and practice steering and guiding their ship by observing that star. The breeze was from the south, a fair wind to sail out to sea and return.

They hoisted the sails and with a fair breeze the ship sailed out over the heaving waves. Phoebus had set, and the stars began to appear in greater and greater numbers. The ship cut the liquid blue with hissing, splashing noise. We were leaving the shore with great speed.

Darkness overspreads all, but the clear, blue vault is glittering with its myriads of stars.

The boys pointed out the Phoenician star. They said, when sailing on a right angle, to the left of that star, the ship is sailing west, and if to the right it is sailing east. Yes, I said, they were correct. But I informed them that on dark, cloudy or foggy nights they could not know in what direction their ship is sailing. They replied: "But there are not many of such nights." I told them almost all of the nights and days that we were on the great sea in the great *Aeolus* were densely foggy. They again replied "that may not occur so again for many moons to come."

The breeze blew into a gale; they did not take down any sails. The ship's bulwarks were under water a large share of the time. I did not dare to tell them to turn about or lower the sails some, for that would kill all the ideas they had formed of me during these large number of years.

Near midnight they turned again by the Phoenician star to the west. The seas washed over the whole ship at short intervals of time, but they shortened no sails. We were all thoroughly wet, for we remained out on deck. At last, none too soon for me, their ship sailed into the bay and along their landing place. We all slept on the ship until morning, when we returned to Athonia thoroughly convinced in my mind that the boys had inherited a true spirit of Grecian seamanship.

#### **FIVE ATHONIAN YOUTHS AND MAIDENS IMPART A SECRET TO SCRIBORITES**

**Scriborites:**

Four days after the sail, which I had in company with five of my former scholars, the same boys called upon me, accompanied by the same number of my former maiden scholars. It was at a time of day when they knew I had ample time to listen to them. They were not my scholars now, but had been; for they were all over sixteen years of age and had, as far as Athonian conditions allowed, all graduated. They wanted to speak to me alone as they, the five young men and five young ladies, had a very important secret which they wished to impart to me.

One of the young men said: "Noble Scriborites, we asked you to accompany us on our ship the other night, because we wanted to be certain whether we knew how to steer by the Phoenician star. Now, noble Scriborites, noble Nestor, that you were to us, we cannot state that which we want to have kept a secret until you have given us your sacred promise to keep it a secret for all time."

I replied: "Young ladies and young men, as I must address you now, you are asking a great deal of me. How can I know what your

secret may be? Who knoweth the endless possibilities of the human mind? How can I know but what your secret includes murder or evil designs, or what not. I have no reason to suspect so, and surely do not. But, young people, you see in what kind of a position I might be placed."

One of the young men replied: "Noble Scriborites, if our designs have nothing to do with murder or any other evil designs, would you then promise to keep secret that which we asked you to? We will say this, that if, after knowing our intentions, you do not call them noble and for a good cause, then your promise need not be kept."

I replied that under these strict conditions as stated I would promise to keep secret for all time what they this day had to impart to me.

Another of the young men said: "Noble Scriborites, under those conditions only we ask you to keep our secret secret. Noble Scriborites, your kind promise to keep our intentions and plans secret we accept."

One of the other young men voyagers said: "Noble Scriborites, we ten scholars of yours have agreed some long time ago, that we would join together and attempt to perform a deed worthy of renown. We have, each and all, prepared ourselves and studied up the matter in regard to same many moons ago. Each one of us singly and also collectively have we for moons given the arduous task our finest grains of thought; have weighed all questions in regard to the great venture pro and con. We know that all, if told of our intentions, would at once say that they were impossible to carry out. Our plans and determinations have not sprung up like a mushroom over night, but have been of a slow, but steady, strong growth.

"Noble Scriborites, you have taught us and also have we heard from our noble parents and others of the adventure of the great ship *Aeolus* on which our noble fathers and mothers were wrecked and doomed to remain and live in this great, unknown land. Noble Nestor, none have narrated the events of the great Athenian commercial adventure as vividly as you have.

"From your narrative we can plainly see where beautiful Athens lies, although far, far, far, o'er the wide, stormy seas. Yes, it is seas, for when a ship arrives at the Pillar of Hercules it must pass through a narrow Strait of Herculeum and still sail far, far to the east before it would arrive at beautiful Athens.

"To listen to your narrative of that great adventure in which your noble self and our noble fathers and mothers shared, made the blood course swiftly through our bodies. If it did not, we would not be worthy of the name Grecian, although we were born in this great, unknown land. Athens, the home of all that is high and noble, the home of our noble fathers and mothers, shall we who so often in our



dreams have seen it with its Acropolis and all its glory, loom up in the far, far distance, shall we never be allowed to see it in reality?

"Noble Scriborites, you have taught us to be explicit and concise and we will now say that we built our ship *Poseidon* for the purpose of making an attempt to sail over the great waters to your and our beloved Athens. That, noble Scriborites, is the secret you have promised to keep for all time."

One of the young ladies spoke up and said: "But there is one other thing, noble Scriborites. You said once that you wished an eagle would carry your scrolls over the sea to Athens so that your fathers and mothers and all Athenians could know what became of the great commercial venture."

Another of the young men said: "Yes, noble Scriborites, we would want to take all your records along, safely encased in a water and storm-proof box. We want the ark, the box, that contains all your records, up to the very last day we sail out on our venture. We have listened closely, and we know that our ship's course must be a little north of the rising sun. After sailing over six days, and our ship should meet disaster on the sea, we would cast the water-tight box, holding the records, into the sea, so that it might possibly float to some land, and, by the will of the gods, be made known to some living people, and so find their way to Athens. All this we know is not probable, but it is not impossible. We would paint the ark (the box) red, and have the records placed so that one side of the box would always remain the top, while floating on the sea. On the top side we would place a wooden cross, so if seen floating on the sea it will attract attention."

"If ever the records should reach Athens its noble people would know what happened to the great ship *Aeolus*, and its noble Four Hundred of Athens, on their commercial adventure. This, noble Scriborites, is the full secret which you have promised to keep secret."

I replied: "Noble young ladies and young men, I have listened to your great secret with mingled feelings of surprise, sadness, and also delight. It is manifest that you have inherited the true Grecian spirit of fearlessness and heroic adventure. That fact, if known, would certainly be a great delight in the eyes of your parents and every citizen of Athonia."

"Noble young men and young ladies, I cannot but admire your brave intentions; but on the other hand, I cannot admire your judgment. Your natural youthful ardor and high, intense enthusiasm for a good cause, has made you quite oblivious of the impossibility of successfully carrying out your heroic intentions. Know you not that the distance across the great, stormy seas for your ship may be termed endless? Know you not that a ship the size of your *Poseidon* will be over-



whelmed, yes, crushed by the powerful rising billows of the great, unknown sea? Know you not that adverse winds may drive your ship, if not overwhelmed by a fearful wave, helpless over the sea, until hunger claims you all? Many more dangers, like sea monsters and other things, are there which it is not necessary to recall.

"My situation is this, which please bear in mind, that I warn you not to attempt to carry out your dangerous design.

"Noble young men, how can you ask or allow the young ladies to enter upon such a dangerous adventure? It is too dangerous for men to undertake, and much more so for ladies."

One of the young ladies spoke up immediately and said: "Noble Scriborites, they did not ask us to take part in the adventure. They warned us against the danger and all its phases thoroughly, but we insisted on accompanying them, and they acquiesced. We have, as you well know, received strenuous Spartan training, as you call it; can dive and swim, also help hoisting sails and steer also."

One of the young men said: "Noble Nestor, we have warned the young ladies, even stronger than you have warned us; but they insisted and we can't and don't care to resist."

I said: "Noble young people, know you not, in the first place, it is not fitting that you should sail thus together out on a long sea voyage?"

One of the young men replied: "Noble Scriborites, on the day we sail we will be made man and wife. Our parents know in regard to our mating and have no objections."

"Noble young people, you have successfully circumnavigated my fears. If you could navigate so successfully with the *Poseidon* out on the great, unknown ocean, there might be a chance of the success of your heroic adventure. Young ladies, I would warn you not to take part in such a dangerous adventure. It only can lead to certain annihilation."

One of the young ladies said: "Noble Scriborites, we fully realize the danger of the great, endless, unknown, restless, dark, stormy, powerful, angry, ship-destroying sea. We have heard it said that the ocean is a great, open grave. But our lives are not more valuable than are those of our lovers. Wherever they go, we will go. Wherever they sail, we will sail. Whatever befalls them, will befall us. Their joy shall be our joy, their sadness, our sadness, their success, our success, their grave, our grave. Thus happily have the Fates decreed."

One of the young men said: "Noble Scriborites, if by the decree of Fate, our ship should successfully arrive at Athens, we would use all our endeavors to have the Athenians build another large ship like the *Aeolus* was and sail over here and take you all back to your beloved Athens again."

I said: "Young men and ladies, your intentions are noble, but it is

impossible to carry them out. Young people, when did you intend to start out on your heroic voyage?"

Several answered, "Today! Today! Tomorrow!"

"Now, young people, I will in all events, as promised, keep your designs a secret to the end of my days; but I again ask you to reconsider the matter more fully and make your final decision known to me one-half moon from this day."

That was satisfactory and they all departed, laughing in youthful exuberance.

While placing additional rolls in the ark kept in the temple of Zeus the temple was swayed by a fierce earthquake, many of its large stones falling to the ground. Many of the houses of Athonia were damaged. The earth trembled and swayed fearfully. It created great consternation among our people. The ground has often before rumbled but until lately, no buildings have ever tumbled.

#### THE FIVE ATHONIAN YOUTHS' AND MAIDENS' FAREWELL VISIT TO SCRIBORITES

Scriborites:

Promptly on the day set our young friends, the five young maidens and five young men, who honored me with their great secret in regard to their heroic plan of sailing in their ship *Poseidon* over the great, unknown sea to Athens, presented themselves. I asked them what conclusion they had arrived at.

One of the young men said: "Noble Scriborites, we have studied these matters for years. We have given our plan of sailing to Athens much more thought than have any of our citizens, therefore we consider our opinion in regard to the adventure above those of others. Noble Scriborites, we know the dangers all, and we may find a watery grave, but no great event of renown can ever be attempted, if one would shrink from them on account of probable death.

"Noble Scriborites, we have determined to venture upon our voyage to Athens. We have, from observations and inquiries, informed ourselves that this season of the year is most favorable for such a voyage. We have prepared everything, and will start on our venture early on the morrow. Orato will mate us just before our ship starts on its voyage. We have informed our young friends that we are going on a short wedding-trip sail. Our young friends are all going to come to the seashore with flowers and sing several songs. They do not know that they will never see us again. For us it will be a long pleasure trip—life or death, as long as we are all together. Our sailing whither, must remain unknown forever."

I said: "Noble young friends, I am sorry that such handsome young men and stately, charming young ladies, with the fresh bloom and heroic





The ship *Poseidon* and its five Athonian young couples on their daring attempt to sail to Athens; and if overtaken by disaster, to throw the red ark containing the full story of the commercial adventure of the "Four Hundred of Athens" into the sea, with the possibility of its washing ashore on some land toward the East and its contents possibly be made known to Athenians. (See page 475.)

spirit of youth, have determined upon such a daring, impossible-of-success adventure. As you are going to start upon your hazardous voyage on the morrow I will hasten to the temple of Zeus and get the ark in which the rolls containing the records are kept, which begin one-half moon before our ship's *Aeolus's* departure from Athens up to the last day before your ship *Poseidon* starts on its still greater, more dangerous adventure."

One of the young men said: "Noble Scriborites, some days ago we took the size of that small box in which the records are kept, and we have made these two extra boxes, so there will be three boxes in all, one within the other."

I said: "I shall, after you have sailed, rehearse the records from memory in a condensed way to my largest scholars, who will inscribe them on parchment rolls, to be preserved in the temple."

After I returned from the temple with the ark of records we examined its strength and tightness against water, coming in from the outside and agreed that in itself it seemed water-tight. But realizing, under the conditions it might float on the restless, dashing ocean, it was agreed to place it inside of two extra boxes for greater strength and safety from water. The middle box was coated with pitch. The inside record scroll ark is about two hands long, wide and high. The middle and outside boxes are, of course, somewhat larger.

One of the young men, as he placed the two outer boxes alongside of the record scroll ark, said: "On this large, outside, red box, we intend to indent a straight mark in the wood each day to show to the finders, if any, how long our trip was out on the ship from Athonia, its starting place. This record, which goes into the ark, will call the finder's attention to the number of such outside indentions."

One of the young ladies said: "Tomorrow morning we will be sailing in the rising-sun direction with great speed, for the wind is favorable."

I said: "I will not view the ship's departure for, as one who knew their secret, it was best to remain away."

"I wanted to inscribe the names of the ten adventurers, well known to me, on the record scroll, but they said, 'No! only refer to the Four Hundred of Athens, by which our parents are known. If our adventure is successful we will see to it that our names are known; but if it is unsuccessful or a failure, we do not hanker after such renown.'"

I replied: "Noble young ladies, noble young men, noble sons and daughters of the Four Hundred, noble Athonians, my heart is too full of feeling to give appropriate expression upon this last farewell meeting. I can only say many will be my sincere prayers to our gods for the success of your noble, heroic adventure."

Holding up the record scroll ark, I said: "Noble, heroic adventurers,

this ark contains the whole story connected with the commercial adventure of the great ship *Aeolus*. The following we will now add to the record scroll; and then the bright, red box with the red painted cross standing on it will inclose and contain all."

Several of the young ladies and young men said: "Noble Scriborites, we do not believe it will come to pass that we will have to cast the ark into the ocean, for we expect to deliver it to our Athenian grandfathers in person."

The following was added to the record scroll and then the red ark securely closed, contained the full story of the great commercial adventure of the ship *Aeolus*, its Four Hundred and Athonia.

*To the Noble Finder of This Red Ark, Greetings:*

Be it known to you that this ark was cast into the sea from the ship *Poseidon*, which sailed from Athonia, situated in an unknown land, near the setting sun, bound for Athens, in Attica, Greece.

Noble finder! We beg you from the depths of our hearts, please spare no efforts to have this ark and its contents placed in the hands of the citizens of Athens in Attica, Greece.

For such kind, heroic deed, we will ever pray may you ever receive the blessings of your gods.

THE NOBLE CITIZENS OF ATHONIA,

Formerly the Four Hundred of Athens.

## CHAPTER XXV

### ADDENDUM

Zenothemis, my typical, enthusiastic Greek friend, said "My free American Friend, this is the end of the story. At the beginning you impatiently asked if the ship *Aeolus* and its adventurers were ever heard of again, and I answered NO. You said, 'How could the events of the voyage become known to the people of Athens?' I said that my story at its close would clear away that mystery like the mist before the rising sun." I (Delhurst) said, "I suppose that the five young ladies and the five young men arrived safely at Athens and presented the ark containing the whole story of events to their grandfathers."

Zenothemis replied: "No. Not the least was ever heard of them or their ship. It must be remembered that from the records of tradition it is thought those events came to pass perhaps one generation after Homer's time. Therefore, conjecture must play an unavoidable part.

"My Noble Grandfather," continued Zenothemis, "who rehearsed the story to me, as a writing lesson, while a boy, put most faith in the theory that perhaps a Phoenician ship driven out of the sight of land on the ocean west of the Straits of Herculeum might have picked up the red, floating ark and brought it to Carthage. From there it might wander with a Phoenician ship to Tyre, from whence the story might have become known in Athens. Tradition also has it that the records found a place and were kept for centuries in an oriental library."

"Friend Zenothemis," I said, "where do you conjecture may have been the land on the shores of which the great ship *Aeolus* ran and was wrecked—the great, unknown land, with a tropical climate where the city of Athonia stood?"

My Greek friend replied, in a very low, thoughtful manner: "My Free American Friend, in speaking of events that might, could, would or should have come to pass, in the misty past, we cannot apply the words, facts or truth. We must even more than conjecture, we must form a possible theory. You remember," he continued, "the story tells us that Athonia was situated in a tropical climate. Reasoning from the story closely, I am of the opinion that Athonia was situated near a bay on the east coast of Yucatan, Central America."

"Yucatan," I said. "Well, noble friend Zenothemis, can you give any other evidences that strengthens and confirms you in your belief?"

Zenothemis replied: "Friend Delhurst, it is near noon and is getting

uncomfortably warm up here on the Acropolis. I will hasten to answer your question so that we can go down to the city (Athens)."

"I suppose," he said, "you are noting down in shorthand, in books and crooks, all that I say in regard to the great Athenian commercial adventure of the misty past."

I replied, "Certainly; not only the story but all that has any remote bearing on the great adventure, will find its way with me to America."

Zenothemis replied: "I greatly hope so. Americans ought to know that Athenians were daring sea rovers."

"But I must answer your question and give additional reasons why I believe Athonia was situated in Yucatan, Central America."

"In books and histories written in our twentieth century we read that upon the arrival of the first Spaniards in Central America they found established forms of government and cities. They saw, says a noted author, although at rare intervals, people with fair complexions, blonde hair and blue eyes. The people of Mexico and Central America were advanced in human affairs beyond comparison with the other people of America. The people of Yucatan, Central America, Mexico, were on their way towards human civilisation. The first Spaniards reported that there was a tradition among the Indians of Central America, that in past far off ages, a number of wise bearded white men came to their country from over the eastern sea and remained among them. Also is it claimed, by a noted author, that the Maya language of Yucatan contained a number of Greek words."

"I see you intend to ask what became of the city of Athonia and the Four Hundred. To tell the truth, I do not know. Friend Delhurst, we remember the story tells us that the hot climate was found hostile to energy and ambition; that the number of Athonians who preferred hunting, trapping and fishing lives to that of labor such as is required to build up a city of art and learning, were growing constantly and steadily in numbers."

The records also told us that after being there sixteen years they became aware that a number of native tribes lived in somewhat distant different parts of their unknown land. Also, stated the records, that earthquakes have occurred. Looking at such conditions and situations we cannot know whether Athonia grew into a large, powerful city or nation, and was destroyed by earthquakes, pestilence or war from surrounding wild tribes; for the real fact is, we know nothing."

"But," continued Zenothemis, "from the close study I have given to the conditions and surroundings of Athonia, as given in the record rolls, I have come to the same conclusion as my grandfather, who made the event of the misty past known to me, namely: that gradually or maybe through war with the Indians, they adopted the bushmen's life and gradually fused with the Indians, among whom they naturally would be selected as chiefs and perhaps also queens. Their superior wisdom could not fail to exert an uplifting influence among the Indians



The red ark containing the whole story of the Grecian commercial adventure: supposed to have been cast overboard as the ship *Poseidon* was being overwhelmed by the sea, and the ark later found on the great ocean near the Pillars of Hercules by some Phoenician ship. (See page 478.)

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